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OF

Politics, Science, Art and Literature

JOHN A. COOPER, EDITOR.

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WOLFE'S BIRTHPLACE. Nine Illustrations. By Dr. J. C. Webster.

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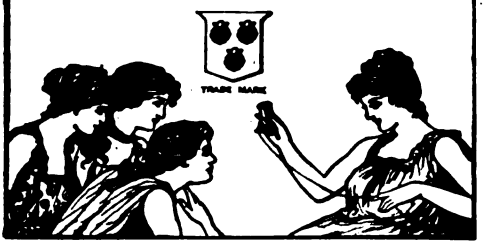

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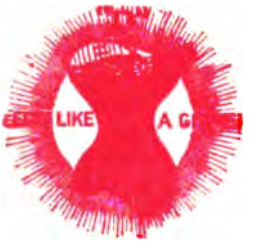

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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX. MAY, 1897. No. 1.

PREMIERS OF NOVA SCOTIA SINCE 1867.

By the Attorney-General of Nova Scotia.

WHEN the confederation scheme had been matured and was to go into operation on the first day of July, 1867, the last anti-confederation government of Nova Scotia was led by Doctor (afterwards Sir Charles) Tupper. He proposed, of course, to enter the Dominion arena, and it became necessary for him to select some person of prominence in public life to form a provincial administration to take charge of the affairs of Nova Scotia after confederation. He selected

HONOURABLE HIRAM BLANCHARD,

who at once proceeded to form an administration, in which the Hon. P. C. Hill became the Provincial Secretary, Hon. James McNab, Provincial Treasurer, Hon. Charles Allison, Commissioner of Mines and Works, and Hon. John McKinnon and Hon. Samuel Creelman as members without portfolio. This government was formed and sworn in on the 4th July, 1867.

Hiram Blanchard belonged to a numerous and highly respectable family in Nova Scotia. He was born in Pictou in the year 1820, educated at Pictou Academy, and called to the bar of Nova Scotia in 1843. He was first elected for Inverness for the House of Assembly in 1857, was re-elected in 1859 and again in 1863. He started public life as a Liberal and supporter of Mr. Howe, and continued a Liberal until the confederation agitation in 1864. On this question he followed Mr. A. G. Archibald, who was one of the delegates who framed the Quebec scheme, and was leader of the Opposition in the House of Assembly until the contest upon confederation broke up party lines.

This first administration, formed under Mr. Blanchard's leadership, had a short and inglorious career. At the general election, which took place on the 17th September, 1867, for both the House of Commons and the Provincial Legislature, the anti-confederate sentiment of the people, who had been aroused bitterly by having the Act of Confederation forced upon them against their expressed will, developed itself in an almost clean sweep for the anti-confederate party. Nova Scotia started with nineteen seats in the House of Commons. Dr. Tupper managed to save his seat in Cumberland by a bare majority of 97, while eighteen opponents of confederation were elected either by acclamation or by sweeping majorities. In the Provincial Legislature, which consisted of thirty-eight members, Mr. Blanchard was elected by a narrow majority for the county of Inverness, and Mr. H. G. Pineo, who ran as a supporter of the government, was elected in Cumberland. These were the only two seats carried by the government; the rest were carried by the Anti-confederates by substantial majorities.

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Mr. Blanchard resigned in the early days of November, 1867. When the House met he was petitioned against. Contested elections were then determined by a committee of the House of Assembly—this was before the system of trying elections before judges was introduced. Mr. Blanchard was unseated, and at the bye-election he was defeated and remained in private life until the general elections of May, 1871, when he was again returned for the county of Inverness, and became leader of the Opposition in the Provincial House until his death in 1874.

Of course, Mr. Blanchard's administration had no opportunity of doing anything in the way of legislation, having never been able to meet the legislature as a government. Mr. Blanchard himself was an extremely handsome man, an able advocate and a gentleman of much personal popularity.

When Mr. Blanchard tendered the resignation of his government in the early days of November, 1867, the then Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Charles Hastings Doyle, called upon the Hon. R. A. McHeffey, a member of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia, to form an administration. Mr. McHeffey had been all his lifetime intimately identified with the Liberal party of Nova Scotia and was highly respected, but he occupied no conspicuous position at the time which marked him for political leadership. However, he undertook the task and called at once a meeting of the anti-confederate members of the Assembly and of the Legislative Council at Halifax, and an administration was formed under the leadership of the

HONOURABLE WILLIAM ANNAND,

who associated with himself at that time Hon. Martin I. Wilkins as Attorney-General, W. B. Vail, Provincial Secretary, Robert Robertson, Commissioner of Public Works and Mines, Hon. Messrs. R. A. McHeffey, J. C. Troop, E. P. Flynn and John Fergusson as members without office. William Annand was for a long time a conspicuous name in Nova Scotian affairs. He was born at Halifax in 1808 and educated there. In 1837 he contested the county of Halifax in the Liberal interests as a colleague of Hon. Joseph Howe. This was Mr. Howe's first election. They were both elected and were associated together in the great political struggles of the next thirty years. Mr. Annand continued to represent Halifax in the Assembly of Nova Scotia until 1867. Howe, after running several elections in Halifax, went to Cumberland, and still later to Hants County. Mr. Annand was the editor and proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and when subsequently he left for England in May, 1875, his paper remained in charge of his son, Charles Annand, who died a little over two years ago while on a visit to England. Mr. Annand was a man of education and literary taste and an extremely shrewd, keen politician. Howe was impulsive, inclined to take extreme measures on occasions, and Annand was always believed to have exercised a most wholesome restraining influence. He was of the greatest possible aid and assistance to Mr. Howe in the struggle which ensued for responsible government in Nova Scotia. He edited Howe's "Speeches and Public Letters," which appear in two large volumes and which are of incalculable value, inasmuch as they have preserved in convenient and accessible form the whole record of the struggle for responsible government, and the brilliant speeches and incomparable public letters of Mr. Howe.

Mr. Annand, in accepting the leadership of the Government formed on the 7th November, 1867, took a seat in the Legislative Council, where he remained until his resignation on May 8th, 1875. In the Assembly the new Government had practically no opposition. Mr. Blanchard sat for one term and offered some criticisms, but he was unseated during the first term and a supporter elected in his place, so that Mr. H. G. Pineo, who was neither an aggressive politician nor a public speaker, had the field to himself. The main activities of the new administration were directed

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toward achieving a repeal of the Union. A delegation was sent by this Government, consisting of Howe, Annand, Hon. J. C. Troop and Henry W. Smith who afterwards became Attorney-General and Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. These delegates spent some considerable time in England agitating for a repeal of the Union. Dr. Tupper went at the same time and combated their efforts which, as is very well known, were unsuccessful. Mr. Howe, on failing to achieve his purpose, wrote an indignant protest couched in eloquent and scathing terms, and returned. Then followed the negotiations with Sir John Macdonald's Government which led to better terms and to Mr. Howe's accepting a seat in the Federal Government as Secretary of State. This led to the first rupture between Howe and Annand, and the estrangement was maintained without abating until Howe's death in the Government House, Halifax, in June, 1873.

HON. HIRAM BLANCHARD.

A change of government took place at Ottawa in 1873, and in the autumn of 1874 the Hon. W. B. Vail was offered a seat in the Mackenzie Administration in place of Hon. Wm. Ross, who had been appointed Collector of Customs at Halifax. Mr. M. I. Wilkins, who had led the Government in the House of Assembly for the first four years of their term of office, had accepted the position of Prothonotary at Halifax, and the leadership of the House had then vested in Mr. Vail, who led during the sessions of 1872, 1873 and 1874. It now became necessary to obtain a strong man to take Mr. Vail's place in the Assembly and lead the Government there. The Hon. Philip Carteret Hill has been already mentioned as having taken a seat in the Government of Mr. Blanchard in 1867, and of being defeated at the election of September 17th, 1867. Mr. Hill had been a Conservative and a supporter of Tupper's. He also was an advocate of Confederation during the first Assembly. One of the Liberals elected for the House of Assembly for Halifax County, Mr. Jeremiah Northrup, had been elevated to a seat in the House of Commons, and at the by-election for this seat Mr. Hill had been an Opposition candidate and elected, and for part of one session sat in the Assembly and criticised the policy of the Administration. He was unseated, however, by a committee of the House by petition before the session had been finished. In the meanwhile events had tended to break down the differences between Mr. Hill and his opponents, and, as a consequence, he was offered by Mr. Annand the position of Provincial Secretary and leader of the House on the first day of December, 1874, which position he accepted, and was sworn in on that day, and contested Halifax as a member of the Annand Government. In the general election which took place in 1874 he was elected by an immense majority and the Government

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was again sustained, although the Opposition became quite formidable in point of numbers.

In May, 1875, Mr. Annand retired from the Government to accept a position as Immigration Agent in London, which position he held for a number of years, and died in London in the year 1892, having reached an advanced period of life. On his retirement from the leadership the business of forming an administration was entrusted to the

HONOURABLE P. C. HILL.

HON. WILLIAM ANNAND.

Mr. Hill had for Attorney-General Hon. Daniel McDonald until November, 1875, when Mr. Otto S. Weeks accepted the place made vacant by McDonald's resignation, and he held the position until 1877, when Mr. A. J. White became Attorney-General, and the office of Commissioner of Crown Lands (which he then held) was merged in the Attorney-General's department where it has since remained. The Hon. Stayley Brown was Treasurer of this administration until his death in December, 1877, when he was succeeded by the Hon. Robert Boak. Mr. R. Robertson was Commissioner of Public Works and Mines until 1877, when he resigned and Mr. Albert Gayton took his place. The members of Mr. Hill's Government without portfolio were Colin Campbell, John McKinnon, Edward Farrell and D. C. Fraser, the present member of the House of Commons for Guysboro, Nova Scotia.

Mr. Hill was a gentleman descended from one of the old families of Halifax, and was not only a man of education but of most cultivated manners. He was a brother of Rev. Dr. Hill, who for a long time was rector of St. Paul's Church, Halifax, and is now rector of a parish in England. Mr. Hill married a daughter of the late Hon. Enos Collins, who acquired a fortune of several millions in Nova Scotia, and whose son, Mr. B. H. Collins, is the possessor of one of the splendid old English estates near Tunbridge Wells, England. Mr. Hill was for three years Mayor of the City of Halifax. Among the acts of his administration was the creation of the University of Halifax, the aim being to consolidate in one impartial board of examiners the conferring of university degrees for the whole province instead of having it vested in several small chartered colleges. This institution, which was adopted at the time, started favourably, but it died because the Government which succeeded it refused to appropriate any money to bear the expenses. Mr. Hill, after retiring from public life in Nova Scotia, went to England and resided near his brother-

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in-law, Mr. Collins, at Tunbridge Wells, and was conspicuously associated there with literary and religious work in the Old Country. He died only two or three years ago.

The fourth general election for the Provincial Assembly of Nova Scotia was held on the 18th September, 1878. By an arrangement between the Provincial and Dominion Governments the elections for the House of Commons of Canada and the Provincial elections of Nova Scotia were to be held on the same day. The result was a disastrous defeat for both. The Hill administration was absolutely annihilated. Only seven members out of a House of thirty-eight were elected. Mr. Hill himself was defeated and so was his Attorney-General, and the only member of the administration who escaped from the wreck was Mr. Albert Gayton, of Yarmouth. The Government tendered its resignation on the 15th October following, and the Lieutenant-Governor called upon the

HONOURABLE SIMON H. HOLMES

to form a new administration. Mr. Holmes was first returned to the Assembly in the elections of 1871, and he was a colleague on that occasion of the Hon. James McDonald, who afterwards became Minister of Justice of Canada, and, later, Chief Justice of Nova Scotia.

Mr. Holmes was re-elected in the general elections of December, 1874, and was chosen by the Opposition members in that House to be leader; hence he became naturally the man whom the Governor, Sir Adams Archibald, would be bound to call upon to form a new administration. This task was speedily performed, Mr. J. S. D. Thompson becoming Attorney-General, Mr. Samuel Creelman Commissioner of Public Works and Mines. It has been already noted here that the Department of Crown Lands had been merged in the department of the Attorney-General, and it may also be noted that the position of Treasurer of the Province had been abolished by the Hill administration and the duties annexed to that of Provincial Secretary, so that then, as now, there were only three departmental heads in the Provincial Government of Nova Scotia.

Mr. Simon H. Holmes is of Highland descent, being the son of Hon. John Holmes, who was one of the first Senators from Nova Scotia and had long been active in political matters in Pictou county. He was born in Pictou county in 1830, and educated at Pictou Academy. He was called to the bar of Nova Scotia in 1865, but instead of devoting himself to the practice of his

HON. P. C. HILL.

profession he became the editor of the Conservative organ at Pictou, the *Colonial Standard*. He contested Pictou county for the Provincial Legislature in 1867, but was defeated. He was returned in 1871, again in 1874 and now again in 1878.

The administration carried on under Mr. Holmes for four years was not a notable one. It had practically no opposition. Its revenues were limited and a policy of strictest economy had to be observed in every branch of the public service. Two important measures are to be placed to the credit of this administration—one was the act

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for County Incorporations. Previous to 1879 the municipal control of the various counties of Nova Scotia was vested in the Sessions, that is meetings, of Justices of the Peace for the county presided over by the Custos Rotulorum. The desirability of having popular government by Municipal Counsellors duly elected by the people from time to time became manifest as time advanced, and the measure, although not adopted without considerable opposition, has been accepted now as a permanent and recognized feature of our institutions. The other measure, of a somewhat important and far-reaching character, was the act for the consolidation of the various railway lines in Nova Scotia not owned by the Government of Canada, and placing them in the hands of a syndicate, which syndicate was to extend them in various directions. The Government were to guarantee the interest upon five-and a-half millions at five per cent. and they were to have a lien upon the profits of the railways. This scheme was carried through at the last session, 1882, at which the Government had control and created some considerable interest in Nova Scotia.

After the close of the session of 1882, and the general elections were in sight, there happened to be a vacancy in the office of Prothonotary of the Supreme Court at Halifax. The office is an easy one and being paid by fees gives a large income. Mr. Holmes chose to take this position. On his retirement the Lieutenant-Governor called upon

HONOURABLE JOHN S. D. THOMPSON

to form an administration, and left to him the responsibility of going to the country upon the record of the Government. Mr. Thompson asked Mr. A. C. Bell, who is now a member of the House of Commons for the county of Pictou, to take the office of Provincial Secretary, and thus re-constructed, the Government appealed to the country at the general election of June 20th, 1882. By an arrangement with the Dominion Government, then again under the leadership of Sir John A. Macdonald, the Provincial elections in Nova Scotia were held upon the same day as the general election of the House of Commons of Canada.

A most singular result ensued. Nova Scotia had 21 seats in the House of Commons and 38 in the Provincial Legislature and the constituencies were the same. The difference in representation was due to the fact that for each county of Nova Scotia there are two members in the Provincial Legislature except Halifax and Pictou, each of which has three; and in the House of Commons each of the eighteen counties has one member with the exception of Halifax, Pictou and Cape Breton, which have two each. The party lines were clearly defined, and the same conventions which nominated candidates for the House of Commons named also candidates for the House of Assembly. The same committees worked during the campaign, and all day at the polls; precisely the same workers were carrying in voters for the Provincial and Dominion candidates alike; yet when the ballots were counted it was found that in the Dominion the Conservatives had carried 15 seats and the Liberals 6, whereas in the Provincial Legislature the Liberals had carried 23 seats and the Conservatives 15. To illustrate: the county of Digby sent Mr. John C. Wade to the House of Commons and sent two Liberals to the Provincial Assembly by large majorities; the county of Halifax sent two Conservatives to the House of Commons and two Liberals to the House of Assembly; the county of Cumberland sent a Conservative to the House of Commons by acclamation and elected one Liberal to the House of Assembly. Guysboro sent a Conservative to the House of Commons and two Liberals by substantial majorities to the House of Assembly; the county of Inverness sent a Conservative to the House of Commons and one Liberal to the House of Assembly; the county of Richmond sent a Conservative to the House of Commons and a Liberal to the House of Assembly; the county of Cape Breton sent two Con-

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servatives by large majorities to the House of Commons and two Liberals to the House of Assembly by still larger majorities. In the latter part of July Mr. Thompson sent in the resignation of his Government and himself, and accepted a seat upon the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia.

HON. S. H. HOLMES.

The Right Hon. Sir John S. D. Thompson, who afterwards became Minister of Justice and Prime Minister of Canada, has been so conspicuously of late before the public of Canada that it seems hardly necessary to make any special reference to his career. His administration lasted only a few weeks and of course accomplished nothing. He was at this time highly respected throughout Nova Scotia. It was not believed he possessed any eminent qualities of political leadership then, and he died too soon to make it clear whether he really possessed these qualities at all. Whatever achievements are to be put to his credit in Provincial politics must necessarily be as a member of Mr. Holmes' administration and not of his own.

When Mr. Thompson sent in his resignation in the latter part of July the Lieutenant-Governor called upon Mr. Albert Gayton to form an administration, he being the only Liberal member of the new parliament who had previously occupied a seat in the Executive. Mr. Gayton, who was a very excellent and worthy gentleman, very properly judged that he was not fitted to assume the duties of leadership, and as a consequence, on being charged with the responsibility of forming an administration, he issued an invitation to all the members of both the Assembly and Legislative Council in sympathy with the Liberal party to meet with him at convention in Halifax. The Government then constructed was called into existence under the most extraordinary circumstances, in many respects, that ever characterized the forming of an administration under the British system. There had been no leader in the previous House, the Liberals being a band of only six or seven members and none of them possessing any qualities which suggested leadership. Most of the members elected were new to parliamentary duties. Among those who

RT.-HON. SIR JOHN S. D. THOMPSON.

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HON. W. T. PIPES.

for the first time took their seat in any legislative body were Mr. Fielding, the present Minister of Finance, Mr. W. T. Pipes, Mr. W. F. McCoy, Mr. J. M. Mack, Mr. A. Haley, now M.P. for Hants, Mr. James A. Fraser and the writer. The consequence was that when the various members were gathered together one was as good as another, and what actually was done was the appointment of a committee to form a government. Under the British system one would have supposed that the course taken would have been to select some one in whom the rest had special confidence and entrust him with the duty of forming an administration; but this was not the course pursued. After deliberating for nearly two days the committee submitted a certain administration with one name naturally at the top of it, though they assigned to him no especial designation as Premier; but this arrangement having been submitted to some criticism in the general body, the members went back again and fixed up another one, at the head of which was placed the

HONOURABLE WILLIAM T. PIPES.

Mr. A. J. White was Attorney-General, Mr. C. E. Church, Provincial Secretary, and Mr. Albert Gayton Commissioner of Public Works, and several other gentlemen were members without office. This administration was sworn in on the 3rd day of August, 1882, and, though changes and modifications have taken place, this same administration may be said to be in existence to-day.

Mr. Pipes was a young lawyer, about 32 years of age, having been born in 1850, who had carried Cumberland county, which had long been considered the stronghold of Conservatism under the redoubtable leadership of Sir Charles Tupper. He had scarcely seen a legislature of any kind in session at the time he was called upon to assume the duties of leader of the Government, yet every person had confidence in his ability. He was a speaker of a great deal of force, had a fine, commanding presence and generally commanded the respect and confidence of all who knew him. His position was, of course, a very delicate one. He held no office and drew no salary, and yet he was called upon to give up a very considerable portion of his time for the public service. Without having sat in or seen a legislature, he was called upon on the first day to take the lead of the House and to deal with important public measures, including the question of the consolidation of the railways of Nova Scotia under the new syndicate and the disposal of the Eastern Extension Railway. Mr. Pipes retained his position till July 15th, 1884, when he found his duties as leader of the Government without office or salary, and residing 146 miles from the city of Halifax, quite intolerable. It is generally believed that he made every effort short of exercising his powers as Premier to induce one of the departmental officers to give up a place for him, but

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apparently without success, and, as a consequence, after the second session of the new legislature had been successfully passed, he resolved to lay down the burdens of office. Mr. Pipes conducted himself in his position as leader with great credit to himself and with an ability which gave promise of a splendid political career. Unfortunately for the Province, Mr. Pipes' tastes do not run very largely in the direction of political life. He is more concerned in his professional career, in which he has been eminently successful, and is now said to be a man of considerable wealth. As a consequence, at the end of his term which expired in 1886 he declined again to be a candidate, and has not since taken any active part in public life, although he is still a warm supporter of the Liberal party, and takes a prominent part on the public platform in the support of Liberal candidates in the county of Cumberland.

When Mr. Pipes tendered his resignation of the Government, July 15th, 1884, he recommended as his successor

HONOURABLE W. S. FIELDING.

Mr. Fielding was not originally a member of Mr. Pipes' Government as sworn in in August, 1882, but his usefulness as an executive adviser was so apparent to Mr. Pipes that he was offered and accepted a seat in the Executive without office on the 22nd December, 1882, and he remained a member of the Government until after the close of the session of 1884. Then he, too, felt that the duties devolving upon him as Executive Counsellor without office exacted more of his time and attention than could be spared from his position as editor-in-chief of the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, and he intimated to Mr. Pipes his intention of resigning. The real position of matters at that time was that the three departmental heads, while all of them most worthy men, were not politicians, and, while quite equal to attending to the details of their departments, were quite unable to inaugurate political policies or to adjust themselves to the constantly recurring changes in the situation. Both Mr. Fielding and Mr. Pipes felt it would be impracticable to go on unless some person of keen political instincts held a position in the Government in which the salary would be a recompense for the time and energies disposed upon the public service. When, therefore, Mr. Pipes sent his resignation to the Lieutenant-Governor he recommended Mr. Fielding as a suitable person to be called upon to form an administration.

Mr. Fielding accepted this task, but it is an open secret that he had some difficulty in arranging with his former colleagues about the positions. The only terms upon which Mr. Fielding was able to afford to take charge of the

HON. W. S. FIELDING.

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HON. GEO. H. MURRAY.

administration was by having one departmental office at his disposal, and none of the members holding these offices seemed disposed to retire. After several days spent in negotiations Mr. Fielding announced the new Government, of which he was himself the Provincial Secretary and President of the Council, Mr. White remaining Attorney-General, and Mr. Church, who had been Provincial Secretary, taking the position of Commissioner of Public Works and Mines in place of Mr. Gayton, who retired from the Government. His place was taken by the writer of this article, and that was the only change in the personnel of the administration at that time. At the end of the parliamentary term in May, 1886, Mr. White was offered and accepted the position of Registrar of Deeds at Halifax, and then the writer was offered and accepted the portfolio of Attorney-General. Mr. Fielding's administration lasted until the 17th day of July last, when he tendered his resignation in order to accept the position of Minister of Finance in Mr. Laurier's administration. Mr. Fielding's Premiership extends, therefore, to a period covering more than twelve years. In 1886 at the general election the Government was sustained by an overwhelming majority, carrying 29 seats to 9. In 1890 it was again sustained by a majority equally large. In 1894 it was again sustained 26 to 12, and since then there have been changes until now the supporters of the Government number 28 and the opponents 10.

The record of Mr. Fielding's Administration has been one of constant activity in both administration and legislation. The Judicature Act has been brought into operation; a new Franchise Act of a more extended character has been carried through Parliament; a system of building all the large provincial bridges of stone and iron on capital account was inaugurated under the Pipes Administration, and has been carried on since until nearly one and a half millions of money has been expended in building great bridges in Nova Scotia, and probably, take it all in all, the rivers of Nova Scotia are spanned by the finest series of bridges that can be found on the continent of America. The Provincial revenues have been steadily increasing owing to the larger output of coal and other minerals. The legislation by which the Whitney Coal Syndicate were induced to take hold of the coal mines of Cape Breton was among the most notable and important of the successes which Mr. Fielding achieved under his régime. Imprisonment for debt was abolished; the Towns' Incorporation Act was adopted; the Mechanics' Lien adopted; a system of compulsory arbitration, to prevent strikes and lockouts in connection with mining, was inaugu-

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rated, and appears to be almost the first of that class of legislation which any legislative body has had the courage to adopt; and a great many other reforms have been achieved, which would not be of special interest to the general reader.

Mr. Fielding was born in November, 1848, entered the *Morning Chronicle* office at an early date in the humble capacity of office boy, but by his general brightness and ability worked himself up to the position of editor-in-chief. He was elected to the Assembly for the first time in Halifax in 1882, by a very narrow majority. He was re-elected in 1886 and 1890 by very large majorities, and in 1894 by a majority of two or three hundred. When he accepted the position of Minister of Finance, Mr. F. G. Forbes, M.P., retired from the Dominion House of Commons and placed his seat at his disposal, to which he was elected by acclamation on August 8th last. Mr. Fielding, on retiring from the Government in July last, recommended to the Lieut.-Governor as his successor the

HONOURABLE GEORGE H. MURRAY,

who himself took the position of Provincial Secretary made vacant by the retirement of Mr. Fielding. He made no change in the personnel of his administration except that the Hon. Messrs. McGillivray, Roche and Black were sworn in members without office, there being one or two vacancies in the Government.

Mr. Murray was born at Grand Narrows, C.B., and is a member of the Nova Scotia bar. He contested Cape Breton for the House of Assembly in 1886 and was defeated, did the same for the House of Commons in 1887 and was also defeated. He also contested Cape Breton for the House of Commons in 1891 and was defeated. In 1890 he was appointed a member of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia. In 1891 he became a member of the Government of Nova Scotia, and was appointed leader of the Legislative Council. In January, 1896, he resigned his seat in the Government and in the Legislative Council to oppose Sir Charles Tupper in the county of Cape Breton, where he was again defeated. As already stated, he was recommended, in July last, by Mr. Fielding, as his successor in the Premiership of the Province, and before this article appears shall have won or lost his first general election.

Mr. Murray is a young man, and has not until now had an opportunity of making a record in constructive statesmanship, but his personal popularity, his excellent judgment and his inflexible integrity give him at this present moment a very strong place in the confidence and esteem of the people of Nova Scotia.

J. W. Longley.

A THOUGHT OF DEATH.

A SLEEP -and yet, a sleep that hath an end,
An end, that rest o'ertaking,
(Though bone and fibre with our earth-bed blend,
The dormant soul forsaking).

A sleep—yet through the sleep, a sense of fear,
An awful half-life making,
A dread, increasing countless year by year,
The dread of an awaking.

Reginald Gourlay.

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DREAMS OF GENIUS.

With Three Special Sketches.

I.

THE afternoon was hot enough to call for a full enjoyment of the breeze that rippled the lake-like expanse of the Upper Ottawa. Farther up past the little lumbering town, the seething of the rapids appeared a gleaming mass of whiteness. All their fierce unrest seemed calmed by distance; motionless, as though some "daughter of earth and water," gliding down from its careless companions in cloudland, had touched lightly upon either shore and embraced the parent stream. The low monotony which filled but did not disturb the golden air of August, scarcely dispelled the illusion. And the long lines of hills upon the Northern shore —that half-naked Laurentian foundation which protrudes above Earth's superstructure—added its sublime boldness to the scene.

Upon the southern shore flourished a small grove of oaks and pines; noble trees that in days past had somehow been preserved from the devastating axe of the lumberman. Near the edge of this wood, where the pebbled beach began, lay a huge log, swept between the roots of two giant oaks by some spring flood. There it had remained bleached and cracked. Just where it touched a slanting oak its upper surface was smooth and flattened, so that one found no uncomfortable seat amid the shaded seclusion.

To-day this heaven of nature's was not without its attendant divinity. A girl dressed in soft green was upon the rustic throne, seated like a dryad beneath her parent tree. One foot was crossed lightly above the other, while her slender hands clasped themselves before the knee. Her head, covered only with its reddish-gold hair, rested back dreamily against the tree-trunk, throwing into prominence the delicate chin and white slender neck. Upon the log lay her discarded hat and a book. Not the kind you or I read last summer, but an old-fashioned tale of love. This nymph in dress of clinging green had no thought for "New Woman" literature.

Suddenly her head moved forward. The half drooping lids were raised from the eyes of brown. The young man lying upon the ground had looked up to ask some question upon the poem he was reading to her. His voice had been mingled with the sweet poetry of nature—around her and within her. Its music was a new note in the choir to which, all her life, she had been listening. How much fuller now seemed its sweetness, who can tell? But it was to Nature's Singer, not to the poet's interpreter, that she had been listening. The low monotony of the stream's music and the glad song of birds meant far more for her than the abrupt periods of Browning's dramatic monologue.

"Ye-s," came at length, her smiling hesitant reply, a faint blush at being caught inattentive giving a fresh charm to her features.

Without further comment the reader resumed. For the moment his fair auditor followed more closely. To-day, Browning seemed to interest her very little. Taking a pencil from the folds of her garb, this modern nymph proceeded to sketch the young man's profile upon the fly-leaf of her book. The forehead, partly hidden by the loose dark hair, was high and straight, but the heavy eyebrows which almost met above the nose protruded rather gloomily. The chin and moving lips did not express the force suggested by the upper features. But beneath the idealizing stroke of love's pencil, the face became handsome and altogether pleasing. That glow of poetic warmth, kindled for the moment from contact with the flame of genius, had other significance for the young artist. She saw the impassioned face of the lover, who, but a

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"Seated like a dryad beneath her parent tree."

few nights since, had told her of his heart's yearning. With a tender touch of the pencil, she completed the portrait. It was their last hour together, and a sigh escaped her that his glowing eyes and his lips now spoke of other things. What could this tale of an old Italian Master's misplaced love have to do with her living joy?

He finished the poem and laid the volume upon the carpet of dry pine needles. A deeper blush than before mounted to the temples of the girl as she closed hastily her book to hide the portrait; but the whilom reader was looking up the river. "Poor Adrea del Sarto," he said aloud, though he did not seem particularly to address his companion. "How many a genius has shared his fate? A spirit aspiring to a place among Time's immortals held down by an earth-chilled soul."

"But then Adrea knew that Lucrezia did not love him," said the girl quietly, interrupting what might have remained, like the poem, a monologue.

Howard Roughurst had been reading Daudet as well as Browning. Smile if you will, but the pictured failures of "Wives of men of Genius" had been impressed upon his mind with just a suspicion of personal directness.

"Yes, I know that, but even had she proved devotion itself, mere wifely love could be small inspiration. The 'Faultless Painter' has summed up his own life's failure, and that of many others, in those sad, regretful words:

You don't understand
Nor care to understand about my art.

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The damper of affection may keep the fire of genius from becoming more than a smouldering ash."

Very often, in its narrow sufficiency, the talent of youth mistakes its borrowed light for the divine flame itself. That Roughurst, with his poetic and introspective temperament, had fallen into such an error did not mark him as being the most vain of his race.

"Do you really think that, Howard?" and they were serious eyes that looked down in questioning. The pleading of the face above him rebuked ambition. Raising himself upon his elbow he carried her hand to his lips.

"What matters it, Queen Esther; no one thinks me a genius." He said it moodily, as though youth had already begun to meet its disillusioning doubts.

"I do and others shall," she answered in loving pride, yet half sadly, as her gentle fingers brushed backed the hair from his temples. In those three weeks of constant communion his fondest dreams had become as her own. Then earnestly she repeated her question.

"But do you really think that?"

"Dearest, love of you is beyond all dreams of genius." He had turned his eyes to avoid the anxious searching of hers. "Why it's nearly train time, Esther!" he exclaimed, looking at his watch and rising to his feet. And then one of love's sharpest arrows put to rout that mischievous imp of ambition who had been masquerading under the guise of genius.

Seating himself upon the log, he drew tenderly toward him the yielding form, until the bright head rested against his shoulder. In that lingering embrace both forgot the doubts that had so perversely asserted themselves.

II.

It was an hour since the shriek of the locomotive from across the river had told Esther Wood of her lover's departure. In no very cheerful mood she sat in the big rocker behind the shading creepers of the manse verandah. Never before had she felt the desire to leave the house to which they had come from the Old Land fifteen years before—a bright-haired lass of four and her widowed father. Since then she had had few companions besides the old housekeeper and the quiet, white-haired minister, who had been father, mother and tutor to her. The village folk thought her serious and old-fashioned; very different from their blithe Canadian children. Yet she was a child in her untried simplicity. Occasionally she had accompanied her father to Assembly meetings in Ottawa, and one or another of the larger cities; but she had come back content with her country life.

This was changed since Howard Roughurst had entered her little circle. An uncle of his had come recently to the neighbourhood as manager for a large lumbering concern, and Howard, having just completed his university course, had been invited upon a month's visit. Thinking that the quiet of country surroundings would prove conducive to literary development, the young man had gladly availed himself of this invitation before entering upon newspaper work in the fall. But the budding of genius had been grievously interfered with by his first visit to the manse.

Hitherto, together with her filial devotion, an almost passionate love for nature had been dominant in Esther's life. But now very full of a shy joy grew her heart, as she awoke to a sense of a new power in nature's widening realm. And since Howard had declared his love for her, it seemed as though she held focussed within her own soul the light of all those joyous beauties which the years had revealed to her in field and river, mountain and wood. But a timid reserve prevented a full committal of her feelings to her lover. Seldom, indeed, in the first glow of emotion does thought adapt to it adequate expression. Not yet could her untried voice sing aloud the inner music. Nor did she ever dream that her feelings were such as might prompt poetic utterance. Roughurst lamented, at times, that so little appreciation should be shown for the

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poems which he had read to her. Thus, momentary misgivings had asserted themselves, which he had not been able altogether to hide.

To the sensitive mind of the girl these now appealed more forcibly than they had to him. The young man upon the rushing train saw only the image of a sweet girl-face—the memory of soft tones and a gentle caress filled him with happy misery. Not so blissful was the unrest of the maiden upon the vine-covered verandah. Lying upon the wide window-sill was the volume of Browning. The sight of it had recalled the doubts of the early afternoon.

"Oh, Howard!" her heart cried, "I am not like that hateful Lucrezia. I love you and I try to understand."

The imp, that in the guise of genius had fled from the darts of love, was not yet through with mischief. It was revenging itself upon its conqueror by employing love's very voice to disturb this daughter of Eve in her heart's paradise.

"And he said my love was more than all the dreams of genius—oh! I know you love me, Howard. But you have your ambitions, too—I have only love. Must I give it up for them? Do you want me to?" Cruel tears burned her cheeks as love argued with itself and pleaded with its absent beloved. Reaching for the book, she turned to the familiar poem. Her eyes fell upon a passage which, with one or two others, had been marked in pencil:

"But had you—oh! with the same perfect brow,
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare—
Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind;
Some women do so—"

What else could she think, but that he had marked it for her to read and apply? With a passion of sobbing, strange indeed to her gentle disposition, she let fall the book from her knee.

"Oh, Howard! how cruel, how wrong! What right had you to make me give you my love? You never have loved me." Then the thought of how his impassioned pleading had overcome her maidenly reserve, and called forth words of confessed feeling, filled her with pain and confusion. Each remembered kiss seemed a brand of shame.

The note which she placed, late that night, in the envelope whose arrival Howard was awaiting with all a lover's happy impatience read as follows:

"Dear Mr. Roughurst,

I must thank you for your kindness in leaving me your volume of Browning. I shall keep it as a reminder of an idle dream's awakening. I trust that, unfettered by any ties of affection, the flight of genius may be a lofty one.

Yours sincerely,
Esther B. Wood."

If only Howard Roughurst could have guessed how love outweighed pride in that wounded maiden-heart after this one outbreak of offended dignity, or how anxiously she hoped for some word from him! But her note remained a cruel enigma. Of the marked passage he had no remembrance; it was the result of a first reading, months before he had met Esther. Pride forbade his asking any explanation of a timid girl's penning, what seemed the sarcasm of an embittered woman.

III.

It was half-an-hour before her Friday evening "At Home," and Mrs. Arthur Chisholm was engaged in making those last decorative touches to the drawing-room which are all-important to the feminine eye. At last, the tea-roses in the Japanese bowls upon the mantle drooped exactly as they ought. A silk drape having been twisted three-quarters of an inch farther to the right, to make it look less stiff, as she said, the little lady patted it approvingly, and with a sigh of satisfaction turned to her companion.

"There, now, I think that's all right."

"The room looks very beautiful, I am sure," said the person addressed, a

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girl of about twenty-two, who, though not above medium height, looked quite stately in her gown of creamy white, beside her diminutive hostess.

"I'm so glad you think so; I do want this evening to be a success. It is not every night Ottawa has such a distinguished guest as 'Laurentia,' authoress and illustrator of 'Song's Awakening, and Other Poems,' and the little dame made a merry curtsey to her guest.

"What unkind irony, Mrs. Chisholm," said the girl brightly, making light of the laughing compliment; "I am sure I expect to be overawed by the assembled talent. I daresay I shall be speechless all evening from an attack of country shyness at the sight of so many senators and members of parliament."

"Don't be too humble, child," was the matronly injunction, "it is not expected in a poetess." Then hearing the clock chime in the hallway, she said, "I wonder why 'Canad' has not come yet."

"Who is this 'Canad,' Mrs. Chisholm?"

"My dear girl, you don't mean you are in ignorance of the name of the man who wrote that splendid review of your poems? How stupid; did I never tell you?"

"I think not, I have heard only his *nom de plume*."

"Why, Howard Roughurst is his every-day appellation. I'm sure you will like him ever so much. He is the most brilliant journalist in the gallery, so Arthur says." The dictum of her spouse in matters literary—he was a shareholder in a Toronto publishing concern—was final with Mrs. Chisholm.

"Lying upon the wide window-sill was the volume of Browning."

"I met Mr. Roughurst nearly three years ago," said the girl quietly, her face almost hidden by the profusion of the blossoms, as she bent over a large vase of roses upon the table beside her.

"Well, I declare!" Mrs. Chisholm was a consummate planner of matches — or considered herself so— and it did seem too bad that she was not to be instrumental in bringing about the first meeting between her young protégé and her most appreciative critic.

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"You need'nt stare at me as though I were a ghost—or a dream of genius."

Esther's laugh was a trifle forced. "Does Mr. Roughurst know who 'Laurentia' is?" she enquired suddenly.

"Why, no—not unless you have told him yourself. He doesn't even know why I asked him to call early."

"Was it to meet me?" exclaimed the girl.

"Of course, whom else?"

"Oh, but he must not think that, please Mrs. Chisholm. Couldn't I—" and stopping in her dismay she laid her hand appealingly upon the arm of her friend. That lady was growing interested.

"Couldn't you—what, my dear?"

"Stay upstairs until the crowd comes."

"Nonsense! Why, here he is now;" and Howard Roughurst was ushered into the room. Bowing to his hostess, he stopped in surprise at the sight of her companion. The blush that tinged suddenly the girl's temples lost itself as quickly beneath their aureole of

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bright hair. She bowed calmly as she bade him "good evening," and extended her hand to him. With less composure he returned the salutation.

"Why, Esther, are you acquainted with Mr. Roughurst?" exclaimed voluble Madame in feigned surprise. "How nice! Then I shall leave you to chat together while I run up and see Arthur—he's sure to want a collar-button, or something. I did want to consult you about that walking party, Mr. Roughurst, but we can do that another time."

Left alone with her recent critic and former lover, Esther felt that her self-possession was in danger of deserting her. He was far from regaining his.

"Won't you be seated, Mr. Roughurst?"

"Ah! thank you, Miss Wood;" and they took up positions at a safe distance. Each was noting the change of years in the other. She admitted to herself that a beard had added to the strength and symmetry of Howard's face, and that somehow the dark brows did not overhang so gloomily as disillusioned memory pictured them. He felt that this calm dignity enhanced her girlish beauty, but—well, he thought with a heart-ache of the timid grace of one whom he had called "Queen Esther" nearly three years before.

"You are engaged in literary work, I suppose, Mr. Roughurst!" she was saying. He coloured slightly, as he answered with assumed lightness: "Oh, yes, I am still a literary hack!"

Things were too miserably uncomfortable. Howard rose in desperation and stood in front of her. Three years in the world of journalism had done much to dispel over-sensitive pride as well as to dissipate dreams of genius.

"Esth——Miss Wood!" he began impetuously, "I know I acted like a conceited ass that day, but I thought we parted—friends, you know, and really, I can't imagine what I did to—" He paused and looked at her distressedly.

"To make me write that note?" she said, raising her brown eyes in disdainful enquiry.

"Yes," he replied, and waited for her to continue. Feeling that he had bungled at step number one, he was resolved to leave the second for her.

"Perhaps you remember Browning's 'Adrea del Sarto'?" She was doing bravely, indeed, but her eyes had dropped again, and her fingers were tangling the fringe of Mrs. Chisholm's Indian sofa-cushion.

"Yes, and some of my extremely high-flown comments. But I thought we had both let all that drop when we, er—said good-bye."

"And the book you left?"

"Well, what—?"

"And those carefully marked passages?"

"Marked?"

"Yes, so kindly, for my special perusal," and Esther looked up and with a fine hauteur that was decidedly queenly. The fact of 'Canad' the critic, having publicly credited 'Laurentia' with genius made this indifference which she was now displaying toward her lover of girlhood days nothing short of triumphant.

"For you? There has been some horrible mistake, Esther. I'm sure I marked nothing."

"You must have," she protested, but the cushion fringe was becoming more hopelessly entangled, and the note of disdain in her faltering tones had grown very faint indeed.

"For Heaven's sake, Esther, what do you mean?"

He had seated himself beside her upon the sofa, and in his earnestness was grasping her hands.

"Didn't you intend me to apply those half-dozen lines ending:

'Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind
Some women do—'?"

While making this last effort at accusation she tried to free her hands from his.

"No, I did not," he said, tightening his grasp; then demanded: "Do you believe me or not?" It was his time to assume something of the tone of injured virtue.

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"Yes; I—I was silly," she faltered. The door-bell was announcing the arrival of other guests. "Let us walk through to the library," said the young man, loosening tenderly the hands that no longer sought for their release.

"You must not keep 'Laurentia' long away from the drawing-room" was the injunction merrily given to the young journalist by his hostess, who had entered from the hall just as they reached the library doorway. "I suppose she has been complimenting you upon your critical acumen—, that's the proper term is it not?"

Esther tightened her fingers nervously upon her companion's arm as they passed the *portière*.

"'Laurentia'?" he exclaimed, stopping and gazing at her in puzzled dismay.

"Yes, 'Canad,'" she replied, in amused concern at his discomfiture. You needn't stare at me as though I were a ghost—or a dream of genius," she added archly. Her laughing words brought to him the strange irony in the contrast between his published tribute to her talents and the mischief-working egotism of his boyish utterances.

"I have been an unmitigated idiot," he asserted with excusable vehemence, then asked humbly: "Esther, *can* you care at all for me, now?—even a little, as a goddess might a—" To just what, in his humility, he would have likened himself she did not permit him to say.

For a moment, the long lashes upon their trembling lids had almost touched her cheek; but now her eyes sought his. He saw in them no trace of pride or disdain, but, instead, the full love of that other Esther—his girl-queen.

"Dearest!" and he heard her repeating with sweet earnestness his own words of three years past, "Love of you is beyond all dreams of genius."

Stambury R. Tarr.

MAY.

OH! favoured month of all the glad, sweet spring!
So fair and bright,
Exhaling perfumes which the flowers bring,
Diffusing light.

Season when lovers, filled with life and love,
Whisper their vows,
And noisy birds repeat them from above
'Mid flow'ry boughs.

With soft, green sward beneath, and overhead
An azure sky,
The brooklet rippling o'er its rocky bed
As it goes by.

The mother bird rejoicing builds her nest
To fill with young,
Her mate makes music sweet, to cheer her rest,
The boughs among.

With blossoms, birds, and brooks and bright warm sun
How rich thou art!
Of thine effulgence give to every one
An ample part.

Daisy Sinclair.

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FROM A PHOTO.

QUEBEC HOUSE, WESTERHAM, IN WHICH WOLFE'S BOYHOOD WAS SPENT.

A VISIT TO THE BIRTHPLACE OF JAMES WOLFE, THE CONQUEROR OF QUEBEC.

BY J. C. WEBSTER, M.D., F.R.C.P.E., F.R.S.E., MONTREAL.

ALL Canadians know the name of the conqueror of Quebec; many have read the memorable story of his death; few have heard of the place of his birth or are acquainted with the history of his short life.

It is remarkable that there is much uncertainty as to the birth-time or birth-place of some of the world's greatest men. This is even the case with some who have figured in comparatively recent times. As regards the Duke of Wellington, for instance, there has been much dispute, some holding that he was born in Westmeath county, others that the event occurred in Merrion Square, Dublin; then, it is not certain whether he was born in March, April or May, 1769.

Recently, also, some doubts have been raised regarding the accuracy of the long-held belief as to the birthplace of the great naval hero, Horatio Nelson.

For a long time, likewise, there was a vigourous dispute as to the place in which the subject of this sketch was born, it being held by many that the honor belonged to the city of York.

Now, however, there is no difference of opinion, for it has been definitely established that Wolfe was born in the little village of Westerham, in Kent, in 1727.

At the present day this place possesses many of the features which characterized it in the beginning of the last century. It has not felt the stir of the busy industrial life of England, but has lived a vegetative, rural existence in the midst of the pleasant, fertile farmlands of North Kent. The surrounding country is rich in natural

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beauty and in historic interest. Not many miles away is Tunbridge Wells, the famous watering-place, filled with memories of John Evelyn, Charles II., Nell Gwynne; and, later, of Beau Nash, Dr. Johnson, Richardson, Davy Garrick and Lord Chesterfield. The life of this resort in the last century has been vividly pourtrayed by Thackeray in "The Virginians."

In the neighbourhood are many famous country-seats, among which may be specially noted the following: Penshurst, the ancient home of the Sidneys; Erridge, the seat of the historic Neville family; Hever, the birthplace of Anne Boleyn.

The Wolfe family had no Kentish association. Colonel Wolfe, the father of the hero, was born in the north of England, and had moved to Westerham only a few months before the birth of his son. His ancestors belonged to Ireland, that nursing-ground of soldiers, where, at the present day, many representatives of the family are to be found, especially in Cork, Limerick and Tipperary counties.

When Colonel Wolfe arrived in Westerham, along with his newly-married wife, a Yorkshire lady, he settled in the Vicarage, where James was born. The house is still in use, and the little room in which the hero first saw the light is open to inspection. The family did not remain there long, but moved to a larger residence when the infant was only a few weeks old. This place, now known as "Quebec House," was Wolfe's home for twelve years. It was a quaint, gabled Elizabethan manor-house, with old-fashioned, low-roofed apartments, a wainscotted hall and gloomy corridors. The attic is a maze of small, irregular rooms, dark and crooked passages, and mysterious recesses, through which, one can well imagine, the sensitive boy often rambled, giving free play to his active imagination. Here, also, was born another son, Edward, who afterwards became a soldier out of love for his elder brother.

On a low eminence near Quebec House is the village church in which Wolfe was baptized. It is a plain

FROM A PHOTO.

WESTERHAM PARISH CHURCH IN WHICH WOLFE WAS BAPTIZED.

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Gothic structure, five or six hundred years old. Inside is a marble tablet, erected by several gentlemen of Westerham in memory of the general some years after his death, and inscribed with the following unpoetic verse :

"Whilst George in sorrow bows his laurel'd head
And bids the Artist grace the Soldier dead ;
We raise no sculptured trophy to this name,
Brave youth ! the fairest in the list of fame ;
Proud of thy birth, we boast the auspicious year,
Struck with thy fall, we shed a general tear ;
With humble grief inscribe one artless stone,
And from thy matchless honor date our own."

But the most interesting feature of Westerham is Squerryes Court, a fine old manor-house, dating back to the time of Charles II., the home of an old Kentish family, the Wardes, who have given many brave soldiers to the British army. Through the courtesy of the present proprietor I was enabled to make a thorough examination of the many rare treasures and relics which the house contains.

Wolfe's family were on terms of intimacy with the Warde household, and to this association is to be attributed the fact that Squerryes Court is the chief repository of the most precious memorials of the hero. His boy friends and playmates were John and George Warde, the sons of the proprietor of that day ; their playground, the beautiful park in which the house is situated. In the gardens near the house is a column, surmounted by an urn, erected by the Squerryes family some years after Wolfe's death, to mark the spot on which he stood one day during his Christmas vacation, in 1741, when the King's commission to his first position in the army was placed in his hands. At the base of the column are the following lines :

"Here first was Wolfe with martial ardour fired,
Here first with glory's brightest flame inspired ;
This spot so sacred will for ever claim
A proud alliance with its hero's name."

Squerryes Court contains two portraits of Wolfe. One of these represents him at the age of fifteen, in the scarlet uniform of an ensign in the Twelfth regiment of Foot. It is a full-face picture and shows a frank and pleasant countenance, the eyes being particularly bright and full of expression. The other portrait is by Benjamin West, and is a copy from the large composition picture of this artist, representing the death of Wolfe. It was executed to the order of the proprietor of Squerryes near the end of the last century. Shortly before my visit last year, Colonel Warde, in looking through some old family papers, found the receipt given by West to his ancestor for the money paid for this portrait, amounting to something over twenty-nine pounds sterling.

So far as is known, the former of these portraits is the only one painted from the life by a professional artist, all the others, which are to be found in England, having been made after Wolfe's death.

One of the best known of these is that painted by Schaak, now in the National Portrait Gallery in London, a gift of the King of the Belgians. It is based upon a profile sketch, made at Quebec by Captain Smith, one of the General's aides-de-camp, a few days before the fall of the fortress. This interesting drawing is in the possession of the United Service Club. Very recently the Pym family, who live in the neighbourhood of Westerham, discovered a painting of Wolfe believed to have been done by Gainsborough. It is unsigned, as is the case with all the great works of this master, and is consequently difficult to authenticate.

A well-painted portrait of Wolfe's mother also hangs in the Squerryes collection. It represents her as a young, good-looking woman, with a face expressive of great kindliness of heart, balanced judgment and firmness of character.

One of the most interesting possessions of the house is the collection of her famous son's letters, written to her at various periods of his life. The handwriting is in most cases plain and easily read. Many of them are extremely interesting, two of them in

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particular attracting my attention. One of these written at Inverness on his twenty-fifth birthday runs as follows :

"The winter wears away, so do our years, and so does life itself; and it matters little where a man passes his days and what station he fills, or whether he be great or considerable ; but it imports him something to look to the manner of life. This day am I five-and-twenty years of age, and all that time is as nothing. When I am fifty (if it so happens) and look back, it will be the same, and so on to the last hour. But it is worth a moment's consideration that we may be called away on a sudden, unguarded and unprepared ; and the oftener these thoughts are entertained, the less will be the dread or fear of death. You will judge by this sort of discourse that it is the dead of night, when all is quiet and at rest, and one of those intervals wherein men think of what they really are, and what they really should be ; how much is expected and how little performed. Our short duration here, and the doubts of hereafter, should awe and deter the most flagitious, if they reflected on them. The little time taken in for meditation is the best employed in all their lives ; for if the uncertainty of our state and being is then brought before us, and that compared with our course of conduct, who is there that won't immediately discover the inconsistency of all his behaviour and the vanity of all his pursuits? And yet, we are so mixed and compounded that though I think seriously this minute, and lie down with good intentions, it is likely I may rise with my old nature, or perhaps with the addition of some new impertinence, and be the same wandering lump of idle errors that I have ever been."

The last letter he ever wrote to his mother is also of interest :

"BANKS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

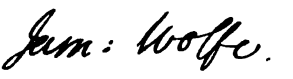
"31st August, 1759.

"DEAR MADAM.

"My writing to you will convince you that no personal evils, worse than defeats and disappointments, have fallen upon me. The enemy puts nothing to risk, and I can't in conscience put the whole army to risk. My antagonist has wisely shut himself up in inaccessible entrenchments, so that I can't get at him without spilling a torrent of blood, and that perhaps to little purpose.

"The Marquis de Montcalm is at the head of a great number of bad soldiers, and I am at the head of a small number of good ones that wish for nothing so much as to fight him ; but the wary old fellow avoids an action, doubtful of the behaviour of his army. People must be of the profession to understand the disadvantages and difficulties we labour under, arising from the common natural strength of the country. I wish you much health, and am, dear Madam,

"Your obedient and affectionate son,



Throughout his life Wolfe was in the most intimate sympathy with his mother. She had great influence with him and was consulted by him in all the interests of his life. Much of her energy was spent in the boy's early years, in curbing his fiery spirit, but she was unable to prevent him from joining the army as a volunteer before he was fourteen years of age. As he was about to sail with the Cartagena expedition under Lord Cathcart, he was deeply touched by his mother's sorrow and solicitude, for he wrote to her in the following terms :

". . . Very sorry, dear Mamma, that you doubt my love, which I'm sure is as sincere as ever any son's was to his mother . . . I will certainly write to you . . . by every ship I meet, because I know it is my duty. Besides, if it was not, I would do it out of love, with pleasure . . . but, pray, dear Mamma, if you love me, don't give yourself up to fears for us. I hope, if it please God, we shall soon see one another, which will be the happiest day that ever I shall see."

Fortunately for Wolfe, he did not,

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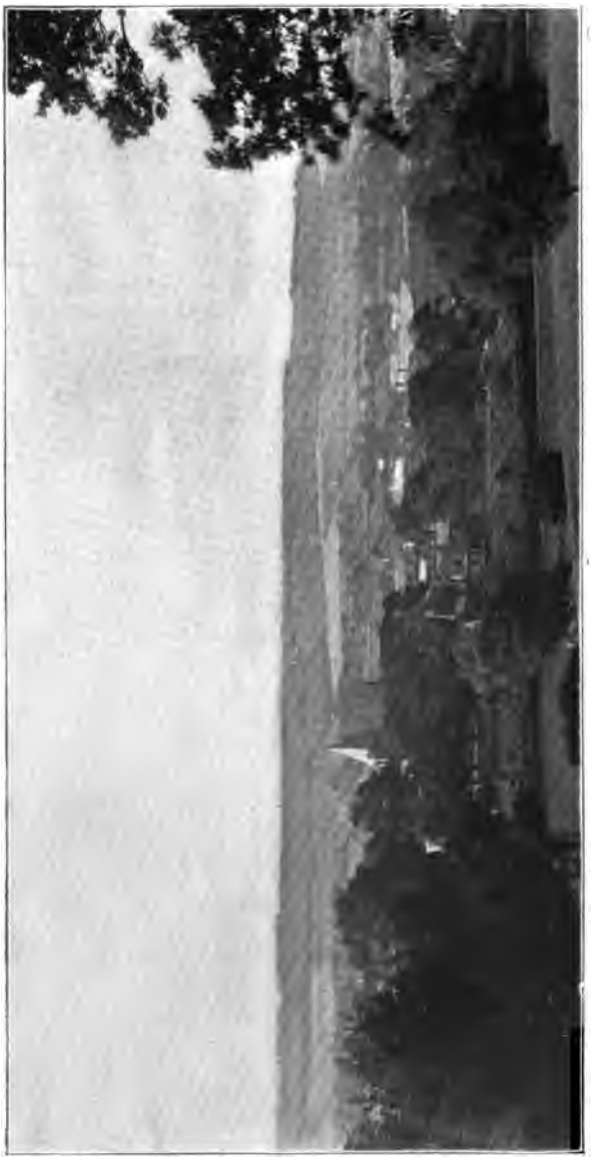
after all, accompany this disastrous expedition. His enthusiasm was checked by an attack of illness, and he was forced to remain at home.

It is interesting to note, in passing, that George Washington's eldest brother served in Lord Cathcart's army, and, while engaged in the siege of Cartagena, contracted the disease which caused his death, his younger brother thus becoming sole heir to the Virginian property and to a position of independence.



WESTERHAM—SHOWING THE VICARGE WHERE WOLFE WAS BORN.
FROM A PHOTO.

Wolfe's mother endeavoured unsuccessfully to regulate her son's love affairs for several years.

At the age of twenty-one he became attached to a daughter of Sir Wilfred Lawson, of Ivell, a maid of honour to the Princess of Wales. He wooed her for several years, but she did not return his affection, causing him much unhappiness. Mrs. Wolfe endeavoured to wean him from this attachment, and tempted him with several of her favourites, in particular urging him to devote his attention to a Miss Hoskins, a Croydon heiress, worth thirty thousand pounds. Wolfe was, however, proof against her efforts and could not be led into a course of action distasteful to him.

The Croydon girl, in course of time, became the wife of his friend John Warde, of Squerryes.

Long after Wolfe had realized that his suit with Miss Lawson was hopeless, he could not think of her or hear of her without emotion. He refers to this in a letter written to his mother about a year after his final rejection by her, while on a visit to a friend who possessed a picture of this lady. He says:

"My mistress' picture hangs up in the room where we dine. It took away my stomach for two or three days and

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made me look grave; but time, the never-failing aid to distressed lovers, has made the semblance of her a pleasing, but not a dangerous object. However, I find it best not to trust myself to the lady's eyes, or to put confidence in any resolutions of my own."

Before his final departure for America, Wolfe was attracted to a Miss Lowther, sister of the man who afterwards became first Earl of Lonsdale. She returned his affection, and presented him with a small miniature of herself which he wore around his neck until the night before the battle of the Plains of Abraham, when he delivered it into the keeping of his friend Jervis (afterwards Earl St. Vincent) for transmission to Miss Lowther, as he had a strong presentiment that he would be killed on the morrow.

Among the Squerryes letters is one written by this lady in reference to Wolfe's death.

Along with the letters are the various commissions held by Wolfe during his military career. He became an ensign in his fifteenth year, acted as adjutant in the following year during the Dettingen campaign, when he was made a lieutenant, and at the age of seventeen obtained a captaincy.

In another year he was appointed a brigade-major, and as such fought at the battles of Falkirk and Culloden against Prince Charlie.

FROM A PHOTO.

SQUERRYES COURT, WESTERHAM.

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FROM A PAINTING.

WOLFE BEFORE QUEBEC.

At the age of twenty-three he was a lieutenant-colonel, having gone through seven campaigns, and when twenty-nine he was made a full colonel.

Such rapid advancement of one who was without influence was remarkable in a period when appointments in all the public services were distributed through favouritism or by corrupt means.

When he was chosen to lead the expedition against Quebec the brevet rank of major-general was conferred upon him. His appointment created much jealousy among his seniors in the service, there being scores of generals who, in virtue of their seniority, might have been expected to supply a leader. Pitt, however, passed them over on account of their incapacity and made his choice solely on the ground of Wolfe's superior genius.

Among the great military heroes of Great Britain there is no one whose personality and character are more worthy of study than James Wolfe's.

His appearance was noticeable chiefly for a lack of physical beauty. His face was very plain, positively ugly according to some.

When full-grown, he was over six feet in height, with lanky frame and narrow shoulders, gawky and ungainly both in gait and figure. His profile has often been compared to the flap of an envelope, owing to the projection of a sharply pointed nose, combined with an unusually receding chin and forehead. His complexion was pale and colourless, his cheek-bones prominent, and his hair of a brilliant, aggressive brick-red hue. His eyes, however, were frank, bright and full of expression, redeeming considerably the predominant note of homeliness in his countenance.

His health was never robust, and the varied activities of his military life never served to establish physical stability. Extra effort always told upon him. In his latter years he suffered much from rheumatism and gravel. In general he bore his sufferings well and patiently, and was continually sustained by an indomitable spirit and by a keen determination not to be overcome. This was particularly noticeable during the last year of his life, his preparations for the final campaign being made when he was in a wretched state of distress from his chronic malady. And, during the anxious summer months before Quebec, he bore up through much physical discomfort with great endurance. Said he, one day to his physician: "I know perfectly well you cannot cure my complaint, but, pray, make me up so that I may be without pain for a few days and able to do my duty; that is all I want." On being told on one occasion that a sick officer had a wretched constitution, Wolfe answered, probably thinking of himself: "Don't tell me of constitution; that gentleman

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has a good spirit, and spirit will carry a man through everything."

Yet, in the midst of his troubles, he was ever attentive to the sufferings of those about him. This was a marked feature in his character, even when he was in the press of most hazardous undertakings. For instance, on the memorable morning of the ascent of the heights of the St. Lawrence, a captain in the foremost storming party was shot through the chest. Wolfe noticing this rushed to his side, pressed his hand and praised his valour, encouraged him to be of good spirit, promised him leave of absence and promotion and sent an aide-de-camp to tell General Monckton what his wishes were, in case he should not live to carry them out himself. Needless to say, this sympathetic trait in Wolfe won the devotion of his soldiers.

Throughout his life he possessed the art of attracting friends, and of binding them to him—an exceptional faculty in an impulsive and sensitive nature. His outbursts of temper were infrequent and transient, and are not to be wondered at when we bear in mind his wretched physical condition. There was no malice in him, no jealous, envious spirit. His heart was warm and sympathetic, and he was distinguished for his high regard for truth and honour, as well as for his faithfulness to his friends, especially when they were in trouble. Thus, when his friend Colonel Cornwallis was under disgrace for his acquiescence in the refusal of the Governor of Gibraltar to aid Admiral Byng, Wolfe wrote to his father in the following terms :—

"I don't suppose there is a man living more to be pitied than poor Cornwallis. As he has more zeal, more merit, and more integrity than one commonly meets with among men, he will be proportionately mortified to find himself in disgrace, with the best intentions to deserve favour. I am heartily sorry to find him involved with the rest, of whose abilities or inclinations nobody has any very high notions; but Cornwallis is a man of approved courage and fidelity. He has unhappily, been misled upon this occasion by people of not half his value."

Wolfe's popularity was nowhere greater than among his brother-officers. He was free from all meanness and selfishness, and was as ready to acknowledge worth in another as he was quick to recognize it. He was ever glad to encourage younger men by precept, by example, and by friendly actions. In the same measure he detested the vicious, the idle, the pretentious and those who occupied positions which they were not fitted to fill.

He took a serious view of life and its responsibilities, and even regarded himself as one from whom was expected, at all times, the performance of

FROM AN OLD PRINT.

WOLFE'S PROFILE.

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duties to the very best of his ability.

Wolfe's ideal, as to his profession, was far above that held by the majority of the army officers of his time—mere puppets of gold lace and frills. He strove to master every branch of his work, and in his ambition to be a general he did not neglect his humbler duties as ensign or captain. From the very beginning of his career he attracted the notice of his superiors by his diligence in all his work. When he became a lieutenant-colonel, his regiments were famous throughout the army for the health and good conduct of his men, for the thoroughness of the discipline among them, and for their vigourous prosecution of work allotted to them. Wolfe was not only a practical soldier. He loved and studied the theory and science of the military art. For years he cherished a passionate desire to pursue his studies on the Continent, and felt the keenest disappointment when permission was refused him. In order to make up for the educational deficiencies of his youth, he worked at classics, mathematics and other branches while attending to his regimental duties, employing tutors whenever he could obtain them. Ye gods! what a sensation would be created now-a-days if our smart young officers were to become studious in the midst of their routine barrack life, employing their spare intervals in the acquisition of some sound knowledge.

This is the only portrait of Wolfe known to have been painted from life. It represents him in the first regiment with which he served. The original is in the possession of Colonel Warde, of Squerrves Court.

Copy of a painting of Wolfe, by Schaak, in the National Portrait Gallery, London, Eng.

At an early age Wolfe was recognized as one of the best authorities in Britain in military matters, and there are records of his advice having been sought on different occasions, as well by seniors as by juniors. In a letter to a friend advising him as to a course of study, he says: "In these days . . . . . it is much to be wished that all our young soldiers . . . . . would try to make themselves fit for that important trust; without it we must sink under the superior abilities and indefatigable industry of our restless neighbours."

No doubt it was Wolfe's reputation for thoroughness and knowledge which contributed mainly to his rapid progress. Another feature, also, undoubtedly played some part in helping him, viz., the impression which he ever made on senior men of ability or position by his precociously thoughtful and grave attitude of mind, by the ripeness of his deliberative faculty, and the soundness of his judgment.

Wolfe's final opportunity was undoubtedly due to the very high opinion entertained of him by those in the highest places of authority, especially by Pitt himself. His keen, observant mind had recognized in Wolfe ability of the highest order, careful attention to the performance of his smallest duties, passionate enthusiasm for the science and practice of war, and all the qualifications essential to leadership.

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Though not a politician, he was a strong patriot, ever filled with a burning desire to advance his country's glory. Indeed, it is probable that in his career he was as much influenced by this consideration as by any personal ambition.

That he was always ambitious to shine is very evident, and that he was sometimes disappointed when promotion did not take place as he wished is equally clear. Yet his ambition was of the purest order, that would only seek fame and advancement by fair and honourable means. He was entirely free from vanity or conceit, though he was not lacking in a feeling of confidence in his own powers.

His nature was of the grave, reflective order, and he was given a good deal to introspection. He was very sensitive and reacted quickly to the nature of his surroundings. He ever drew on his friends for sympathy, seeming to feel the need of companionship.

As a general, though Wolfe had few opportunities of exercising his ability, he well deserves the attribute of greatness which has been universally conceded to him. He had an eye for perspective, possessed the power of selection and was able to give to things their proper proportional values. Thus, in his first great opportunity of exercising his generalship, viz., in the affairs of the Basque Road, a few hours sufficed to make a thorough survey of the enemy's position, to recognize the strength and weakness of their defences, to draw up a plan of action, which, at a military council held afterwards in England, was declared to be brilliant, masterly and worthy of having been carried into execution.

The Louisbourg campaign emphasized other features in his character, viz., his pertinacity, his untiring energy, his personal bravery and his fertility of resource. Though Amherst was the nominal head of the expedition, the glory of the fall of Louisbourg belongs to Wolfe. He was one of the first to land from the ships, and day after day during the siege he was ever planning new movements and executing them with promptness and vigour, to the admiration of his soldiers and the amazement of the foe.

"Wolfe, where'er he fought,
Put so much of his heart into his act,
That his example had a magnet's force,
And all were swift to follow whom all loved."

Quebec proved his patience and thoroughness, and his fierce determination to force the enemy to fight as he wished—in such a manner as to expose their weakness to him. For, it is to be understood, Wolfe did not conquer Quebec because he climbed the heights of Abraham, but because this picturesque feat was the determining cause in bringing on a general engagement between his small, compact and thoroughly trained force and the large, unreliable, ll-disciplined body under Montcalm. This had been his heart's desire through the long, weary months of waiting.

It must, therefore, be concluded that though, in quantity, the sum of Wolfe's performances is far below the measure of the deeds of Wellington, Napoleon or Marlborough, the quality of his work indicates genuis of the same high order as theirs. The brilliancy of his brief and meteoric career, achieving, as it did, such glorious results for the Empire, gave also the assurance that his life would have continued at the same high level of action had Providence prolonged his days.

J. C. Webster.

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WHY OVIDE DON'T GO SHANTY DIS FALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LOVER IN HOMESPUN," ETC.

Illustrated by E. Macpherson.

I DON'T go shanty dis fall, which mak me feel good,
(Do Jean Boyer must go dare again);
So I'm tink of queer ting we pass troo in de wood,
And pe'haps she be wort' for explain.

We use be great frien' dat Jean Boyer an' me;
Do dat's not de case for long time;
She must now, most be year, I treat him de whiskee,
An' we mak paint de town till she shine.

De cause of de trouble—she not new I believe—
I'm splain dat just well lak I can;
If de Anglish I use mak you laugh up your sleeve,
Dat's no matter; I'm not Anglish man.

One night, about Creesmis, when we sit in de camp,
(I'm spick still 'bout Jean Boyer an' me).
An' be read de ole paper by smoke coal oil lamp,
An tak drink of de good *blanc* whiskee.

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Jean Boyer look up from de paper he read,
Jus' sudden an' quick lak he can,
An' he say: "I'm get tire' sit here, frien' Ovide;
Come on village an' see Pete Norman."

As it be two, tree night I not see Pete myself;
I be glad for what Boyer he say:
So I spring on de feet, tak de hat from de shelf,
An we soon be set out on de way.

I must say it right here, so you understan' soon
What kine place dat Norman he keep.
It's place for dry man—ah *oui*!—right name she saloon;
De boss place for mak money go skeep!

When we near to de village I be s'prise for see,
Dat Jean Boyer mak hase for go slow,
An' I'm also get view of small house pas' big tree—
Which, before dat, me, I never know.

Well I cas' up de eye, for Jean Boyer explain;
As his actin' I fine dat some queer;
So he say, wit' de look dat mak sheep face quite plain;
"I forgat tell you fine gal leeve here."

By gosh! pe'haps my heart she not give de big leap,
When I'm tole dat fine gal be so near;
For I'm not be lak man dat was say go asleep
When chance for know nice gal appear.

Well, Jean knock at de door, same lak it be his own;
Den such beautiful gal open it,
Dat I stan' an' jus' look-same lak I'm turn' stone—
(Sure she tink from asylum I git).

But I pluck up de wits, lak society man,
When Boyer mak introduce me
To de gal—and her mudder, who's wash up de pan,
An' whose name is Madame Larivié.

For long tam we talk-talk, just fas' lak hoss run,
An' Mees Flora—dat's what gal name be—
Raise some laugh, show white teeth, an' mak plenty fun;
But her eye not come plenty to me.

But dare's somet'ing soon happen dat give me good show,
For mak some luck come on my way;
"All fair love an' war," say de Anglish you know;
And de Anglish is great for fair play.

Dare is cradle in room, which have babee not walk,
(De babee of Madame Larivié),
But by gosh he can cry, more fast dan we talk!
But dat's lucky babee for me.

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For I'm tak up dat babee, stroke him on de chin,
An' sing him plenty French song galore ;
Dat's just what he want ; he come still lak de pin,
When you wait for it drop on de floor.

All at once dat fine gal of Madame Larivié,
Come my side an' tak seat on de chair,
Den look up wit bright eye, an' wit smile say to me :
" Monsier, I tink mak de good *père!*"

Den I rave 'bout all babee as I'm not forget ;
I don't tink I can fib lak I can
(When I after confess to de Fadder Ouimet
He say sure I'm not Washington man).

She now stay on my side till de tam come for go ;
So Jean Boyer must talk to Madame ;
An dat's not mak him glad, as his face mak plain show ;
But I'm happy lak de proverb clam.

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On way back Jean not talk till we near be return ;
(But my tongue work so hard she all dry) ;
When he say vary quick, wit de eye lak it burn :
"You prize man 'bout babee for lie !"

After dat we not tak some more walk on de night ;
Nor on day, too, mak vary much talk,
An he get still more mad cos I not see his right
Only now for dat cottage to walk.

He's fox, too, dat Jean, who my frien' no more be,
As he scheme for get luck dat I mak
By go craze over babee, dance him on de knee ;
But Mamselle soon get on his sly track.

De way we stay late, for each udder go first,
As I'm 'spect mak de trouble one night ;
For he say me at last, in way dat's blood-t'irst :
"Ovide Parent, we now try de fight !"

Mon Dieu ! I'm not glad when I hear him say dat,
(My two leg she come weak lak I fall)—
For he's head more dan me, an' can fight lak a rat ;
So I know I don't stan' chance at all.

But I trow off de coat, dig de heel in de snow,
An' just mak de best fight lak I can.
(I don't work for tree day, guess happen you know,
Dat Mamselle have to guess who I am).

But my frien' I'm de man dat win her after all,
An' when winter she's all be gone by
We get marry, an' go live on ole Mo'real,
(Ha !—don't need now 'bout babee for lie !).

Why I don't go on wood, and Jean not my frien' be,
I have sure mak de trut'ful explain ;
But, you lak have more detail, why den, *mon ami*,
Just drop me post-card on de train.

F. Clifford Smith.

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'POLEON DORÉ.*

A Tale of the Saint Maurice.

THE most dangerous rapid on this river is known in French as the *Cuisse*, from its fancied resemblance to a pair of shears, and over the solitary rock in midstream the spray dashes in such a manner as to give the idea of his Satanic Majesty playing a fiddle, and thus luring unwary souls to destruction.

You have never hear de story of de young Napoleon Doré?
Los' hees life upon de reever w'en de lumber drive go down?
W'ere de *rapide* roar lak tonder, dat's de place he's goin' onder,
W'en he's try save Paul Desjardins, 'Poleon heseff is drown.

All de winter on de Shaintee, tam she's good, and work she's plaintee,
But we're not feel very sorry, w'en de sun is warm hees face,
W'en de mooshrat an' de beaver, tak' some leetle swim on reever,
An' de sout' win' scare de snowbird, so she fly some col'er place.

Den de spring is set in steady, an' we get de log all ready,
Workin' hard all day and night too, on de water mos' de tam,
An' de skeeter w'en dey fin' us, come so quickly nearly blin' us,
Biz-Biz-Biz-Biz, all aroun' us, till we feel lak *sacrédam*.

All de sam' we're hooraw feller, from de top of house to cellar,
Ev'ry boy he's feel so happy, w'en he's goin' right away,
See hees fader an' hees moder—see hees sister an' hees broder,
An' de girl he spark las' summer, if she's not got *marieé*.

Wall, we start 'im out wan morning, an' de pilot geev us warning,
"W'en you come on *Rapide Cuisse*, ma frien, keep raf' she's head on shore,
If you struck beeg rock on middle, we'ere *le diable* is play hees fiddle,
Dat's de tam you pass on some place, you don't never pass before."

But we'll not t'ink moche of danger, for de *rapide* she's no stranger,
Many tam we're ronnin' troo it, on de fall an' on de spring,
On mos' ev'ry kin' of wedder dat *le Bon Dieu* scrape togedder,
An' we'll never drown nobody, an' we'll never bus' someting.

Dere was Telesphore Montbriand—Paul Desjardins—Louis Guyon,
Bill McKeever—Aleck Gauthier, an' hees cousin Jean Bateese,
'Poleon Doré, Aimé Beaulieu, wit' some more man I can't tole you,
Dat was mak' it bes' gang never run upon de St. Maurice.

Dis is jus' de tam I wish—me, I could spik de good Ang-lish—me—
For tole you of de pleasurement we get upon de spring,
W'en de win' she's all a sleepin', an' de raf' she go a sweepin'
Down de reever on some morning, w'ile *le rossignol* is sing.

Ev'ry t'ing so nice an' quiet on de shore as we pass by it,
All de tree got fine new spring suit, ev'ry wan she's dress on green,
W'y it mak' us all more younger, an' we don't feel any hunger,
Till de cook say "'Raw for breakfas'," den we smell de pork an' bean.

* This poem was recited by Dr. Drummond at the "Canadian Magazine" banquet held in Toronto in February, and was exceedingly well received. This and the preceding poem are written in the language of the *habitan* of the Province of Quebec.

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Some folk say she's bad for leever, but for man work hard on reever
Dat's de bes' t'ing I can tole you, dat was never yet be seen,
Course dere's oder ting ah tak' me, fancy dish also I lak me,
But w'en I want somet'ing solid, please pass me de pork an' bean.

All dis tam de raf' she's goin' lak steamboat was got us towin'
All we do is keep de channel, an' dat's easy workin' dere,
So we sing some song an' chorus, for de good tam dat's before us,
W'en de w'ole biz—nesse she's finish, an' we come on *Trois Rivieres*.

But bad luck is sometam fetch us, for beeg strong win' come an' ketch us
Jus' so soon we struck de *rapide*—jus' so soon we see de smoke,
An' before we spik some prayer for ourseff dat's fightin' dere,
Roun' we come upon de beeg rock, an' it's den de raf' she broke.

Dat was tam poor Paul Desjardins, from de parish of St. Germain,
He was long way on de fronte side, so he's fallin' overboard,
Couldn't swim at all de man say, but dat's more, ma frien', I can say,
Any how he's look lak drownin', so we'll trow him two, t'ree oar.

Dat's bout all de help our man do, dat's 'bout ev'ry t'ing we can do
As do crib we're hangin' onto balance on de rock itseff,
Till de young Napoleon Doré heem I start for tole de story,
Holler out, "*Mon Dieu*, I don't lak see poor Paul go drown heseff."

So he's mak' beeg jomp on water, jus' de sam' you see some otter,
An' he's pass on place w'ere Paul is tryin' hard for keep afloat,
Den we see Napoleon ketch heem, try he's possibil for fetch heem,
But de current she's more stronger, an' de eddy get dem bote!

O, Mon Dieu! for see dem two man mak' me feel it cry lak woman,
Roun' an' roun' upon de eddy, quickly dem poor feller go,
Can't tole wan man from de oder, an' well know dem bote lak broder,
But de fight she soon is finish—Paul an' 'Poleon go below.

Yass! an' all de tam we stay dere, only t'ing we do is pray dere,
For de soul poor drownin' feller, dat's enough mak' us feel mad,
Torteen *voyageurs*, all brave man, glad get any chances save man,
But we don't see no good chances, can't do not'ing, dat's too bad.

Well, at las' de crib she's come way off de rock, an' den on some way,
B'imeby de w'ole gang's passin' on safe place below de *Cuisse*,
Ev'ry body heart she's breakin', w'en dey see poor Paul he's taken
Wit' de young Napoleon Doré, bes' boy on de St. Maurice.

An' day affer, Bill McKeever see de bote man on de reever,
Wit' deir arm aroun' each oder, mebbe pass above dat way—
So we bury 'em as we fin' 'em, w'ere de pine tree wave behin' 'em,
An' de *Grande Montagne* he's lookin' down on *Marchéterre* Bay.

You can't hear no church bell ring dere, but *le rossignol* is sing dere,
An' w'ere old red cross she's stannin', mebbe some good *ange gardien*
Watch de place w'ere bote man sleepin', keep de reever grass from creepin'
On de grave of 'Poleon Doré, an' of poor Paul Desjardins.

W. H. Drummond.

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MY CONTEMPORARIES IN FICTION.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

VI.—UNDER FRENCH ENCOURAGEMENT—THOMAS HARDY.

WITHIN the last half-score of years an extraordinary impulse towards freedom in the artistic representation of life has touched some of our English writers. Thackeray, in "Pendennis," laments that since Fielding no English novelist has "dared to draw a man." Dr. George Macdonald, in his "Robert Falconer," whispers, in a sort of stage aside, his wish that it were possible to be both decent and honest in the exposition of the character of the Baron of Rothie, who is a seducer by profession. Perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic of Thackeray was that he was a gentleman, and that his good breeding and his manliness were essentially of the English pattern. Dr. Macdonald's most intense impulse is towards purity of life, as an integral necessity for that communion with the Eternal Fatherhood which he preaches with so much earnestness and charm. That two such men should have felt that their work was subject to a painful limitation on one side of it is significant, but it is a fact which may be used with equal force as an argument by the advocates of the old method and the adopters of the new. It is perfectly true that they felt the restriction, but it is equally true that they respected it, and were resolute not to break through it. Their cases are cited here not as an aid to argument on one side or the other, but simply to show that the argument itself is no new thing—that the question as to how far freedom is allowable has been debated in the minds of honest writers and decided in one way, long before it came to be debated by another set of honest writers who decided it in another.

There never was an age in which outspoken honesty was indecent. There never was an age in which pruriency in any guise could cease to be indecent. There never was an age when the fashion of outspoken honesty did not give a seeming excuse to pruriency; and it is this fact, that freedom in the artistic presentation of the sexual problems has invariably led to the licence of indecency, which has in many successive ages of literature forced the artist back to restraint, and has made him content to be bound by a rigid puritanism. In the beat of the eternal pendulum of taste it seems ordained that puritanism shall become so very puritanic that art shall grow tired of its bonds, and that liberty in turn shall grow offensive and shall compel art by an overmastering instinct to return towards puritanism.

It is France which has led the way in the latest protest against the restrictions imposed by modern taste upon art. It may be admitted as a fact that those restrictions were felt severely, for it is obvious that until they began to chafe there was no likelihood of their being violently broken. The chief apostle of the new movement towards entire freedom is, of course, Emile Zola.

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After having excited for many years an incredulous amazement and disgust, he is now almost universally recognized as an honest and honourable artist, and as a great master in his craft. Nobody who is at all instructed ventures any longer to say that Zola is indecent because he loves indecency, or is pleased by the contemplation of the squalid and obscene. We see him as he truly is—a pessimist in humanity—sad and oppressed, and bitter with the gall of a hopeless sympathy with suffering and distorted mankind.

One English artist, whom, in the just language of contemporary criticism, it is no exaggeration to describe as great, has elected (rather late in life for so strong a departure) to cast in his lot with the new school. That his ambitions are wholly honourable it would be the mere vanity of injustice to deny. That his new methods contrast very unfavourably with his old ones, that he is lending the weight of his authority to a movement which is full of mischief, that in obeying in all sincerity an artistic impulse he is doing a marked disservice to his own art in particular, and to English art in general, are, with me, so many rooted personal convictions; but I dare not pretend that they are more. Mr. Hardy is just as sincere in his belief that he is right as I and the rest of his critics are in our belief that he is wrong. The question must be threshed out dispassionately and judicially, if it be faced at all. It cannot be settled by an appeal to personal sentiment on either side. But in the limits to which I am now restricted it is impossible to do justice to the discussion, and it would, indeed, be barely possible to state even the whole of its terms.

I am forced to content myself, therefore, with a temperamental expression of opinion in place of a judicial one, pleading only that the arguments against me are recognized and respected, although I have no present opportunity of recapitulating and disputing them. It appears, then—to speak merely as an advocate *ex-parte*—to us of the old school that an essential part of the fiction writer's duty is to be harmless. That, of course, to the men of the cayenne-pepper-castor creed seems a very milky sort of proclamation, but to us it is a matter of grave moment. I have always thought, for my own part, that the novelist might well take for his motto the last five words of that passage in "The Tempest" where we read: "This isle is full of noises, sounds and sweet airs, which *give delight and hurt not.*" Simple as the motto seems, it will be found to offer a fairly wide range. When Reade tilted against prison abuses and the abuses of private asyla, or when Dickens rode down on the law of Chancery as administered in his day, or when Thackeray scourged snobbery and selfishness in society, they were all well within the limits of this rule. We experience a delight which hurts not, but on the contrary is entirely tonic and inspiring, when Satire swings his lash on the bared back of hypocrisy or cruel and intentional vice. We experience a delight which hurts not, but on the contrary freshens the whole flood of feeling within us, when a true artist deals truly with the sorrows and infirmities of our own kind. To offer it as our intent to give delight and hurt not is no mere profession of an artistic Grundyism. It is the proclamation of what is to our minds the simple truth, that fiction should be a joyful, an inspiring, a sympathetic, and a helpful art. There are noble delights, and there are delights ignoble, and delights which are simply harmless. We make it our business to deal with the first and the last. There are certain questions the public discussion of which we purposely avoid. There are certain manifestations of character the exhibition of which we hold to be something like a crime.

Mr. Hardy would plead, and with perfect propriety, that he does not choose to write for "the young person." I answer that he cannot help himself. He cannot choose his audience. Fiction appeals to everybody, and fiction so robust, so delicate and charming as his own finds its way into

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all hands. When a man can take a hall, and openly advertise that he intends to speak therein "to men only," he is reasonably allowed a certain latitude. If he pitches his cart on the village green, and talks with the village lads and lasses within hearing, he will, if he be a decent fellow, avoid the treatment of certain themes.

Mr. Hardy's latest work, "Jude the Obscure," deals very largely with the emotions and the reasons which animate a young woman when she decides not to sleep with her husband, when she decides that she will sleep with her husband, when she decides to sleep with a man who is not her husband, and when she decides not to sleep with a man who is not her husband. Now all this does not matter to the mentally-solid and well-balanced reader. It is not very interesting, for one thing, and apart from the fact that it is, from a workman's point of view, astonishingly well done, it would not be interesting at all. Mr. Hardy offers it as the study of a temperament. Very well. It is an excellent study of a temperament, but it bores. The theme is not big enough to be worth the effort expended upon it. Here is an hysterical, wrong-headed and confused-hearted little hussy, who can't make up her mind as to what is right and what is wrong, and who is a prey to the impulse of the moment, psychical or physical. I don't think there are many people like her. I don't think that from the broad, human-natural point of view it matters a great deal how she decides. But I am sure of this—that the more that kind of small monstrosity is publicly analysed and anatomised and made much of the more her morbidities will increase in her, and the more unbearable in real life she is likely to become. Mr. Hardy's labour in this particular is a direct incentive to the study of hysteria as a fine art amongst such women as are natively prone to it. One of the gravest dangers which beset women is that of hysterical self-deception. The common-sense way of dealing with them when they suffer in that way is kindly and gently to ignore their symptoms until the reign of common-sense returns. To make them believe that their emotions are worthy of the scrutiny of a great analyst of the human heart is to increase their morbid temptations, and in the end to render those temptations irresistible. The one kind of person to whom "Jude the Obscure" must necessarily appeal with the greatest power is the kind of person depicted in its pages, and the tendency of the book is unavoidably towards the development and multiplication of the type described. This is the only end the book can serve apart from the fact that it does reveal to us Mr. Hardy's special knowledge of a dangerous and disagreeable form of mental disorder. But it is not the physician's business to spread disease, and any treatise on hysteria which is thrown into a captivating popular form, and makes hysteria look like an interesting and romantic thing, will spread the malady as surely as a spark will ignite gunpowder. This at least is not a mere matter of opinion, but of sound scientific fact, which no student of that disorder which Mr. Hardy has so masterfully handled will deny. In this respect, then, the book is a centre of infection, and that the author of "A Pair of Blue Eyes" should have written it is matter at once for astonishment and grief. That is to say, it is a matter of astonishment and grief to me, and to those who think as I do. There is a large and growing contingent of writers and readers to whom it is a theme for joyful congratulation. It is one of the rules of the game we are now playing to respect all honest conviction.

Of Mr. Hardy, from the purely artistic side, there is little time to speak. On that side let me first set down what is to be said in dispraise, for the mere sake of leaving a sweet taste in the mouth at the end. Even from his own point of view—that lauded "sense of the overwhelming sadness of modern life" which captivates the admirers of his latest style—it is possible to spread the epic table of sorrow without finding a place upon it for scraps of the

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hoggish anatomy which are not nameable except in strictly scientific or wholly boorish speech. But it seems necessary to the new realism that its devotee should be able to write for the perusal of gentlemen and ladies about things he dared not mention orally in the presence of either; so that what a drunken cabman would be deservedly kicked for saying in a lady's hearing may be honourably printed for a lady's reading by a scholar and a sage. It was once thought otherwise, but I am arguing here not against realism *per se*, but against the inartistic introduction of gross episodes. Every reader of Mr. Hardy will recognise my meaning, and the passage in my mind seems gratuitously and unserviceably offensive.

To come to less unpleasing themes, where, still expressing disapproval, one may do it with some grace, one of the few limitations to Mr. Hardy's great charm as a writer lies in his tendency to encumber his page with detail. At a supremely romantic moment, one of his people sits down to contemplate a tribe of ants, and watches them through two whole printed pages. In another case a man in imminent deadly peril surveys, through two pages, the history of the geologic changes which have befallen our planet. Each passage, taken by itself, is good enough. Taken where it is, each is terribly wearisome and wrong.

I do not know that any critic has yet recorded Mr. Hardy's singular limitations as to the invention of plot. Speaking from memory, I cannot at this moment recall a novel of his in which some trouble does not circle about a marriage licence, and I can recall many instances of going to church to get married and coming back single. That, indeed, is Mr. Hardy's *pièce de résistance* in the way of invention, and it crops up in one book after another with a helpless inevitableness which at last grows comic.

But here we can afford to have done with carping, and can turn to the much more grateful task of praise. I do not think it too much to say that Mr. Hardy has studied his own especial part of England, has made himself master of its landscape, its town and hamlet life, its tradition and sentiment and general spiritual atmosphere, to such triumphant effect as to set himself wholly apart from all other English writers of fiction. His devotion to his own beloved Wessex has brought him this rich and merited reward, that he is the recognised first and final master of its field. His knowledge of rustic life within his own borders is beautifully sympathetic and profound. His impression of the landscape in the midst of which this life displays itself is broad and noble and alive. His literary style is a thing to admire, to study, and to admire again. All worthy readers of English fiction are his debtors for many idyllic happy hours, and many deep inspirations of wholesome English air. And if, at the parting of the ways, we wave a decisive farewell to him, we are not unmindful of the time when he was the best and dearest of our comrades, and we leave him in the certainty that, whatever path he has chosen, he has been guided in his choice by an ambition which is entirely honourable and sincere.

VII.—UNDER FRENCH ENCOURAGEMENT.—GEORGE MOORE.

That salt of sincerity which saves "Jude the Obscure" and "Tess o' the D'Urbervilles" from being wholly nauseous, is absent from "A Modern Lover" and "A Drama in Muslin," and its flavour is but faintly perceptible in "Esther Waters." Except on the distinct understanding that Thomas Hardy and George Moore are bracketed here, for the sake of convenience, as being both "under French encouragement," it would be a gross critical injustice to couple their names together at all. It is not one man of letters in a hundred who has Mr. Hardy's mere literary faculty, which is native and brilliant, whilst Mr. Moore's has been painstakingly hunted for and brought from afar, and is, after much polishing, still a trifle dull. Mr. Thomas Hardy is distinctly one of those men who see

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things through an atmosphere of their own. Mr. George Moore has borrowed his atmosphere. The one is a man of genius as well as labour, and the other is a man of labour only.

It is very much of a pity that, a year or two ago, somebody's sense of Mr. Moore's position in the world of letters should have been very absurdly emphasised. It was solemnly advertised that a certain number of copies of a book of his might be had on large paper, with the autograph of the author. This was to be regretted, for Mr. Moore, in his own way, is worth taking seriously, whilst the trick is one of those which, as a rule, can only be played by the poorest kind of literary outsider. But that the author should have permitted himself to be thus made ridiculous is a characteristic thing, and one not to be passed in silence if we wish to understand him.

Consulting the critics, one of the first things we find about Mr. Moore is that he is an observer. As a matter of fact, this is absolutely what he is not. He is so far from being an observer that he is that diametrically opposite person, a man with a note-book. The man who amongst men of letters deserves to be ranked as an observer is he who naturally and without effort sees things in their just place, aspect, proportion and perspective. The man who is often falsely described by the title which expresses this faculty is a careful and painstaking soul, who is strenuously on the watch for detail, and who takes much trouble to fill his pages with it.

Let me offer a concrete illustration. In "Esther Waters" Mr. Moore is curiously and meaninglessly emphatic in his description of a certain room, in which the heroine of his action sleeps. Esther, we are told, slipped on her nightdress and got into bed. It was a brass bed without curtains. There were two windows in the room. One of them was flush with the head of the bed, and the other was beyond its foot. A chest of drawers stood between them. An observer, unless he had a special purpose in it, would never have dreamt of writing down this bald detail. Nothing comes of the statement of fact. Nothing hangs on the relative position of the bed and the windows, and the chest of drawers. Nothing happens in the course of the story which justifies the flat and flavourless statement. It is wholly without meaning, apart from the fact that it affords rather a plain insight into the author's method of work. If a child of three, after visiting a strange bedroom, were able to tell as much about it as Mr. Moore has to tell us about this apartment, his mother would probably be proud of him, and his nurse would say he was a notice-taking little creature, but the critics would hardly hold him up to admiration as an observer. Yet the child would tell us just as much and just as little as Mr. Moore tells us in this particular instance. It goes without saying that this is not a fair specimen of Mr. Moore's faculty, but it is significant of his general literary knack. He makes it his business steadfastly to jot down what he sees, and it is not impossible that in the course of a long and labourious life a man might in this way cultivate to a reasonable growth a turn for observation originally less than mediocre; but it is not the natural observer's method of seeing things, and it is not the natural artist's method of presenting them. If the critics in this case were in the right we should have to acknowledge an auctioneer's catalogue as a *chef d'œuvre*.

To the sympathetic reader it was evident from the first that Mr. Moore was not greatly enamoured of his work for its own sake, and that he chose his themes not because of any imperative attraction they had for him, but simply and purely for the use to which he could put them. His choice of subject has always been the result of a deliberate search for the effective. The mental process which gave rise to "A Mummer's Wife" is easily traceable. The domestic life of the class of people he made up his mind to treat was as little known to him as to almost anybody, but if properly handled it was

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pretty sure to make good copy. He must know it first, however, and so he set himself to learn it. This is the Zola method, but it is that method with a difference. The great French master started with an inspired and inspiring scheme; his idea being no less than to paint the society of an epoch from top to base, to present in a series of books, the writing of which should fill his literary lifetime, a completed portraiture of the whole people of his land and day. In the course of such a labour as he had courageously appointed for himself many lines of special enquiry were necessarily indicated, but the details for which he searched were all employed with an artistic remorselessness in the building of that one great scheme of his, and each successive book which left his hands was like one more nail driven home and clinched for the support of his argument. Mr. Moore, as those who are honoured by his personal acquaintance know better than those who only read his books, resents with some warmth the obvious parallel which has been drawn between Zola and himself; but he is a copyist of Zola's method for all that, and but for Zola's influence would never have been heard of on his own present lines.

In the writing of the "Mummer's Wife" the first obvious impulse came from Zola. It should be the writer's business to discover a section of English life not hitherto exploited—it should be his business to explore it with a minute thoroughness—and it should, further, be his business to depict it as he found it. To be thoroughly painstaking in inquiry, and without fear in the exposition of facts discovered, were the aims before the writer. But Mr. Moore forgot, as was inevitable in the circumstances, that no desire for knowledge of things human is of real value without sympathy. He followed the fortunes of a theatrical company touring in the provinces, and though it is true enough that people who know that kind of life find trivial errors here and there, it has to be admitted that on the whole he gave a true and characteristic picture of the outside life of such a community. How a certain class of theatrical people dress and talk, what their work is, and what their outer ways are like, he has discovered with infinite painstaking, but the fact remains that it is the work of an outsider. He has never once got under the skin of any one of his people, and this is true, because he was impelled to write about them not because they were human, and therefore endowed with all human characteristics of hatefulness, and lovableness, and quaintness, and humour, and vanity, and jealousy, but because he saw good copy in them. He neither loves nor hates, nor, indeed, except for his own sake, is for a second even faintly interested. He is there to make a book, and these people offer excellent material for a book. He is astonishingly industrious, and his minuteness is without end, but he never warms to his subject. His aim, in short, is one of total artistic selfishness. It is very likely that he would accept this statement of his standpoint, and would justify it as the only standpoint of an artist. But it is answerable for the fact that his pages are sterile of laughter and tears, of sympathy and of pity.

In "A Modern Lover" and "A Drama in Muslin" we find him dealing with a life he knows. He is no longer on ground wholly foreign to him, and it is no longer necessary that he should grope from one uncertain standing place to another, verifying himself by the dark lantern of his note-book as he goes. He moves with a more natural ease, views things with a larger and more comprehensive eye, and has at least that outside sympathy with his people which comes of community of taste and knowledge, and of familiarity with a social *milieu*.

In "Esther Waters" the earlier characteristics break out again, and break out with greater force than ever. What he calls—with one of those tumbles into foreign idiom which occasionally mark his pages—"the fever of the gamble" has never been truly diagnosed in English fiction, and the theme is undeniably fertile. He knows abso-

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lutely nothing about the manifestations of the disorder, to begin with; but that is of no consequence, for the world is open to inquiry, and the note-book, the inquiring mind, and the sleuth-hound patience are all as available as ever. Then a combination occurs to him Servantgalism awaits its painter. The life is picturesque from a certain point of view, it impinges more or less on the lives of all of us, and nobody has hitherto thought it worth while to search into the mysteries, and to tell us what it is really like. He knows nothing at all about this either, but he will make enquiries. He does make inquiries, and they result in a picture which is, on the whole, a piece of surprising accuracy. But still all the fire is for the work. The subject is sought for, the details are gathered, the workman's patience and labour are truly conscientious—at times they excite admiration and surprise—but the net result is lifeless and cold. In the way of waxwork, it would be hard to find anything more effective than the people in "Esther Waters." They are clothed with an exactitude of detail which would do credit to Madame Tussaud's exhibition in its latest development. They are carefully modelled and coloured and posed. They are capital waxwork, and if the author had only cared a little bit about them, they might have even that mystic touch of life which thrills us in the finer sorts of fiction. It is eternally true that the wounded is the wounding heart, and the mere descriptive and analytical method not only misses the natural human movement, but it is untrue in its results. Vivisection teaches something, no doubt, but it does not bring a knowledge of the natural animal. To get that knowledge you had better live with him a little, and even love him a little, and teach him to love you. All the scientific inquiry in the world is not worth, in art, one touch of affectionate understanding.

Esther Waters is to go to a lying-in hospital, and thither goes her author before her, bent on what he can picturesquely set down about her surroundings. Her husband is to go to a hospital for consumption. Thither goes the author, and sets down things seen and heard with the wooden, conscientious precision of a bailiff's clerk. The conception of things inquired into seems never to move him to interest, though one is forced to believe that once, at least, he has narrowly escaped the contagion of a great scene. Esther's illegitimate child is born, and the mother, who has temporarily left him for his own sake, to accept a position as wet nurse, is inspired by a hungry maternal longing which drags her irresistibly from warmth and comfort to a poverty whose bitterness has but a single solace—the joy of satisfied motherly love. There are writers who have not a hundredth part of Mr. Moore's industry who would have moved the reader deeply with such a scene. But, if Mr. Moore feels at all, he is ashamed to show it. This mother's hunger is apparently just as affecting a thing to him as the position of the chest of drawers between the two windows—a fact made note of, and, therefore, to be chronicled. Either the writer is content coldly to survey this rage of passion, or he would have us believe he is so; and in either case he misses the mark of the artist, which is, after all, to show such things as he deals with as they truly are, and to seize upon their inwardness. We do not ask for a slavering flux of sentiment, or an acrobat's display in gesticulation. But, from a gentleman whose corns when trodden on are probably as painful as his neighbours', we are content with something less than a godlike indifference to the emotions of humanity. Let us suppose charitably that this is no more than a pretence, and that Mr. Moore is neither at heart so callous nor in vanity so far removed from mere emotional interests as he would seem.

The most patient of investigators in strange regions will make slips sometimes. Mr. Moore, for instance, investigating the racing stable, treats us to a view of a horse whose legs are tightly bandaged from his knees to his

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forelocks, and his vulgarest peasants and servants say "that is he," or "if it be." One characteristic of the common speech of our country he has caught with accuracy, though it can scarcely be said that it needed much observation to secure it. The very objectionable word "bloody," as it is used by the vulgar, is Mr. Moore's "stand-by" in "Esther Waters." It is very likely that it takes a sort of daring to introduce the word freely into a work of fiction, but the courage does not seem very much more respectable than the word.

(To be continued.)

"THE TENDER GRACE OF A DAY THAT IS DEAD."

THOSE days are dead.
No more throughout the golden hours,
For you and me the same sweet flowers
Will all their bloom and perfume shed.
Now you are far away, and I am lone,
The sting of parting, too, has nearly gone,
For with a feeling of half marvel and half pain,
I wonder if I want you back again.

I used to love you so.
Your presence made my joy complete,
And when that dark day came, my sweet,
I could not bear to see you go.
The old time walks, the chats, the happy hours,
Within the vine-draped porch among the flowers,
All these had passed away, and nevermore
Could life flow on as it had done before.

So many years ago!
And yet, although I do not miss you now,
The memory of your touch upon my brow
Still fills my heart with the old, happy glow.
The old-time pain is gone. I am not sad,
But still I wish the sweet old times we had
Could come again, and show that they still live;
It seems to me 'twould comfort give
To know they are not dead.

Augusta Helen Thompson.

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THE JESUIT'S REVENGE.

A Tale of New France.

MANY generations ago, as the quivering rays of a new day shot in lengthening arrows over the broad Otonabee, and the sun, with a dreamy look slowly arose above the horizon, a birch canoe darted out from a tributary of the river, and under the steady stroke of its sole occupant swiftly glided over the tranquil waters. The air was cold, for summer warmth had gone, and the early autumn sky was fast losing that softness which tarries after summertide. Then, as now, the river flowed southward, but then it was a majestic expanse; on the east, it washed the foot of what is known as Ludgate's Hill, and pressed against a bold cliff on the west. About midway was a large island, upon whose shore evergreen cedars drank from generous supplies which lingering passed, or dallied in small eddies formed by protruding rock or fallen tree. Farther in, lady-like birches and stately elms and oaks caught the vaulting tints of morning and reflected them back to the sun, while the maple, that glorified bride of the forest, appeared as if adorned for the day of marriage. Across the vast sweep of waters a purple mist hung like a thin veil, while on land a similar haziness added to the charm of varied foliage, and proclaimed the advent of Indian summer.

From the northern shore of the island a blue column of smoke curled up, increasing in volume, then gradually diminished and shortly disappeared. As it faded away the canoeist ran his boat close up to the bank and stepped ashore, where he was welcomed by two men and conducted to a spacious tent. The new-comer was evidently expected, and was regarded with pleasure and treated with marked respect. He was tall, thin, clean-shaven, with rather small, kind-looking eyes, and shapely lips that spoke in gentleness, yet with decision. Dressed in a long, black robe, with a time-worn crucifix suspended upon his breast, there was no mistaking his vocation—a Jesuit in the New World. Those who greeted him were habited as huntsmen, for they were trappers, weather-beaten and of rough appearance, but not of the same nationality, the elder being a native of France, while the other hailed from Erin.

"You have come in a time of need, Father Jacques," the Frenchman remarked, "and may the saints protect you while you perform your duty. We have great need of your services just now and hope much from your assistance."

"I can do my best," was the reply; "but come, tell me what the trouble is."

Thus encouraged, Henri Le Duc at once began, while his assistant prepared the morning repast.

"At one time, this river, the Indians tell us, was much larger than at present. That hill to the east was an island, and this place was a mere green

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spot. Some fifteen years ago a French family lived on the big island, where, after a short residence, they were attacked by a band of Ojibwas, who slew them all except a little girl about two years old. Ever since then, Sajo, as we call her, has dwelt with that tribe, and is both good-looking and remarkably fair, considering her exposed, wandering life. But, good Father, I see Phelim has all ready, so let us break our fast, and you shall hear the rest during our meal."

Just then the Irishman rejoined them, and hearing Le Duc's remark, he asked: "Did ye tell the howly Father how the haythins kilt the Frinch people and stole the child, Henri?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I've told him nearly all we know of the matter." Then, laughing, he addressed Jacques, saying, "Phelim is quite anxious about this affair, for his friend, Dennis O'Hagan, is infatuated with the captive, and some of the Indians think she returns his affection."

In a few minutes the keen edge of hunger was removed, whereupon the priest requested Le Duc to proceed with his history of the young French girl. "But before you do so," said he, "Phelim will tell me more about Dennis O'Hagan, for the name is familiar. What sort of a looking man is he, my son?"

"Arrah! now ye've got me, for I'm no good at describin'; but Denny, the saints bless him, is a short, stout man, wid bow legs, long arrums, an' a shiny pate that has an edgin' of red hair; his face is freckled, an' his beautiful blue eyes ye'd like to stan' lukin' at all day. He has a big heart, an' wud give his life for the nate little Frinch 'ooman in White Swan's camp."

"You see, Father," said Henri, "Phelim keeps his countryman's cause well to the fore; and you must understand our great desire is that you will obtain the release of the captive; this is the trouble we have on hand, and we hope you will devise a speedy relief."

"Your object will be difficult to secure," replied Jacques, "but I am glad the task is not greater. I know your friend, Dennis O'Hagan, Phelim, and if I can help him I will, for he saved my life from the murderous designs of this same White Swan, when the latter was once on a hunting expedition up north."

"Begorra," then exclaimed Phelim, "that's she fusht bit of good news I've heerd for a fortnight; an' if ye succeed in gettin' the purthy craythur relased, I'll give yez a pound note to pray for the sowl of my worst inimy, Jerry Nolan by name; lastewise that was his name on earth, but phwat they calls him in purgathory I don't know; but mebbe ye know, Father Jacques?"

Le Duc laughed outright, but the priest good-naturedly remarked: "That's right, Donlach, pray for the peace of your enemies and do them good." Then turning to Henri, he said: "Since leaving you some months ago I have travelled a great deal, visiting the different posts between here and the Hurons. While among the latter people I learned they had in their village a captive Ojibwa called Long Snake, the property of an old warrior, who, on being baptised into the Christian faith, pointed out the prisoner and told me he was White Swan's first-born, and that I might take him to his father. Promising to do so I brought the youth away, and he is now in ambush a short distance north."

"May the saints grant you peace and a long life," ejaculated Henri.

"Amin," said Phelim reverently, and with bowed head.

"Now," continued the Father, "where is White Swan's camp?"

"Oh, he is in his village, seven miles down the river," answered Henri.

"Then," resumed Jacques, "my plan is for you to go to him at once, and tell him I am coming to see him this afternoon; meanwhile Phelim and I will bring his son to the Indian encampment, where we will rejoin you."

"I am quite agreeable to your proposition," was the reply from Le Duc, who immediately set off, and not long afterwards the others paddled up to the

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rendezvous, where they embarked the Ojibwa and then journeyed southward. Here and there a heron floated slowly over their heads, and on the shore lithe willows bowed towards them, while graceful birches peered into the placid mirror at their feet, as if comparing their own silvery whiteness with the clouds, whose soft, fleecy images were reflected in the same transparent deep. Now they passed by shaded bendings in the river where wild-fowl sailed lazily, or slept undisturbed on the sedgy bank; now through narrow channels, and anon, like an arrow shot from a full-drawn bow, speeding between bouldering rocks, they rushed down perilous cataracts and out into the broad sweep of tranquil depths below.

The heart of the Irishman was aglow with affectionate regard for his countryman, and as he remembered the mission on which he was engaged, he put fresh confidence in the holy Father's influence, and dipped his blade with right good will. Far other thoughts occupied the swarthy paddler near him. His every stroke left captivity farther behind, and brought the bliss of liberty into closer view. The memories of pinioned limbs and rude buffetings added fresh zest to the inbreathings of native airs fraught with the sweet odours of gummy pines, whose tufted heads seemed to bow in welcome to him as he passed familiar haunts; while the low sighing of the winds through their outspread tasselled arms was as a requiem chanted over years of imprisonment never to return.

On reaching the Indian village the voyagers were met by Henri Le Duc and Dennis O'Hagan. Phelim's joy was unbounded on seeing his old friend. The priest greeted Dennis cordially, expressing as he did so his great pleasure in again meeting his rescuer from the hands of the chief.

"But how was it you were here alone," he asked, "for no one seemed to know of your whereabouts?"

With few but sad words, O'Hagan informed his comrades that his father was dead, and that he was then on his way to Quebec, where he expected to obtain passage home to Ireland before the end of the month.

"I have some hopes of taking a bride with me," he said, "and for that reason have loitered a little around these parts. Henri has told me the object of your coming, and now that I have fallen in with such excellent counsellors I may change my plans, which were first to offer White Swan money for the release of my love, and if he refused, then to quietly wait a chance to steal her away."

"Oh, no, my son!" said Jacques, as O'Hagan paused, "I do not think of theft in this matter. As I explained to our good friends this morning, I am going to do my utmost to obtain her freedom, and as Henri intimates that the chief is willing to receive me, he and I will go to him forthwith."

In the course of two or three hours Jacques and Le Duc returned with the information that the chief was unwilling to comply with their wishes, and that on the morrow they were all to meet in a friendly council.

"I have a secret feeling," said the priest, "that I know who she is, although I have never seen her in my life. Thirty-five years ago my home was in France, near the famous forest of Fontainebleau, where I fell in love with my cousin, Josephine Disette, a beautiful young woman, as headstrong and worldly as myself. She returned my affection and we were about to be married, when all at once she grew indifferent and declared her preference for one Gabriel Picot, a well-known wine merchant of that place. Some days after this announcement I met her in the woods of Fontainebleau in company with my supplanter, and becoming incensed with the thought of the great wrong she had done me, I snatched from her neck a small tablet that I had previously given her. She screamed and clung to Gabriel, who struck me with his cane, breaking the ornament in two; the smaller piece falling to the ground was picked up by my rival, but the rest I held secure and in a rage turned from them. On hearing of their marriage while I was in

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Paris visiting an uncle, I determined to enter holy orders. All my wealth was given to the church and I myself became her devoted son. Seven years ago I arrived in Quebec, where I heard that Gabriel Picot had come to this country with his wife, three sons and little girl Josephine, and that he had been killed. I have not seen them, but from what I have heard from Phelim concerning a piece of ivory which the captive wears, I believe that she is the daughter of my fickle cousin. The Lord avenges His own, my sons, and I will be avenged through this child if my surmise be correct."

"You have interested me very much," said Dennis, as the priest concluded his narration, "but the pendant on Sajo's neck is pearl and not ivory, although it is commonly regarded as such by those who have heard the story of her life."

"Then I feel all the more certain that she is my relative," was the emphatic rejoinder.

On the following morning, leaving Long Snake with a promise to soon return for him, the whites went to the council, where they were received kindly. One by one the Indians dropped in, until the tent was nearly full. After the usual formalities were exchanged White Swan arose and told the priest and his party that it was the purpose of the Ojibwas to retain the prisoner.

"We all love her," said the chief. "The breeze is married to the forest for a few hours, then flies away as the summer bird before the breath of winter, or as dew-drops before the sun; but the Ojibwa remains, and the hand of Omemee shall rest in his. There is peace in our heart for our white brothers."

With countenance stolid as those of the assembled audience Father Jacques replied: "Good chief, there is peace between us; the peace-pipe is often smoked in our camps; our hearts melt for each other when in sorrow, and bound as the deer when joy returns." Then addressing himself to White Swan's followers, he continued: "Many moons ago the light went out of the sky at noon, when your chief lost his son, Long Snake, while far away in the land of the Hurons the singing of the women and warriors was joyous as they saw and heard of the young captive brought to them as a slave. To-day you will hear his voice again, and the heart of the father will dance as he welcomes him back."

When the chief's son was alluded to Henri went out, the old man's eye following his movements, while a faint smile came over his otherwise marble features. Just before sitting down the priest again appealed strongly for the liberty of the girl, when a withered-looking man stood up, and extending a shaky, bony hand towards the priest, said: "The words of the black-robes are good: the words of the chief are better. We love the pale face; she shall be Long Snake's wife."

To this there was a general grunting of approval on the part of his tribesmen, and White Swan again spoke, saying, with a defiant look, "The speech of our white Father is sweet; the Ojibwas love him, and there is much peace between us; but he mocks us when he says my dead son is alive and with us to-day. If he lives the white girl shall go free; but she must become wife to my lost child, and he shall become chief when I am gone."

"Oh! the haythin spalpane," said Phelim to Dennis, under his breath. "Oh! the desateful, lyin' hippycrit, to say the poor craythur shall go free, and thin, wid a divil's tongue, say she must become an Ojibbyway's squaw. May the Howly Mary help Father Jacques to scare the life out of the owld redskin, wid some of the picthurs of sarpints and snaiks twistin' round the damned in——." Just here his prayer was cut short by the return of Le Duc, who brought with him the restored youth, whom Jacques took by the hand and led unto his father. For a few moments the chief gazed intently at the young man, then drew him gently to his side, saying: "This is truly my child, my son, Long Snake; he will be glad when he sees his white wife; he will be a

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great hunter, a mighty warrior; the scalps of his enemies will hang in his wigwam; his war canoe will be full of braves and cover the waters as leaves in autumn hide the ground in the forests; the Ojibwas will never forget him. Bring in Omemee, that she may say she will have him—or die."

At a signal from the speaker, whose face had grown wrathful and sinister, a painted and feathered warrior stepped out to do his bidding, the Indians showing a gleam of satisfaction in their rigid faces, while the whites were dismayed. Except for the heavy breathing of some of the savages, one might have thought them all statues, so complete was the silence. It was not long, however, before the messenger returned, bringing the captive with him, and gave her a place in the midst of the council. Quietly she stood, habited in Indian costume; round her throat was a simple grass neck-band, from which suspended the charm which the Indians said kept away evil spirits, and preserved her fair complexion, of which they were rather proud. When White Swan resumed his seat, after another menacing speech, Father Jacques was on his feet in an instant. Pointing to the wondering maid, with fierce words he denounced the wickedness of the chief and those associated with him.

"Chief White Swan, if you value the love and friendship of the whites set Omemee free. I claim the girl as mine; she belongs to my family, for we are cousins; and on her breast I see her name. The Good Son of the Great Spirit is hanging there, and, beware, O, chief! lest His voice speaks woes to you and your tribe."

"Our good brother, Father Jacques, loves the Ojibwa brother colder, but his red brother will please him now. If the Great Spirit is here, and if the good Father shows me the Son hanging on Omemee's breast, as he says, she shall go free at once; if he cannot, she must marry my son or die."

As the chief finished these words a leathery-looking medicine-man stood up and expressed his views by saying: "Our great chief speaks well; his words are those of the true Ojibwa. Let us see the rest of the totem which hangs from the pale face's neck, and I will believe the Great Turtle wishes us to set her free; it will be a sign from a good Puck Wudj Ininee."

"There's no hope now, Dennis," said Henri, "unless Heaven intervenes."

"Och, whirra, murther," groaned Phelim, "Howly Mary, and all the blessed saints! Shure it's in Ireland I'd like to be to wanst."

Soon there was a movement on the part of the priest, who slowly arose and stepped towards the fear-stricken girl, who counted herself as lost, at least to her benefactors. Placing his left hand upon her head, with his right uplifted, the holy prelate spoke as tears ran down his cheeks—"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, and to the Blessed Mary, virgin mother of the Christ our Lord; Josephine, my child, my cousin according to the flesh, in the days of my vanity I vowed to be avenged upon your father and mother for a wrong I considered they had done to me, and now my hour has come. Praise be to the saints."

So great was his emotion he could not speak for a few moments, but stood as one transfixed.

"I hereby redeem you, Josephine, with this sacred relic of my consecrated years."

As he said this he put his hand into his bosom and drew forth a small silken bag, from which he took a heart-shaped piece of pearl, broken at the left-hand top corner. Seizing the charm hanging on the girl's breast he placed the two pieces together, the result being an entire pearl heart, whose central work was a representation of the Crucifixion inlaid in gold, the upper portions showing the words, 'Sancta Maria,' and underneath the figure upon the cross was the name 'Josephine.' The astonishment of all was great. The terrified medicine-man ran howling out of the tent, while White Swan stood speechless as he

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gazed upon the wonder and realized that he had fairly lost possession of his prisoner, whom the priest grasped by the hand and escorted to Dennis.

. . . . . .

When the chief and his warriors went to Montreal the next spring, they were sought out by Henri Le Duc, who procured for them a speedy sale of their furs ; and, besides giving them a few trinkets for their wives and daughters, he handed over a large box containing blankets, guns and ammunition for the chief himself, and articles of clothing and dozens of necklaces and other ornaments for the women of the Ojibwa village on the Otonabee. A short note addressed to the chief conveyed the intelligence that the contents of the box were a gift to him and his people from Mr. and Mrs. Dennis O'Hagan, who had gone to reside in Ireland. Not only did Dennis remember the Indians, but Phelim also fulfilled his self-imposed agreement with the priest, and was better than his promise. Prior to returning to his native land with the newly-wedded couple, he settled accounts with Le Duc and instructed him, "because of the nate thrick played on owld White Swan," to hand to Father Jacques the sum of one pound ten shillings on behalf of Jerry Nolan's soul ; expressing the hope that the offending Jerry would be brought out of purgatory gradually, for as he himself felt satisfied that his countryman would eventually enter paradise, he was inclined to have him journey there by slow stages.

S. R. Allen.

IN APRIL WEATHER.

LONG ago in April weather
When my heart and I were young,
When the bending skies were clearer,
And the bending heavens nearer,
Laughed my heart and I together
With the song the robin sung ;
Childhood's heart of innocence,
Childhood's keener, subtler sense
Linked the meaning with the music,
Grasped, untaught, its eloquence.

Ah ! the curse of Eve's transgression !
Duller pulses than the child,
Fewer heart-throbs, senses colder,
Tell my heart and I are older,
Tell of years of slow repression
Since in dreams the angels smiled.
O ! to hear again each note
By enchantment set afloat,
Like linkèd pearls of music
From thy palpitating throat !
But my longing naught avails me,
Still a subtle something fails me,
Haunts, eludes, bewilders, fails me,—
The lost heaven of a child.

Emily McManus.

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NEWFOUNDLAND'S SCHOOL SYSTEM.

By the Editor of the Evening Herald of St. John's, Nfld.

AT a time when Canadian people are struggling with the most dangerous political problem that has faced them since confederation, and when the permanence of the Dominion is threatened by the introduction of racial and religious elements into the arena of general politics, it may not be amiss to explain how Newfoundland has escaped the pitfalls that endanger the feet of one of Canada's most promising provinces. All men who desire a peaceful and satisfactory settlement of the Manitoba School Question may find therein material to aid them in their work, for this island, the "Cinderella of British colonies," has succeeded where others have failed in keeping her educational system free from trouble and friction, by adopting the principles of mutual toleration and the recognition of denominational rights. Of what may be termed two evils (though many will doubtless join issue with me there) she chose the lesser; between State schools, with their secularism that frequently degenerates into godlessness, and denominational schools, with their waste of energy and effort, she adopted the latter, thereby promoting peace and concord throughout the land. I do not write as the champion or critic of either system, but merely aim to present the facts as they exist, and permit the reader to draw his own conclusions. The public school, no doubt, has its advantages, in giving a uniformity and high standard of work, but, on the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the tendency in such institutions is to weaken the interest of clergymen and denominational leaders in the work of educating the youth, which the constant rivalry of sectional schools serves to increase and vivify.

The system in operation in this colony is denominational in its widest and completest sense. Last year, only the one public school remaining—the Harbor Grace Grammar School—was abolished, and its appropriation included in the general educational vote. From the early '50's, when the concession of Home Rule or Responsible Government was wrung from a reluctant British Ministry, the principle of denominational schools has always been recognized, and until 1875 there were Catholic and Protestant schools in every settlement. For a period anterior to the latter year, differences had been arising between the two leading Protestant bodies, the Anglican and the Methodist, which resulted in the sub-division of the system by maintaining schools for every denomination. By this means the disputes and jealousies of sectaries and the evil purposes of unscrupulous politicians are avoided and the systems loyally upheld by every class and creed in the island. For all practical purposes there are but three denominations to be considered throughout the colony —Catholic, Anglican and Methodist, which rate in population in the order named. The Presbyterians are sufficiently numerous to keep up a school in St. John's, the Congregationalists likewise, and the Salvation Army has lately effected a lodgment in one or two villages.

The total population of the island at the last census, in 1891, was 197,934, and these denominations totalled as follows:

Catholic - - -	72,342
Anglican - - -	68,075
Methodist - - -	52,672

The State provides an annual appropriation or grant for educational purposes, which is based upon the numbers of each denomination, and divided among them on a per capita basis. At present the grant is $144,000, or, roughly, 75 cents per head of the en-

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tire population; and this is made up under the following heads:

General Educational purposes	$80,736
Destitute districts - -	5,526
Outpost " - -	8,133
Training teachers - -	5,610
Encouraging teachers -	5,297
Three Superint'd'ts at $1,620	4,860
Improvement of Schools -	3,000
Catholic College - - -	3,465
Anglican " - -	3,332
Methodist " - - -	2,537
Presbyterian and Congregational Schools - -	1,017
Supplementary vote for teachers - - - - -	20,000
	$143,513

The chief control of the expenditure of these sums lies in the hands of the Superintendents and the several Boards of Education appointed for the various districts into which the island is divided; and the grants are allocated among the denominations proportionately, the pro rata principle being carried out in the allocation for each Board. Thus there may be two or three schools, one for each denomination, in most settlements of any size, and while this works disadvantageously in the smaller places it develops a healthy stimulus to educational advancement in the larger ones.

The three colleges are situated in St. John's, and are managed by the heads of the denominations in the colony; thus, the Catholic college is in charge of a board composed of the bishop, the leading clergy and representative laymen of that faith; the Anglican bishop occupies a similar position with respect to its college; while the President of the Methodist Conference is the official head of the institution provided for that body. The educational district School Boards are each presided over by the clergyman officiating there. The general educational grant, as its name implies, is for general purposes, and is administered by the Education Boards. That for destitute districts goes for sections where the people are unable to provide schools, and that for outposts to the balance of the island, apart from St. John's, which is the only city we boast.

Each of the three denominations has a superintendent for its schools who inspects and examines them and supervises the educational affairs of that body. Each receives a salary of $1,620, and has an assistant at $400. The stipend for the colleges is fixed by law, and grants in aid of the support and training of teachers are provided, at these colleges and at the Catholic convents an allowance of $100 yearly for males and $80 for females being made to those desirous of pursuing the profession of teaching. The salary of the teachers is fixed by the means of the Board employing him or her, as the case may be, but within the past few years, they having represented the need of further help in this direction, $20,000 is voted yearly to be disbursed by the superintendents to the teachers as a supplement to the Board salary, at the rate of $64 for the first, $48 for the second, and $32 for the third grade teachers. In addition to this the vote of $5,297 is awarded by the superintendents to successful teachers as a bonus in the proportions of $20, $12 and $6 respectively, according to grade. School fees rating from $1 to $3 are also to be paid by each pupil yearly, which are either the property of the Board (for school purposes) or may be divided with the teacher, as is agreed between them, and in the better localities this helps to augment the teacher's salary considerably; but in the poorer settlements it is inevitable that the people cannot pay these fees, and the teachers are usually of the lowest grade and but poorly paid. It is impossible to quote the average salaries, because they vary so much with the different districts, but male teachers get from $250 to $600, according to grade, and females from $200 to $400.

The Boards of Education are always chosen from the most representative men in each district, and their services are given gratuitously. The Boards have extensive powers, the schools, property and effects being vested in

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them, with power to lease or purchase buildings or lands for school purposes, the latter being contingent upon the locality paying half the sum needed, when the Board makes good the balance. A pension scheme is provided for teachers, careful regulations are made for the working and governing of schools and the direction of the colleges, and for the granting of scholarships in the principal institutions.

The average results of the system have always been regarded as creditable, when consideration is given to the isolated and scattered condition of the many hamlets that dot our vast coast-line. Though our total population is under 200,000, it is spread over a fringe of coast fully 5,000 miles long, there being not a settlement in the whole island three miles from the sea shore. But the real extent of the progress made was not properly appreciated until the establishment of a central non-sectarian Board four years ago, termed the "Council of Higher Education." The object of this council is to promote sound learning and to advance the interests of higher education by holding examinations and by awarding diplomas, prizes and scholarships to successful candidates at such examinations, and to encourage teachers in the preparation of candidates by awarding them premiums. For these purposes it has a special grant of $4,000 per year, and this probably gives the best results of any sum expended in the fostering of education in the colony. The council consists of 23 members, 17 nominated by the Government (the denominational proportion being always maintained), and the three superintendents and the headmasters of the three colleges, *ex-officio*. During their workings they have shown a harmony of spirit and purpose, and a cordial desire to advance the welfare of the cause, that merits the most favourable recognition. The inauguration was in 1893, and that year was spent in framing the machinery for the first series of examinations which took place in June, 1894. These were held in most of the principal districts throughout the island, every school of any importance competing. The element of denominationalism was not recognized at all, and Catholic, Anglican, Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregationalist, each plunged into the struggle, doing its best to show the finest results. The papers had been prepared in England and sent out in sealed packets; they were distributed to the candidates as these sat in the examination rooms, before "watchers" representing each faith; the pupils were known by numbers, which they affixed to their papers, and when these were finished they were gathered up, resealed and returned to England to be gone through and awarded marks by a body of examiners incorporated there for the purpose of conducting such examinations in Great Britain and the colonies. Our examinations were held simultaneously all over the island, and the pupils were divided into two grades, junior and senior, the former embracing children from 11 to 15, the latter from 15 to 17. The junior syllabus includes English Grammar, Spelling, Writing, Literature (Macaulay's "Armada" and Tennyson's "Lady of Chalott"), Geography and History, Arithmetic and Algebra, Geometry (Book I.), Mensuration, Latin, French, Book-keeping, Chemistry, Physics, Drawing, Domestic Economy, Scripture History, Shorthand, music and school management. The senior grade consisted of a more advanced stage of all these subjects, with the addition of land surveying, mechanics, Greek, German, magnetism and electricity, geometrical drawing, and typewriting. The results of the first year (1894) were: 713 entered, of whom 353, or 50 per cent., passed, 293 juniors and 60 seniors. Denominationally they stood thus:

	Junior.	Senior.	Total.	Percentage of whole.
Catholics	146	17	163	46
Anglican	56	22	78	22
Methodist	91	21	112	31

Out of four senior scholarships of $80 each, the Catholics won three and

NOTE.—Roughly the Catholics number 36 out of every 100 of the population; Anglicans, 34; Methodists, 26, and minor Protestants 4.

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the Methodists one, while the six junior scholarships, of $60 each, went to the former denomination.

In 1895 the entries numbered 982, and the passes 528, some 54 per cent., 412 being juniors and 116 seniors:

	Junior.	Senior.	Total.	Percentage of whole.
Catholic.....	228	54	282	53
Anglican....	70	25	95	18
Methodist..	114	37	151	28

The Catholics had two senior and five junior scholarships, and the Methodists two senior and three juniors.

This year, 1896, a higher grade, "associate in arts," was instituted, details of which will be found below. In all 971 pupils wrote, of whom 614, or 63 per cent., passed, 473 junior, 123 senior and 18 "A.A.":

	Jun.	Sen.	"AA."	Total.	Percentage of whole.
Catholic..	270	43	5	318	51
Anglican.	90	32	6	128	21
Meth'dist.	113	48	7	168	27

The Catholics had *the one* associate, one senior and four junior scholarships, the Anglicans one senior and one junior, and the Methodists two senior and one junior.

That these local examinations are not simple may be understood from the fact that 13 of those who entered for the "A.A." also went in for the matriculation at London University, and 10 passed: 7 Methodist, 2 Catholic, and 1 Anglican. These 10 from Newfoundland were more than from all the other dependencies of the British Empire. This higher education movement may be said to be only in its infancy yet, and the benefits of these three years' operations will not be realized fully until the generation of teachers produced by its means shall have had a chance to transplant their fruits to the minds of the children they are set over. The most marked effect to-day is in the levelling up of educational work, the widening of the aims and scope of the different schools, the tolerance and mutual respect engendered, and the healthy rivalry caused by the efforts of each denomination to make the best possible showing. The advance in the educational status is largely due to the introduction of the Irish Christian Brothers to teach the Catholic Boys' Schools in St. John's, some 18 years ago. These gentlemen have effected quite a revolution in school improvement, and none recognise and admit their ability more readily than the other denominations, which have profited largely by the spur they have given all round. The educational future of the colony is regarded by those interested as most hopeful, and certainly every atom of influence that churchmen and statesmen can exert in behalf of the betterment of our people in this respect is being applied to that end. We hold that, while there is much to be done to reach an ideal standard, we may not unreasonably claim for our present system that its results warrant the annual expenditure.

P. T. McGrath.

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THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC AND THE EARLY AMERICAN REVOLUTION: A REPLY.

By the Assistant Professor of European History in the University of Wisconsin.

A RECENT number of "The Canadian Magazine" contains a review by Dr. J. G. Bourinot of my late monograph which seems to call for some comment from me. For though an author is rarely justified in thrusting his grievances with regard to his critics upon the public at large, in this case the matters in which critic and author are at variance seem to be of interest sufficiently general to warrant such a procedure. They are matters in regard to which Dr. Bourinot's statements will be accepted by many as authoritative; it is hence all the more incumbent on the author who is assailed to point out that the present utterances of this authority are neither fair to the book reviewed nor of weight with regard to the points at issue.

For, unfortunately, I must accuse Dr. Bourinot of disregarding some of the canons of just and scientific criticism. Not only has he, directly and indirectly, largely misrepresented the author he was expected to judicially review, but he has chosen to greet with a political invective a serious and wholly non-political piece of historical research in regard to Canadian institutional origins. That investigation is practically ignored by an historical student whose own work is supposed to lie pre-eminently in the same field; having read the preface and skipped 300 pages to the conclusion, he discovers that some remarks in the latter show an inveterate prejudice with regard to the French Canadians, and launches out dogmatically in defence of the injured race. This is, of course, a style of review that is common enough; but one has a right to look for better things from Dr. Bourinot. Still less could one anticipate that it would be here combined with a degree of misrepresentation to which the most irresponsible of modern reviewers rarely attains.

My critic begins with a brief and imperfect summary of my conclusions. As a part of this he quotes the statement that the Quebec Act "has been fatal to Anglo-Saxon domination and to political unity in modern Canada through the continued and magnified existence there of an alien and hostile nationality, rooted in and bound up with an alien and hostile ecclesiastical domination," (the words "fatal" and "hostile" being italicized throughout without any indication that the italicizing is not mine). This professedly exact citation, placed within quotation marks, is largely incorrect. What I do say is this (p. 533): after referring to "those most serious obstacles" which, in my opinion, had been placed in the way of Canadian development through the provisions and the policy of the Quebec Act, I add: "They are the obstacles presented to Anglo-Saxon domination etc," (as above). The degree of carelessness (for such, of course, I assume it to be) here shown unhappily pervades the whole article. Almost immediately following this Dr. Bourinot proceeds to contend, in assumed opposition to my position, that "as a matter of fact, no more sweeping assertions, no finely-spun or ingeniously-constructed argument, can conceal the truth that the [Quebec] Act was in its origin one of justice to the French Canadian people," and that "No one can doubt the spirit of justice that prompted the English Government in passing it." Now, "as a matter of fact," this is precisely what I have attempted to show throughout; one of my main positions in regard to the measure is that instead of being (as

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has been usually asserted), in the main merely a part of a general policy of colonial repression, it would seem to have had practically no connection with such a policy, and to have been framed with reference only to the wishes and peculiar interests of the French Canadians. It is difficult to see how even the reader of only my preface and conclusion could have so misunderstood me; for in the former I assert (p. 5), that "An examination of the antecedents of the Act will establish the conviction that the main desire of the authors of the measure was to further the security and prosperity of the province and fulfil treaty obligations towards the French Canadians;" and in the latter, in addition to other remarks of the same tendency, I point out (p. 532) that in the Parliamentary debates on the Quebec Bill in 1774, "the position that the French Canadians alone were to be considered, and the neglect or disregard of the English element or prospects" are marked features throughout in regard to both of the great political parties.

With a sublime indifference to the matter of evidence my critic proceeds next to disprove my conclusions in regard to the more immediate results of the Quebec Act, by the simple process of dogmatically repeating the old assertions about it. In his opinion it was "the saving of the Province to England" in the Revolution; no further proof of this can be called for than the simple fact "that Canada was saved to England when the old thirteen colonies became independent"; it is "to the clergy and the leading seigneurs that Canada owed her safety." Manifestly it is impossible for me to repeat here the evidence I have brought forward to overthrow these hoary-headed errors; I will content myself with quoting as to it the judgment of another of my Canadian critics, Professor Shortt, of Queen's University.* Professor Shortt cannot be called partial inasmuch as he is also, on most points, my vigorous (though very superficial) opponent; fortunately, however, in the multitude of my adverse critics there is safety. For this one admits that, "The evidence brought forward shows most conclusively that the Quebec Act had the very opposite effect from what was so confidently expected: that, while securing the adherence of the *noblesse* and the higher ranks at least of the clergy, it thoroughly alienated the great mass of the French Canadian people." The support of the clergy and *noblesse* I have indeed fully admitted; but I have maintained that the English Government was sure of such a support without the Quebec Act, and that in the crisis this support was found of small moment. For the facts show that the *noblesse* were then (much to Carleton's amazement) discovered to have no influence, and that the influence of the clergy was found to have been in main measure paralyzed by the provision of the Quebec Act, which had again laid on the people the burden of compulsory tithes. Without the Act the old ruling classes, there is every reason to believe, would have taken precisely the same attitude, and the people would not have been exposed to the influences (as to tithes and as to the dreaded revival of feudal conditions) which ranged them on the side of invaders.

In this connection, I am further accused by Dr. Bourinot of "even undertaking to eulogize those English residents of Quebec and Montreal many of whom were ready to sell their country to the American rebels." I have undertaken nothing of the sort; the most casual reader ought to perceive that I have tried to show that these English residents are to be grouped in two clearly defined sections—a very small one which finally joined the Revolutionists; and the much larger one which, though ranged during the ear-

*In *Review of Historical Publications relating to Canada, 1897*, p. 71. I regret that my limited space prevents me from dealing here with Prof. Shortt's views; it would be very easy to point out their entire inadequacy. Meanwhile those interested will find the letters on which he depends, and from which he makes very misleading citations, printed in full in the *Report on the Canadian Archives* for 1888, pp. 41-50; it will be manifest from their study that Carleton has in view merely the defence of the Province against French attempts to reconquer it. Prof. Shortt's use of his material, it must be said, reflects most seriously upon either his care or his candour. (See especially the *Report*, p. 50, for his total error in respect to Hillsborough's reply to Carleton, Jan. 4, 1769)

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lier years under the leadership of the other in a common struggle for English institutions, refused, when the revolutionary crisis came, to follow that leadership any longer, and valiantly fought under Carleton against them and the Revolutionary invaders. In other words, taking into account the peculiar conditions of the Province of Quebec, we have here practically the same division as in the other provinces is marked by the terms Revolutionists and Loyalists. The special opposition to the Quebec Act led the latter party in Quebec further perhaps than the corresponding one elsewhere; but that it did not lead them to rebellion is shown, among other things, by the fact (which Dr. Bourinot should make a note of as against his first revision of the "Story of Canada") that while there is no ground for giving to the town of Quebec during the siege more than three hundred male adults of this class, the official returns of the defending force include for November 16th, 1775, "200 British militia," and for May 1st, 1776, "277 British militia." (Canadian Archives, vol. 12, p. 25). How small, on the other hand, was the Revolutionary section of the English party, is shown by the fact that an official document of a later time which gives a list "of the principal persons settled in the province who very zealously served the rebels in the winter 1775-6" mentions only twenty-eight individuals. (Ibid., vol. 13, p. 106). I have not eulogized the party opposed to the Quebec Act; I have simply endeavoured to do it a justice long delayed by freeing it from the indiscriminate slandering of the official reports. For, apart from the demands of historical justice, the matter became of importance in view of the fact that the erroneous ideas about this element which swayed the home government formed one of the factors in the genesis of the unfortunate Quebec Act.

Dr. Bourinot poses, as I have said, as the champion of the French Canadians, and in his zeal exposes himself to the charge of making his article very largely an appeal to racial passions. In his view my book shows "an inveterate prejudice" against that maligned people past and present—a prejudice which must, of course, have been acquired from that *bête noire* of the good Canadian, Goldwin Smith. In view of this charge it is perhaps rather odd that the only French Canadian review of my book that I have seen should remark, "Il [the author] nous rend justice et est animé de bons sentiments à notre égard." (*Le Courrier du Livre*, Quebec, August, 1896.) Odd too, that Prof. Shortt should credit me with "striving to maintain a completely unbiased and conscientious attitude towards the actors upon the stage." The standpoint of my critic in this charge of racial prejudice and injustice is, we may presume, accurately enough displayed in the curious argument that my conclusions do not accord with the ideas of "the leading people of French Canada, who have thoroughly studied their past and have been brought up to comprehend the traditions and sentiments of their forefathers." Conclusions reached "in the serene retirement of an American University" must of necessity be already condemned in the opinion of patriotic and fair-minded Canadians, who know their history and are not biased. These ideas are surely interesting if peculiar; interesting for the light they throw on the learned critic's mental processes and on his conceptions as to how history should be written. It remains only for Dr. Bourinot to take us further into his confidence by informing us that his "Story of Canada" was compiled from the publications of the Folk-lore Society.

The audacious writer who has thus presumed to question the accuracy of the traditions of the French Canadians proceeds, our critic asserts, to "serenely suggest the anglicising of French Canada in 1774, and stimulating discontent and revolt, instead of giving the people a guarantee of justice and security to [their] institutions." He would "have treated 80,000 or 90,000 people as aliens dangerous to the public welfare and probably have suggested another expatriation like that of the

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unhappy Acadians." This caricature of my position compels me to enter into a particular defence of the expressions I have used and to show what it is I do suggest. But I must first insist again that my book is not a political pamphlet. In aim and method it is strictly historical and objective; and it is not my least quarrel with my present critic that, by ignoring this historical character his whole article becomes a general misrepresentation. I have in reality dealt mainly with hard facts, but little in suggestion, and have made only passing reference to modern politics. But as a Canadian, and one who, less happily constituted and less delicately situated than the Clerk of Her Majesty's Commons, has been unable to shut his eyes to the serious racial and religious problems that have long complicated and do still complicate Canadian development, I have been led to append to my book a few concluding inferences as to the unhappy more remote results of the Quebec Act. It is to these that Dr. Bourinot devotes his attention.

I think I need scarcely delay long on the question whether the problems to which I have referred, and which Dr. Bourinot ignores, have existed or do now exist. Nor shall I recede from that expression of the main factors in these problems which has especially moved my critic to denounce me as animated by "an inveterate prejudice;" that, in regard to Anglo-Saxon ascendancy and to political unity, Canada has been and is still impeded by the "continued and magnified existence of an alien and hostile nationality, rooted in and bound up with an alien and hostile ecclesiastical domination." These words were written before the late general election, but I am not yet prepared to accept that event as invalidating any part of them. The only point in which they could be supposed to be thus affected is in regard to the ecclesiastical domination asserted. We are told that lay French Canadians have now shown unmistakeably their political independence of the religious authorities. But to hastily concede even this would be to lose sight of the powerful counter influences exerted in this case by the position of Mr. Laurier as a French Canadian and a good Catholic, as well as of the very ambiguous methods ascribed to the Liberal candidates in the Province of Quebec. It may still, perhaps, be contended that there was in most cases no square issue between these candidates and the authorities of the Church in Quebec on the question of a Remedial Bill, inasmuch as most, if not all, of the former seem to have been on record in the line of the episcopal demands. One may still be permitted to believe that if the issue had been a clearer one, and if the Liberal cause had had an English and Protestant leader, the response of the French Canadian electorate might have been very different. It may, perhaps, further be asserted that the history of the Liberal Ministry since this election is not calculated to dismiss from the minds of thoughtful Canadians the idea of the dominating presence of the Church of Rome in the Province of Quebec. Whether or not that Ministry has, directly or indirectly, made an appeal to the Vatican in connection with the school question, or as against the Quebec hierarchy, it seems tolerably certain that the Papal authority is with its concurrence being brought to bear at this very hour in an important manner upon Canadian politics.

But after all this is a minor matter; the support of my statement does not require me to trace the dubious paths of present politics. The fact in question does not depend upon a single political manifestation, nor, indeed, largely upon manifest politics at all. Even conceding that in this instance a majority of French Canadians have trusted their own political leaders as against the religious authorities in a dispute as to the best method of obtaining a result desired by all, is it to be thence concluded that there is no such thing as an ecclesiastical domination in the Province of Quebec? Can it be conceived that this reference to the Vatican or the methods of Episcopal intimidation which have occasioned

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it could have taken place in regard to a country where such a domination was not a long-established, long-accepted fact? We find these bishops indulging in methods of political interference which are, I believe, subject to punishment by the civil courts; has there been a single instance of resort to these courts on the part of the victims? Can it be denied that for decades the Church in Quebec has been recognized as the power behind the throne? Can it be denied that, apart altogether from the resources it legitimately has in that willing veneration and obedience on the part of the French Canadian people which has led to Quebec being styled the most Catholic country in the world, the Church of Rome in that Province has long possessed, and possesses to-day, material means of influence to which, in proportion, a parallel can scarcely be discovered? I could, did space allow, deal in statistics; I might quote the testimony of scores of impartial and astonished travellers; but as I am convinced the point needs no argument, I will content myself with simply referring to some of the latest statements of Dr. Bourinot himself. In his recent "Story of Canada" (c. 29) the vast material resources of the Church are emphasized; we are told that everywhere is shown "the desire of the French Canadians to glorify and perpetuate it by every means in their power." The amusements and the mental food of the people, Dr. Bourinot declares, have long been and are still jealously supervised by that Church; the priests "control the public school system" and the religious orders the colleges and universities. This is an incomplete statement of the facts; but if even this does not imply for Dr. Bourinot an ecclesiastical domination, it would be interesting to know what he understands by the term.

So much for the fact of such a domination in Quebec. If the fact be admitted I think I need not delay on a justification of my use of the terms "alien and hostile" in regard to it. The words are used with reference to Anglo-Saxon predominance and to political unity in the development of Canada either as a British possession, or as an independent State of which the main element must always be Anglo-Saxon. Dr. Bourinot is a student of Anglo-Saxon institutions; it surely should require no argument to prove to him that any ecclesiastical domination is *per se*, in its very essence, alien and hostile to the Anglo-Saxon spirit and to the whole course of Anglo-Saxon social and political development. It is not to the point to tell us that the Church of Rome has been and is a support to British power in Canada. If it has been so it is because that power has, apparently, been in the past favourable to the abnormal position of the Church; it remains the fact that such a position is alien to the whole British spirit and to the best phases of British history, and that it is a position not compatible with the profitable and peaceable continuance of Quebec in a common political development with communities of Anglo-Saxon blood and ideals.

Let us pass to the second part of my statement. Does it show an "inveterate prejudice" to assert that, from the standpoint I have chosen, there exists in French Canada "an alien and hostile nationality?" That French Canadian nationality is a political fact does not, I presume, need proof, even for Dr. Bourinot. For we are told by himself in the year 1896, that "*Nos institutions, notre langue, et nos lois* has been the keynote of French Canadian politics for over a century." (Story of Canada, p. 431). Neither, I presume, need the word "alien" delay us. As to whether I am justified in the use of the word "hostile," in regard to that nationality, must be considered here in view of the limitations of my use. To what is it hostile? To "Anglo-Saxon domination and to political unity in modern Canada." Further, the word does not necessarily imply here a conscious and active hostility. Many people would, indeed, support me did I contend that the word is justified without any limitations; many French Canadians will at this hour admit it.

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Dr. Bourinot must know that there is not a week's issue of the French Canadian press, nor a season's utterances of French Canadian politicians, from which I could not quote what might seem abundant evidence of the correct use of the term without restriction; must know, too, that an abundance of such evidence might be furnished from more deliberate utterances than those of the newspaper or the stump. In what light, for example, is the reader to understand the following statement from, perhaps, the most prominent of modern French Canadian literary men, as to what he calls the natural and inevitable hostility of the French and English races in Canada? "It is," he says, "that hostility which arises from the distinctive character of two races that differ in religion, language, habits, customs, sympathies, aspirations, and even in physical externals; that involuntary hostility which springs more from sensation than interest; that comes neither from the heart nor from the head, and which outleaps the boundaries of reason, because it dwells not in individuals but in the masses; that hostility, in short, which is born from the juxtaposition of two different nationalities on the same sod—like two lovers before the same woman—one of whom must some day win; a natural, fatal, inevitable, and almost legitimate hostility, because it is the consequence of that universal law of nature, the struggle for life." (Louis Fréchette, in *Forum*, November, 1893). Will Dr. Bourinot pronounce as to the degree of "inveterate prejudice" toward his own people which this distinguished French Canadian displays in these sentences?

How many other French Canadians of all classes and periods he would have to brand in the same way I need not stay to point out. For I do not insist here upon the use of the term without limitations; I will confine myself to the precise statement my critic has attacked. And I contend that in the connection in which I have used the word 'hostile,' I am justified in that use if the individual existence and aims (or, let us say, ideals) of the French Canadian nationality can be shown to be *detrimental* to "Anglo-Saxon domination and political unity in modern Canada." And I cannot believe that it needs an argument to show that. Even, indeed, without that definite and conscious clinging to a separate national existence, which so often in the past has brought, and which, most probably, will again in the future bring, French and English into sharp racial hostility fraught with the greatest peril, I contend that the word would be justified with reference alone to the unprogressive character of the mass of the French Canadian people. Praiseworthy as are the individual qualities displayed amongst that people, interesting and admirable as is so much in their daily life, the plain fact still remains, and may surely be spoken without ill-will, that the French Canadian mass has been hitherto an inert and unprogressive one. As such it may be said to be, with reference to the best Canadian development, a detrimental, a *hostile* factor.

The third assertion in my sentence is conveyed in the assumption that this alien and hostile nationality is "rooted in and bound up with" this alien and hostile ecclesiastical domination. No one who has followed the history of the Church of Rome in the New France of the old régime or in the modern Province of Quebec should need to have this assumption elaborated for him. The close connection it implies is one of the most evident facts in Canadian history, and has never, I think, been before questioned; I do not believe that Dr. Bourinot means to question it now. The Church as a French Canadian one has been ever imbued with and has ever assiduously fostered all the elements of French nationality; as the leader of the French Canadian people it has largely built its supremacy upon those elements and has grown with their growth. It is not the place here to more than point out, in addition, that this position is one of the disastrous results of the Quebec Act. Not, indeed, an inevit-

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able result; as a matter of fact, the modern status of the Church of Rome in the Province of Quebec has no sufficient support in that Act, but has been acquired since, in direct opposition to its intent, as a very important part of that long course of revived French development of which the Quebec Act was the basis. In other words, the assumptions from which that measure proceeded, and the position in which it placed the Province with respect to the English elements, were made by the Church the starting-point of a brilliant course of aggrandizement; that Church becoming therein identified with the revived national feelings and forces whose growth bore it in turn triumphantly onward.

But what has all this to do with the Quebec Act, and by what reason could an historical investigation of its origins be concluded with the statements discussed above? Simply this: that I have tried to show that these modern conditions, in so far as they have reference to the element of danger furnished in French and ecclesiastical Quebec, are in main degree the direct result of the policy of which the Quebec Act of 1774 was at once the first manifestation and the controlling basis. Dr. Bourinot is not satisfied to defend the necessity and expediency of that measure, to maintain its efficacy in the rescue of the province from the grasp of the Revolution; if his words mean anything, he contends also for its wisdom with reference to the whole after-course of Canadian political development. One may, he thinks, "question the wisdom of the Constitutional Act of 1791," but not that of the Quebec Act. And why may the wisdom of the Constitutional Act be questioned? Because, forsooth, it separated English and French "instead of creating one large province where the two races would eventually be equalized, and where opportunities of assimilating customs and understanding each other would have been greater than under the plan actually followed." This remark is deserving of some consideration. It is, in the first place, a statement made in sublime disregard of the historical facts that the one large province which should have been created already existed, having been created by the Quebec Act, and that it was the very difficulties between French and English which came from its existence under that Act that led to the Constitutional Act. In other words, Dr. Bourinot conveniently loses sight of these earlier difficulties because they constitute an exceedingly awkward fact with respect to his defence of the wisdom of the Quebec Act; but being unable to so heroically ignore the later ones, he attributes them wholly to the Constitutional Act of 1791.

This is a course of reasoning hardly creditable to a life-long student of Canadian history. It will lead our critic to further embarrassment. The difficulties, or unsatisfactory development, of which the blame is here thrown wholly on the Constitutional Act, are evidently, if anything, those of the non-assimilation of French and English—in other words, of the maintenance and development of French nationality. If so, we have here a tacit acknowledgment of those detrimental aspects of French Canadian nationality which I have above contended warrant the expressions I have used. But further, we have here an extraordinary ignoring of the fact that this separate nationality owes fundamentally its modern basis and vigourous development, not to the Constitutional Act but to the Quebec Act; that with regard to the protecting policy adopted by the British Government as to that nationality, the Act of 1791 was merely a continuation of the one of 1774. It was such as being in essence simply a preservation to the French Canadians (as against the assaults of the English element) of the fundamental rights which had been secured to them by the Quebec Act. It is this which is the French Canadian's Magna Charta, not the Constitutional Act; if the maintenance of French nationality be an evil, the blame attaches fundamentally to the earlier measure. Dr. Bourinot himself expresses this in his "Story of Canada," in the state-

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ment that the Quebec Act "was the foundation of the large political and religious liberties which French Canada has ever since enjoyed." The Constitutional Act of 1791 was undoubtedly an unhappy one; but it was so simply because it re-expressed with additional emphasis and new application the policy of 1774. Dr. Bourinot's reference to continuing French and English in one province is made without any recognition of the insuperable obstacles to such a continued fusion in the face of the provisions of the Quebec Act. These provisions could then be modified so as to meet the wishes of the English element only with a degree of bitterness and injustice infinitely greater than that which would have attended the giving an Anglo-Saxon complexion to the province in the first place. How evident and great these obstacles were in 1791 is shown by Pitt's declaration, that "He had made the division of the province essential because he could not otherwise reconcile their [*i.e.*, English and French] clashing interests." (*Parl. Hist.* XXIX., 404).

Let us now consider for a moment more definitely how the influences of the Quebec Act, and the policy it embodied, may be traced in later history and connected with modern conditions. In Dr. Bourinot's "History of Canada," the reader will find a contrast noted between the rapid disappearance of French aspects in Louisiana and their continued preservation in the Province of Quebec. But, though noting this contrast, it does not seem to have occurred to the author to suppose that it was in any degree due to the different policies which have been followed in regard to these two French colonies, estranged from France at the same time, likely it would seem to develop in the same way. It was not till nearly a half century later than Quebec that Louisiana came under Anglo-Saxon domination; yet long before the present day the contrast between the conditions of the two countries had drawn the attention of observers. Listen to Lord Durham on the point in the year 1839. His official report declares that by that year in Louisiana, "the end . . . of securing an English predominance over a French population has undoubteely been attained. The influence of perfectly equal and popular institutions in the effacing distinctions of race without disorder or oppression, and with little more than the ordinary animosities of party in a free country, is memorably exemplified in the history of the State of Louisiana, the laws and population of which were French at the time of its cession to the American Union." And, as I will show in a moment, the Imperial High Commissioner proceeds to maintain that the history of Quebec, under a proper policy, ought even by that time to have run the same course. It is very evident that the methods and the degree of anglicising which he thought not only possible and proper, but the only statesmanlike course, are much more advanced than those which I have pointed out, and on account of which my critic represents me as having suggested "stimulating discontent and revolt," and as probably aiming at "another expatriation like that of the unhappy Acadians." The intelligence and justice of this representation can best be judged through a quotation of the words which I actually used. It is a passage which appears to Dr. Bourinot merely "idle speculation." The term shows the different standpoints of author and critic. That of the latter is the standpoint of practical politics; whereas the author, having presented the results of a purely historical inquiry, proceeds to briefly justify its minuteness by showing the close connection of its subject with modern conditions. The passage is as follows (p. 533):

"The Quebec Act has two aspects with regard to which we must consider it: (1) The temporary and long past one, now of purely historical interest, of its various connections with the American revolutionary crisis; and (2) the permanent living one, of strong interest to every student of institutions and of vital interest to every modern Canadian, of its effects on the after history of British North America, of its place in the development of that great commonwealth which the Dominion of Canada seems destined to become. If it does become such it will only be after sur-

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mounting, mayhap at great cost, those most serious obstacles which, placed in its path by that Imperial policy of which the Quebec Act was the controlling basis, have grown steadily with its growth. They are the obstacles presented to Anglo-Saxon domination and to political unity in modern Canada through the continued and magnified existence there of an alien and hostile nationality, rooted in and bound up with an alien and hostile ecclesiastical domination.

"This opinion is my apology for the care with which I have dwelt upon the more purely institutional aspects of the period. I have tried to present a full statement of the social and political conditions of the province during the early years of the British occupation, in the belief that it is only by their study that we can claim to pass judgment upon their treatment. The misfortune for the country of the non-assimilation of French and English through these 130 years of common political existence in British North America has, of course, been frequently dwelt upon; but it has usually been in a tone of resignation to those mysterious dispensations of Providence which made the Quebec Act an unavoidable necessity, and would have made any other course then, or any counter course since, disastrous and impossible. What else could have been done, we are asked—usually with extravagant laudation of the humanity and generosity of the British Government in thus pursuing the only path open to it. It has been one of my objects to try and show that something else, something very different, *could* have been done; that the policy adopted with such far-reaching and disastrous consequences was precisely also the one that was the most dangerous with regard to the conditions of the moment. It is no part of the historian's (and certainly not of the special investigator's) task to enter upon constructive work, to replace everything that he has pulled down; and therefore I do not feel called upon to go into particulars with regard to the possible legislation of 1774. But I do not wish to evade the problem; it should be manifest from the above examination that the alternative course was simply to set the new English province firmly and definitively upon an *English*, instead of a *French*, path of development. As shown above, the way was clearly pointed out by other advisers as well qualified to speak as those whose advice was taken in 1774. I know that in this our age of highly-defined and all-pervading nationality, this apparently light-hearted and reckless treading upon the holy ground of national development may bring down upon me the severest censures. But my critics will remember that we are dealing with another age, one in which nationality was not the breath of the political nostril, one in which new and alien acquisitions were absorbed and assimilated as an everyday process. And I hope I shall not be further reproached with a slavish respect for legal enactment in attaching the importance I do to the legislation, actual and possible, of 1774. A measure which determines the ecclesiastical conditions and the whole civil code of a people is surely not to be spoken of lightly; but I regard it only as the first step in a progress which under its pressure became the inevitable one, as the opening of an easy and secure path, and the providing of encouraging and helpful guides in a journey for which no other route or guide was available.

"It may seem that it is to place too much emphasis on the effect of the Quebec Act even to represent it as the first step in a development which it made inevitable. The matter is one which I do not feel at liberty to stop and discuss fully here; but some considerations must be briefly referred to. The main one has regard to the probably different history of early English colonization in the Province of Quebec if the British Government in 1774 had not so avowedly and definitely handed it over to a French future. In the discussions in Parliament and out with regard to that measure, both before and after its enactment, we find that its advocates insist with strong self-righteousness, that in Canada it is the French Canadian only who is to be considered; that the small English section there has scarcely a right to be heard; that Canada (as Carleton had urged) was French and destined to remain French; that it was probably for the interest of Great Britain to discountenance any large English admixture. This view I have shown above was no doubt largely due to the incorrect ideas which Murray and Carleton had fostered with regard to the origin and character of the English already in the Province. Whatever its full explanation the tone is unmistakeable. It may be considered a part of the striking inadequacy of the prevailing British mind at that time to the Imperial position that had so wonderfully come to the nation; an inadequacy which was being most generally shown in the petty legality and short-sighted selfishness that were marking all the relations with the older colonies. What I wish especially to call attention to here is the effect that this attitude and its results already in Quebec must have had at the close of the war upon those who were compelled to seek refuge from the victorious colonists in other parts of the British dominions. These United Empire Loyalists were of the same temper, I have shown above, as the English already resident in Quebec; even if the Quebec Act did not fill them with the same lively apprehension of tyranny that it aroused in these and in the revolting colonists, it must yet have been in a high degree obnoxious. The immediate effect is doubtless in a very considerable degree expressed in the fact that of the 50,000 Loyalists (approximately) who settled in the remaining British Provinces during and within a few years after the war, only about one-fifth chose the oldest and presumably much the most attractive part of the country. And of those who did choose the Province of Quebec, practically none, it would seem, elected to settle amongst the French Canadians (where previous to the new con-

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stitution a large amount of land had been eagerly taken possession of by their compatriots), but went instead (though by no means of the pioneer type) into the untrodden wilderness. It is true that by so doing they did not escape the dominion of the new order of things, for they remained subject to the Quebec Act till 1792; but they could hope thereby to reduce the necessary evil to a minimum (as proved to be the case), and to build up with greater prospects of success the active opposition to it that they at once entered upon.

"What would have been the consequences at the time of this migration of the existence in Quebec of a constitution, not indeed wholly English either in fact or promise, but with an English admixture sufficient to afford a working basis and a guarantee with regard to the line of development? It can scarcely be doubted that the English immigration into the Province would have been so largely increased that the balance of population would thereby have been at once in considerable degree redressed. As a result, a security would have been thereby provided that all the English conditions that had already obtained would be upheld with accelerating influence, and that development would proceed mainly along that line. The large degree of influence that had been so rapidly gained by the few English over the French Canadian masses, in the period 1763-1774, would probably have steadily increased; the new French Canadian native leaders, who had already shown a very considerable degree of knowledge of and aptitude for English conditions, would have coalesced more and more with the English element; the whole history of Quebec and Canada would, in short, have run a different course. As it was, we find that the Quebec Act bestows on the Province, even from the French standpoint, only misfortune; that under it the law is uncertain and its administration almost anarchy; that the English and French enter, with the addition to the numbers of the former after the war, on a period of bitter political strife; that finally, in 1791, the British Government, while pacifying the main body of the English discontents by forming them into a new province, at the same time continues and confirms the policy of 1774, with apparently a more conscious purpose of such a use of the French nationality as might perhaps be justly expressed in the maxim, *divide et impera*. It was a development of the Quebec Act policy that was largely due to the intervening Revolutionary War, but such a development was possible only on the basis of that Act and the results of its seventeen years' operation. It denotes the unaccountable persistence in the British mind of the idea as to the efficacy of the measure in preserving the Province from the grasp of the revolutionists, and a determination to guard against similar danger in the future by keeping to and developing this line of action. As Lord Durham expressed it (officially) in 1839, 'The system of Government pursued in Lower Canada has been based on the policy of perpetuating that very separation of the races, and encouraging these very notions of conflicting nationalities which it ought to have been the first and chief care of Government to check and extinguish. From the period of the Conquest to the present time the conduct of the Government has aggravated the evil, and the origin of the present extreme disorder may be found in the institutions by which the character of the colony was determined.' The 'extreme disorder' referred to was the result of the fact that by the Act of 1791 the way was left clear within the Province of Quebec for that period of embittered resistance on the part of the small English minority which was to end in civil war, and in the vain attempt of 1840 to undo the work of the previous sixty-six years by stifling the French majority in a reunion with the English mass of Upper Canada. What degree of responsibility for this crisis of race hostility rested on the policy definitely inaugurated in 1774 and confirmed in 1791, is forcibly shown above in the words of the special Imperial Commissioner who was sent out in 1838 to deal with that crisis. His report further points out how from the Conquest 'the continued negligence of the British Government left the mass of the people without any of the institutions which might have elevated them in freedom and civilization. It has left them without the education and without the institutions of local self-government that would have assimilated their character and habits, in the easiest and best way, to those of the Empire of which they became a part.' The evil policy of 1774 was, he adds, adhered to in 1791, when, 'instead of availing itself of the means which the extent and nature of the province afforded for the gradual introduction of such an English population into the various parts as might have easily placed the French in a minority, the Government deliberately constituted the French into a majority, and recognized and strengthened their distinct national character. Had the sounder policy of making the province English in all its institutions been adopted from the first and steadily persevered in, the French would probably have been speedily outnumbered, and the beneficial operation of the free institutions of England would never have been impeded by the animosities of origin.' And as noticed above, he points to the history of Louisiana as an example of what might and should have been done.

"It, therefore, does not seem an extreme view to regard the great difficulties that have beset English rule in Canada, as well as the grave problems that still confront the Dominion, as a natural and logical development from the policy of the Quebec Act.....Apart from speculation or the consideration of national or natural rights, my judgment of that Act and my opinion as to alternative measures must rest upon the facts which I have brought forward. I have tried to show that in ten years of British civil rule, the French Canadian had advanced steadily in the comprehen-

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sion of English principles of society and government, and had lived in prosperity and fair contentment; that by 1774 he was ready for a compromise civil code which might have left him the principles of the regulation of landed property to which he was most wedded, and yet have proclaimed itself as an *English* code, the starting-point of English accumulation. This would have established a system which, with regard to land, would not from the very beginning have been without analogy in England itself at that period, and which on all other important sides, including procedure, would have been exclusively English in spirit, substance, and development. With this aspect the Province could not have presented to English-speaking immigrants at the close of the American war (or later) the forbidding features that it did present under French law. The grant of representative institutions and the fostering of local self-government would naturally accompany the English legal aspect. Connected with this settlement there might have been, and would almost necessarily have been, an avoidance of those other features of the Quebec Act settlement which I have shown above were objectionable to the mass of the people, and the only discoverable causes of their disloyalty in the American invasion. With a system distinctly and avowedly English in spirit and substance, there would have been no room for those fears as to a reversion to the old feudal order which so aroused the peasantry, and consequently no field of labor for the revolutionary agitator; in the absence of the so-called establishing of the Church there would have been lacking that most distasteful re-fastening upon them of compulsory tithes. In other words, without any conceivable antagonizing on other grounds of the ordinary French Canadian, there would have been avoided all those aspects of the Act by which alone can be explained the hostile attitude of the *habitant* during the war; while the greatest of all steps would have been taken for the preserving of the future from the racial hostility and alien institutions. The various lines along which anglicising might for the future have proceeded can be as easily imagined as described; the way of every one was effectually barred by the Quebec Act."

These references to modern conditions can be properly criticized only in connection with the investigation of the origins and immediate results of the Constitution of 1774, on which they are founded. As to being dictated in any degree by race prejudice, I can only assert my unconsciousness of such a factor. In pointing out, for example, that the French Canadians sympathized with the revolutionists in 1775, I do so purely as an historical duty, without a thought of reproach to them on that ground. Why should there be a thought of reproach? If, as I believe, these revolutionists were engaged in a just struggle against the Mother Country, can I reproach the French Canadian for not showing loyalty toward a newly-acquired master? Could he be expected to show it in the face of the apprehensions to which the Quebec Act had given rise? No national aspect, indeed, as I have shown, entered into the matter at all, any more than any appreciation of or opinion concerning the merits of the quarrel between Great Britain and her colonies; the attitude of the ignorant and lethargic peasant was due wholly to the mismanagement of the Provincial and Imperial authorities.

Nor have my conclusions any necessary reference to the relative merits of French and English institutions. As an Anglo-Saxon I have naturally, perhaps, a strong predisposition to belief in the latter; but in insisting on the unwisdom of utterly disregarding all opportunities to anglicize the new province, I cannot be justly accused of showing deadly hatred to French conditions. To so accuse me is to transfer to that past age the ideas and conditions of this. Whether or no such an anglicizing could have been successful, or would have been advisable under the circumstances, is a question which must be divorced wholly from the question as to whether such anglicizing be or be not the ideal goal of humanity. We have to deal with a Canada which, for good or ill, had come definitely under Anglo-Saxon predominance, had been politically wholly separated from the fortunes of France and attached to those of her century-long rival. Apart altogether from any question of the relative merits of French and English civilization in general, or governmental methods in particular, it must be admitted that the first duty of English statesmen was to do what was possible, within the bounds of humanity, to assure strong Anglo-Saxon control, and political unity under that control, within the new possessions. From this point of view

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was the Quebec Act a statesmanlike measure? And if the issue should be evaded with the answer that the immediate conditions rendered this doubtful measure necessary, I can only refer to my proof to the contrary. The Act, I repeat, was as mistaken and disastrous from the standpoint of immediate conditions as from the standpoint of posterity. It greatly increased the difficulties with the other colonies; it hastened into active disloyalty a section of the English party in Quebec, and thus sent revolutionary demagogues of great influence amongst the French Canadians; as a base from which these demagogues and the agents of Congress could work, it caused the disaffection of the great mass of the French Canadian people. Canada was preserved to Great Britain at this crisis not through the Quebec Act, but in spite of it; preserved through the vigour and ability of Carleton, and through the mismanage- of their cause on the part of the invaders.

Since these stirring days the French Canadian people have more than once proved their right to the utmost consideration in the development of the commonwealth which has grown up around the old Province of Quebec. But it may still be permitted to an Anglo-Saxon, even while keenly alive to the merits of both old and new France, to regret the course of events which has encouraged so persistent a clinging to a past which is not Anglo-Saxon, and so serious an incubus on the best development of modern Canada. He may surely express this regret without thereby necessarily branding himself as inveterately prejudiced against the French Canadian people. As a matter of fact, I am by no means rabidly Anglo-Saxon in my institutional ideas, as applied to other than Anglo-Saxons, and am not prepared to say that the anglicizing of the French Canadian would have tended to his greater individual or general well-being. But I do assert without fear of reasonable contradiction that if this anglicizing had been effected, the political prospects of Canada would be to-day brighter than they are. This basis must be conceded to me; I regard it as amply sufficient to justify every expression I have used.

In conclusion, I must repeat that this political controversy is not of my seeking. It has been forced upon me by a critic who has chosen to substitute for the calm and comparatively clear air of historical inquiry an atmosphere subject to the gusts and obscurities of political passion. It is a change not in the interests of truth; nor, I must add, in keeping with Dr. Bourinot's standing as an historical student.

Victor Coffin.

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THE IMITATORS.

A Tale.

AT Ryckman's door lies the blame of the whole thing. He's too clever by half, and that's why he's always getting into trouble. A man of ordinary abilities would be passed over with indifference by the world, but Ryckman forces himself upon its notice in a manner not to be disregarded. Personally, I shouldn't have remarked anything very extraordinary about him, but then I am just one of the ordinary lot, and, as likely as not, haven't the perception to thank Providence that I have been born in the same era as Ryckman. I can't recognize the preciousness of his presence now as forcibly as I realize the boon of his absence; but, then, as I said, I am a fool and Ryckman is one of those rare beings who shoot comet-wise across the darkness of the nineteenth century.

Ryckman had the best chair in the room, and was taking up most of the fire. Montey sprawled on the divan, and Ginger sat on the rocker with his heels on the table; consequently, there was no place for me but the coal-box, and I shared that with the Cat.

I may remark that the room was mine, and the pipes were mine, and the glasses of—tea on the table were mine. There was a cork-screw, too, and that was mine. But you would have thought, on casually glancing in, that everything was Ryckman's. You know his sort! You take him to the theatre, and you find yourself thanking him for a pleasant evening. He dines with you and manages the menu so as to give the impression that you are dining with him. I have seen a host at a card-party wring Ryckman's hand and go into the hall to look for his—the host's—hat! And I was present at the opera when Ryckman sat in a box talking to the Premier, and when the Premier rose to acknowledge a burst of patriotism, Ryckman rose too and bowed, and half the people in the house thought that Ryckman was the Premier, and that the Premier was someone Ryckman was being kind to, and they loved him for it!

"Now, an Imitative Club," began Ryckman, apostrophizing the Cat with one finger (whereupon the Cat snarled disdainfully). "An Imitative Club is one which will show up more of the sham and fraud of literature than fifteen Press Dinners. First, we must take modern minor poets and annihilate *them*. We'll study them and show everyone just what they really are—how there's a machine with two or three different samples, and how the different samples are turned out one after the other. We'll show how it's done and how easy it is to do it; in fact, we'll imitate minor poets out of existence."

"What for?" asked Montey guilelessly.

"Because," said Ryckman, who was beginning to enjoy himself, "there's too much rhyme in circulation. What we are looking for is truth in art.

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When we expose the facility of modern rhyme, then rhyme will begin to dwindle to the possession of a few who are poets. The expression of the mind in verse is the right of a true poet only, and if every tuppeny-ha—"

I know it was the Cat that snored. I think some of the coal dust must have obstructed her Eustachian tube. (N.B.—I must speak to my landlady about the coal and suggest that in future the dust should be kept in the coal-box and the coal itself in a hair receiver on the wall.)

"Therefore," continued Ryckman, "I propose that we start a small club, that each member study one modern rhymester and produce an imitation close enough to expose the imbecility of the thing."

Ryckman talked to us for two hours more, and in our waking moments we drank in his propositions with avidity and tea. I am a poet myself; with composure I confess it. You may have noticed some of my little things under the simple *nom de guerre* of "Martha." I was not eaten with conceit about my works, but still I knew that not even Ryckman could class me with the rhymesters; I stood serene upon the pedestal of Art. I felt that I could not be grudged "the expression of my thoughts in verse." Perhaps, after all, Ryckman's idea was a good one. If a little kindly sarcasm could bring even one poet to see the error of his ways, why then the Imitative Club had not been formed in vain. I left the Cat on the coal-box at 11.30 and sat down by Montey on the divan. While Ryckman talked we slept on each other's shoulders and longed for dawn. When he did take his departure, Montey remarked sleepily:

"He thinks he knows more than enough about poetry. Wouldn't it be nice to trip him up!"

Neither Ginger nor I responded, but possibly there was a mind wave somewhere in the vicinity. Suddenly the Cat came over from the coal-box.

"Why don't you do it?" she said.

. . . . . .

The Imitative Club met a week later, but this time I stipulated that it should be in Ginger's rooms. I didn't want to be hospitable and to lie about the comfort of sitting on an inverted waste paper basket or a couple of volumes of Coke.

"Should we open with a part-song?" said Montey.

I thought it quite a picturesque idea, but Ryckman said:

"Oh, if you *want* to be a fool—!" in a nasty way, with the accent on the "want," which left you to imagine that Montey needn't be a fool if he *didn't* want to, which is an obvious mistake.

"Where's the big red cushion?" asked Montey.

"Oh, Ryckman's got it," said the host.

"I thought I saw a foot-stool somewhere," I remarked, looking at the ceiling.

"I think that's it under Ryckman's feet," said Ginger.

"Where did I put the ash-tray?" grumbled Montey. "It's the only one I've——Oh, you've got it Ryckman, all right old fellow."

"Did I or did I not hear you say you had some matches?" I ventured.

"I believe I've got the box, I'm writing against the back," said Ryckman. "I'll be finished in a minute."

Having thus attempted, quite unsuccessfully, of course, to render its President uncomfortable, the Club proceeded to the business in hand.

"Whom did you decide to annihilate, Montey?" I asked.

"Well, I'd thought of Shakespere, you know. We hear a sight too much about Shakespere these days, but the man's dead, and perhaps it wouldn't be gentlemanly to undermine the reputation Bacon made for him, so I took Schulenheimgeschmerzigkeit. You know him, Ryckman, of course?"

Ryckman nodded, rather hastily I thought, and Montey went on:

"I used to know him at Heidelberg. A well-meaning chap, but imitative to a degree. He's steeped in Heine—simply saturated."

"Well, I hadn't exactly intended

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that the Club should embrace foreign subjects," said Ryckman, with a certain amount of diffidence, "but, of course——"

"Why confine the good work to a narrow sphere of usefulness?" cried Montey, with quite a burst of enthusiasm. "If the field of verse needs regenerating, why not drop the good seed broadcast?"

Why, indeed!" murmured Ginger, extracting the red cushion from Ryckman's chair as he leaned forward to strike a match on his boot.

"And so," continued Montey, "I have studied Schulenheimgeschmerzigkeit pretty closely and discovered the salient points of his imitativeness. If you will call to mind Heine's Schmoozengeist and Schulenheingeschmerzigkeit's Winkelboden and mentally compare them with my own imitation, you will at once grasp the importance of the latter."

I own I was surprised at Montey. I didn't know German myself, and I didn't know Montey did; but these quiet fellows sometimes surprise one. Ryckman leaned back in his chair and, becoming aware of the absence of the red cushion, glared at Ginger, who muttered, "Call me at eight, Mary," and closed his eyes. Montey's imitation ran thus:

Du bist so susz, so wildig traumerei,
Das ich im Herz bin fallig schafferei,
Du Du im blau!
Kommst aus, komm hier und Schmerz ist al tenbod
Gewisz mein Kind mein Schatzel Nesselrod,
So schon und trau!

Die Blumen singt, und als ist funf und vier
Das Fisch fliegt im den ganzen Rumplemere
Du Du mein Tisch!
So durch dem Wald, durch Ewigkeit es klingt;
Und jedem Esel in das Kirschen singt—
Du Himmelisch!

"It's short," said Montey, laying down the paper, "but I think you will agree with me that in the disposition of the personal pronoun and the allusion "als ist funf und vier" I have caught the stereotyped sentimentalism by which Heine's imitators strive to outstrip their matchless model. Eh, Ryckman?"

Ryckman placed his finger tips together.

"Would you mind repeating the fourth line of the last verse, Montey? There was something not quite smooth there."

"Krieglich so roth so tiefen untenbod," said Montey. I did not remember having heard that particular line before, but it appeared to satisfy Ryckman, for he nodded judicially.

"Yes, yes, that's all right. I fancied the colouration, if I may apply the expression, was a little too massive."

"How do you think it compares with Heine's Schmoozengeist?" enquired Montey. "It's surprising to note the awful amount of ignorance that is still rife with regard to the Schmoozengeist. Anyone who has made any attempt whatever to study Heine must acknowledge that in the Schmoozengeist and in the Schmoozengeist alone are concentrated the four great fundamental principles on which Heine based his deeper and more comprehensive poems. I needn't go into those principles now. Professor Lassenbaum has discussed them pretty freely in his article, Das Gegenuber von Heine, in the last number of *Dem Lebenvolle*, which, of course, you've read."

"A very fine article!" exclaimed Ryckman; "I think you have treated your subject exceptionally well. Suppose we hear what Ginger has to read us."

"But," persisted Montey, "how did the concluding clause of the article strike you? I fancied Lassenbaum got a little out of his depth."

"Distinctly so," replied Ryckman, uncomfortably.

"And then up to now Lassenbaum has been a nobody," grinned Montey, cheerfully, "It is quite possible we may never hear of him again."

"Nay, more than possible, it is probable," agreed Ryckman, pleasantly. "Now, Ginger."

"After hearing the last effusion," said Ginger (he had been asleep, mark you, for half-an-hour), "I scarcely like

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to submit my own poor little attempt, thrown off after dinner last night."

"Whom did you take?" I asked.

"Kipling," said Ginger, modestly..

"I scarcely meant—" began Ryckman, but Ginger interposed.

"My dear fellow, we must get at the root of the matter. Kipling, as all men of letters agree, is all very well in the short story line, and in a sulphurous atmosphere, but where is he as a poet?" Ginger looked all round as if he expected Kipling to be floating somewhere in our vicinity. "What are his Barrack Room Ballads after all! Take any ordinary sentence, drop all the h's, use athletic language and short metre, and there your are! Take, for instance, the words, 'He's going down the street, and he is thirsty.' Nothing catchy in that. Well, Kipling would say:

'E's goin' down the street,
'E's goin' down the street,
'Is swaller's 'ot with the drought 'e's got,
'E's goin' down the street.—

—and there you have a chorus which makes the head nod and the feet keep time. This is a selection from one of my shorter poems. It is entitled 'Soldier 'arf a Soldier':

'It's before us an' be'ind us, and we cannot get away,
And 'e lifts 'em, lifts 'em, lifts 'em through the charge that wins the day,
An' the other 'ears an' mocks 'im, an' the boy goes orf to cry,
'E's 'oldin' on by the sergeant's sash, but, sentry, shut your eye;
And they rags 'im low an' cunnin', each dirty trick they can,
Till I 'eard the beggar squealin' out for quarter as 'e ran.'"

As Ginger read I became puzzled. The lines were strangely familiar, and yet I could not place them. Ryckman, too, was worried, so I waited to get my cue from him.

"Of course," he said, as usual illustrating a Gothic design with his fingers, "your imitation at first hearing makes no sense at all. I don't think it's as good as Montey's. Those lines are each and all of them impossible to Kipling. I don't like that line, ''E lifts 'em, etc.' Kipling doesn't repeat himself; he knows too many words, so we may strike that out. The rest is too ordinary, and in an imitation you ought to have something about 'raging spindrift,' or 'bull-mouthed breakers,' and you haven't a single swear. But you'll do better next time."

"I fancied it was Kiplingesque," said Ginger, rather crestfallen.

At this juncture my Cat, who had wandered across the hall in search of company, rubbed herself against Ryckman's leg. I was so surprised at this that I could only conclude that the poor creature had made a mistake. It was too true. On looking up, the Cat discovered what she had done and bounded at least a foot into the air. An expression of disgust and apprehension overspread her features and she retired to a corner and proceeded to vigourously wash that part of her fur which had come in contact with Ryckman's trousers. I mention this little incident only to illustrate the fact that the general antipathy to Ryckman extended to even the lowest animals.

When I looked up Ginger was asleep again, and Ryckman was saying: "Let's have yours, Smudge."

"I'm afraid you won't like mine," I said, "it's not much of an imitation. It's more of an Ode after Swinburne, sort of sentimental. You will forgive me if I suppress the name at the end of each verse."

"Oh, some girl, I suppose!" said Ryckman sneeringly.

"You bet there's a girl in it if old Smudge has anything to do with it," said Montey with his accustomed vulgarity, and Ginger murmured "Alice!" in his sleep.

"That's as it may be," said I with dignity; "if you want to hear you had better shut up."

I was pleased to see that the Cat, now recovered from her recent fright, prepared to listen, so I began.

It is called—"Tude Realiste!"

Like milky sea-shells whitely wrought—
Fair as the driven snow,
Cometh like angel's kiss the thought—
— — — — —
No flower that expands so free
Is half so fair—ah, no!
As gilds the day begun with thee—
— — — — —

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No rose-bud yet in sweetest bower
Can rival thee, and so
Thou art the Goddess of the hour.

— — — — —

"Well," said Ginger, sitting up wide awake, "that's the softest, slushiest thing I ever heard!"

"We can't judge its merits without the last line," said Montey, whose curiosity is abnormal.

"Of course the girl's name must end in O," said Ryckman meditatively, "Piccolo—"

"That's not a girl, it's a banjo," interrupted Ginger, who thinks he knows all about everything.

"You needn't waste your time guessing," I remarked. "If you knew her you would grow sentimental too. She is so utterly unlike anyone I have ever seen—so sweet! She has a temper, too, I have seen her boiling, but oh—!"

"Oh, turn him off at the meter!" groaned Montey.

"I don't see much scope for criticism," remarked Ryckman.

"Oh well, go ahead with your imitation," I replied. "I'll explain when the others do," for I had my suspicions.

"I," said Ryckman pompously, "have taken as my model that insufferable idiot who has been masquerading in the magazines under the imbecile name of "Martha!"

I leaped in my chair. *I* am Martha, you remember! The mere audacity of a creature like Ryckman attemping to criticise *me* took my breath away.

"I came across a thing of his—of course it's a he—the other day, that began like this:

"The violets made small blue yawns at Spring!"

"Great Guns!" ejaculated Montey, "Whoever heard of a blue yawn? Is it any relation to a blue funk?"

"Why shouldn't there be a blue yawn?" I exclaimed angrily.

"Because a yawn is an abstract thing, you can't see it."

"If you can't see it, how do you gauge its size? You say 'a huge yawn,' or 'he yawned slightly.'"

"The size of a yawn, my dear fellow," said Ryckman, "is measured by its effect on the muscles of the mouth. Besides, a violet hasn't a mouth."

"I suppose you'll allow that violets are styled 'blue-eyed,' by better men than any of us," I went on. "Well, why shouldn't a violet have a mouth as well as an eye? When you open your mouth the general effect of your yawn is red; therefore, allowing that a violet is as much justified in possessing one feature as another, suppose a violet had its mouth open as well as its eye, then the *motif*, if I may use the expression, of a violet's yawn would be blue. At least that's how I—that's how Martha must have reasoned."

"Well, well, let that go," said Ryckman hurriedly. "Here are a couple of lines by the same author that suggested my imitation:

Along a million future years.
I see the marks her steps have made.

The expression is so curious and the formation of the sentiment so ridiculous that—"

"Yes," said Ginger thoughtfully, "what a foot she must have had! A million years long!"

"So clever of her to make tracks in the future," put in Montey.

I writhed, but strove to keep cool.

"What the author obviously meant," I said, "was that the impression and influence of her foot—no—her life would be felt long after her death."

"There is another verse," began Ryckman, but goaded to desperation I sprang to my feet.

"Ryckman," I almost shouted, "if you haven't anything better to do than rush round trying to snatch the bread and butter from the mouths of struggling men, then all I can say is that you've missed your vocation and ought to have been either a waiter at Delmonico's or a member of Parliament."

"What in creation's taken the fellow!" exclaimed Ryckman.

"And I think," I continued rapidly, for I was fizzing like a gasogene, "that the formation of this club is one of the most conceited, balliest pieces of impertinence I ever heard of!"

I could see the Cat bouncing up and

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down under the sofa. She was dying to fly at Ryckman—so was I.

"And what's more, I hope it will be a lesson to you not to give yourself credit for such an almighty lot of literary culture. My poem was an advertisement for 'Sapolio,' and I got five dollars for it."

"Mine," said Ginger, rolling over and regarding the ceiling thoughtfully, "was merely compounded of lines taken at random from various bona-fide poems. It seems a pity they are impossible to Kipling, for he is generally supposed to have written them."

"This," said Montey modestly, "is mine." And he handed Ryckman a page out of Otto's German Grammar.

"I don't know a word of German. As for the Schmoozengeist and Professor Lassenbaun and the rest of it, I never heard of them, and no more did anyone else."

Ryckman passed from us most unostentatiously. I might say that nothing in the Imitative Club became him like the leaving of it. The Cat escorted him to the stairs. What he said to her I do not know, but she came back swearing in an entirely new vocabulary. Her fur was slightly singed. This she attributed to the sulphurous state of the atmosphere enveloping the hall and passages during the time of Ryckman's retreat.

Kathleen F. M. Sullivan.

"χαιρε Ελλας." (Hail Greece !)

BE strong, O Hellas ! once again
Thou grasp'st the glory of thy days gone by,
When 'gainst the myriads in a despot's train
Thy hundreds stood—to triumph or to die.

The blood of helpless women foully slain,
The dark, dead blood that unavenged doth lie,
(While helpless maids and children shriek in vain
To Europe's cold and guilty apathy).

This hath aroused thee from what seemed thy grave,
Once more the Greek of days gone by we see,
Who first to earth the glorious mottos gave,
"To tyrants death—to patriots liberty !"

Let Europe cringe before Slavonic might,
Checked for a time by the last despot's hands ;
Thou hast set fire the torch that, once alight,
Will scorch the Moslem from all Christian lands.

Reginald Gourlay.

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BREAD AND BUTTER:

A Social Question from an Ethical Standpoint.

TAKING bread as the type of necessaries and butter as that of luxuries, the world may be roughly divided into three classes: (1) those who struggle for bread; (2) those who struggle for bread and butter; (3) and those who without struggling are provided with bread and butter in superabundance. True, there are a few who may be classed with neither of these three divisions; they are the abstract units of the one vast multitude, who may be said to be the precocious buds or full-blown flowers of a civilization that is now slowly germinating. They are the thinkers, philosophers, idealists—dreamers and mystics, if you will—who, while in this world, are not of its gross constituency. They are "the salt of the earth," by whom its stale and unwholesome properties are flavoured and the whole mass preserved from putrefaction. Of these no more need be here said; they are the law unto themselves, living as they do beyond the pale of conventionality and the relevancy of the following remarks.

1. *The struggle for bread.*

Those who struggle for bread let us sub-divide into (*a*) those who, by reason of mental and social status, are placed at a disadvantage; and (*b*) those who, while possessing the ability to rise by force and artifice above the common level, refrain from doing so.

Of the former it need only be stated that they strive for all they can get and succeed in getting but little, because the odds are against them. They, the sons of misfortune, rail against the fortunate, denouncing with all the rancour of an anarchist the means and methods by which the reputedly successful achieve their ends, yet entertaining no scruples against the adoption of similar tactics by themselves should opportunity arise. Their clamour is but the outcry of unmitigated selfishness circumscribed by circumstances. We commiserate their lot, and, while we deprecate the conditions which contribute to their privation, we are forced to admit that the equilibrium of society would only be more seriously disturbed were the tables turned. We recognize the fact that those who thrive by their misfortunes are no less selfish; but the history of revolutions shows how wanton and utterly regardless of personal right and discriminative justice the uneducated and uncultured mob-unit may become under the relaxation of conditions which hold him in subservience until he has learned, through the salutary discipline of personal suffering, the indivisibility of social interests and the solidarity of the human race.

"The indivisibility of social interests and the solidarity of the human race" may sound in the ears of your political economist as the tinkling of rhetorical verbosity; but if he will go deep enough into the question, he may then acknowledge that this grandiloquent phrase is no mere euphonism, but a concise statement of the fundamental principle underlying every social problem. If the teachings of the world's greatest and inspired reformers are to be credited—and their teachings and ethics, be it remembered, have outlived many variant theories of political economists—the motive of human action is not rightly one of necessity and expedience, but of ideal ethics, the ideal being the matrix of the real, for what a man aspires to that he will strive to become.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, *and thy neighbour as thyself;* on this hang all the law and the prophets," said Christ. Men do not this, hence our social troubles; but to the extent that they endeavour

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to conform to this ideal will they reform society by beginning each with himself. Our social interests are indivisible because every individual interest impinges (however remotely) on every other interest by the interaction of association. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to trace the effect of the theft of a dollar in New York until a certain native of Central Africa has been influenced by it; yet if we admit that by the addition of one drop of water the surface of an ocean may be displaced to an inappreciable extent, we cannot escape the conclusion that what affects one person affects all. A pebble is thrown into a pond, and we trace the vibration caused by the impact until the ripples on the surface of the water spread and diminish beyond the power of our observation; but who shall say when the effect has absolutely ceased? The African might die before the physical effect would have filtered through society to him; yet the thought which begot the deed may survive it and work further mischief through that same negro. The sum total of all the thoughts and actions of humanity is represented by the social, mental and spiritual status of the race. Every integral thing is what it is by reason of whatever has contributed to its composition. Every individual impulse, every fractional constituent, however insignificant, find expression in the characteristics of the whole; therefore every infinitesimal occurrence in human affairs combines to make man what he is, and every unit of the human family exercises an influence proportionate to his capability and opportunity upon all its parts. This granted, the solidarity of the human race must also be conceded.

To recognize the unity of interests and the inseparability of one from the all, and to endeavour to aspire, desire and act as for the all (in contradistinction to the individual as opposed to the all, which is now the attitude of men towards their fellows, with all the lamentable results comprised in that bugbear of politics "The Social Problem,") is to redeem the world by personal sacrifice from all its maladies. This is the way —this is the only way by which unalloyed good may be accomplished. All other methods are mere expedients—makeshifts, which often do as much harm in other directions as good along the line intended.

Of those who are capable, yet refrain from rising by making stepping-stones of others, more may be said. The position they occupy is a most trying one, demanding firmness and principles which are to be maintained at whatever cost. Look not for these among the affluent, nor in the high places of the earth. They have chosen the better part and must abide by their choice. Men are gauged superficially by the amount of their bank account, their social or official position, or the efforts they make to attain prominence. The world has little respect for unostentatious merit. The man who cannot display a glittering something—gold, a name or distinction, is forthwith relegated to mediocrity. He has no particular ability—nothing to distinguish him from the vulgar mass, or he would show it, argues the world. Therefore the man of sterling worth and harmonious characteristics, *i.e.*, of an evenly-balanced development, must be content to go through life known only to a few and misunderstood and misappraised by the many. If the philosophy of this class does not reconcile them to a lack of fortune, they are of all men most miserable. Too far advanced to spend "their strength for that which is not bread, and their labour for that which satisfieth not," they, in this case, crave that which can be had only by a compromise with their principles. They would be in "comfortable circumstances," or they would have recognition without incurring the inevitable discomfort through which they must attain unto their desires. They see the golden apples on the farther side of a bog, by which they will not defile themselves in crossing. And so, while they cannot get the apples, they cry out distractedly against those who risk all to gather them. The lesson for them to learn is to forego,

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without repining, that which is not worth the effort to obtain.

2. *The struggle for bread and butter.*

The intensity of the struggle is with this class. Not content with enough for sustenance, they reach out for all the world has to offer, whether of wealth, distinction, position, power or pleasure. Waste follows on acquisition, and surfeit frustrates satisfaction. These are the chasers of butterflies by day, and the *ignis fatuus* by night. No repose, no peace for them, for they seek abroad what may be found only within themselves. Vainglory! empty externals! "All vanity and vexation of spirit." No inward cheer; all outward ferment. "What shall we eat, and wherewithal shall we be clothed? What shall we do, and how may we do it to please Mrs. Grundy? Make unto us a golden calf, that we may bow down and worship it, for the monotony of a quiet life is depressing. All our desires are from within outward; we cannot abide within ourselves for lack of company and amusement. Provide for our divertisement, we pray thee, O Phantom of Pleasure, lest we die of inertia, and to thee will we render as a meet sacrifice, our whole selves, body, mind and soul!" This is the burden of their plaint, and for the things they covet what will they not endure—what strenuous effort will they not put forth? Pride goeth before them and their footsteps mark the strides of desolation in the earth. They cannot be happy themselves, and they must needs spread misery around them. "'The earth is the Lord's,' but the fulness thereof shall be ours," say they, and this they seek to attest by the presumption with which they proceed to appropriate the fulness of things.

There is enough for all if things were equally distributed. This is none the less true because we know if there were an equal distribution of the world's wealth and goods to-day, there would be again inequality before to-morrow. It is right that each should have enough, and no more. None should want, and none would want if each were content with enough. Nature is a bounteous provider; the fault lies not with her, but with man himself. His selfishness it is which is at the root of every rank and noxious weed that chokes the good seed of righteousness. Selfishness must be torn out of the heart of man, root and branch, before he can manifest those qualities of mind and heart which shall make of him a citizen of Utopia, whose law is comprised in the one statute of The Golden Rule.

These statements may be called platitudes, but they are nevertheless true. To quote human nature as never to be expected to become more than theoretically altruistic, is to set a limit to human progress and reduce the preaching of every idealist, from Christ down, to the vapidity of a visionary. Pessimism fills many a suicide's grave, while Optimism prophesies and anticipates the good time coming. Faith fulfils, while Doubt sits idly brooding over her despair. Faith is essential to accomplishment; no man attempts anything successfully without it. Faith perseveres and will not be thwarted; and perseverance is the training whereby capability is developed and ultimate attainment is ensured. Therefore, if we believe that selfishness may be eradicated we shall strive to that end, and however slow the process, it will be gradually eliminated. If there is one need in the Christian Church to-day it is that of a straightforward, if not literal, interpretation of the teachings of Christ and their practical application to the affairs of life. If He had not recognized in man the potentiality of His own divinity, he would never have advocated what, until man begins to realize his own god-like possibilities, will remain more or less impracticable. The pessimist likes to shake his head and murmur: "Ah, yes; beautiful teachings; but human nature—human nature!" as though it were an immutable something which never can be any better than it is to-day. If men were taught from childhood up that selfishness does not pay; that selfishness, altruism and brother-

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ly love reproduce their kind and re-act beneficently upon all who practice these virtues; that every man is to himself a centre of the universe, from which must emanate the characteristics which that universe will reflect back to him; that good and ill, so far as he is concerned, affect him according to his attitude and relativity to them; and if less were said about ambition and "getting on in the world," and more about one's usefulness to the world and duty towards one's neighbour, with no regard to the promotion of personal gain save as a concomitant of justice and right for all, himself included, the world would not be far wrong, and the social problem would be difficult to find with Diogenes' lantern. "Yes, *if*," rejoins the pessimist ironically, with the self-congratulation of one who has scored a point.

The world is what we make it, and we make it what we desire, however much we deny the imputation. We make the world selfish by our desire to minister to our personal selfishness. Each sets the pace for the next to follow, and the follower is ever at our heels, hounding us down as we hound others. Do you doubt it? Observe for yourself; study our competitive system—there is the indubitable proof.

Bread, I have said, is typical of necessaries, and butter of luxuries or superfluities. Bread is cheap, bread is plentiful. Only the laggard and the dullard lack it, and they because they lack the will to obtain it. These are the charge of the more fortunate. They may not be ignored with impunity; they cannot be oppressed without being educated in the art of oppression. The conditions of life must include the possibilities of all, or there is a tyranny of power or intellect and a serfdom of the incapable. Whosoever shall thwart the efforts for bread of the needy or unfortunate, with him shall the law of compensation have a sure reckoning. Be just, therefore, and fear not.

But how can we have fair conditions when individual selfishness is the one qualification most cultivated? Who shall be just unto others who has not yet learned that selfishness is the greatest possible sin against the self, repressing as it does every noble attribute of the inner man, smothering the pre-eminently god-like sentiment of compassion, and dwarfing the expanding soul into the petty personality of I-and-Mine? Selfishness defeats its own ends, and the world knoweth it not.

Butter (in its metaphorical sense) is dear; butter is hard to get—so hard, indeed, that men will withhold the bread from another that they may put more butter on their own. Nay, they will barter for the superfluities of life their own manhood, probity, truth, honour—character itself. They will forego brotherly love, sympathy, happiness—all that makes life really worth the living, that they may strut across the stage, and speak their little piece, and make their little bow to the plaudits of the throng, only to be forgotten as soon as succeeded by others in the same scene of the comedy of existence. And the spectators in the gallery howl their admiration or hiss their spite, as the fancy moves them, wishing only to exchange places with the bespangled hero. And the respectable citizen in the balcony, and Sir Somebody in the dress circle, and my lord in the boxes bandy their jests and sarcasms, their comments or their polite compliments, and thus the actors and the spectators, by mutual consent, keep the play going and defer the *denouément* as long as possible, for the excitement—mere excitement—it affords.

Is it not absurd that the soul of man should be circumscribed in its manifestations by such inane frivolities, that are at best only a pastime compared with the opportunities for real usefulness?

3. *Bread and butter for nothing.*

Those who have come into such an inheritance are said to have been born with a silver spoon in their mouths. Well, and what of it? Are they happier for that? Not if they waste their opportunities for increased usefulness as they squander their patrimony. Pro-

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digality and extravagance entail satiety and lethargy, which is a moribund state. Man dwarfs himself by living for his own personality; he cannot appreciate the thoughts and aspirations of others, because he would rather be a manikin than a man whose sympathies and experience are broadly developed.

True refinement and culture come of such opportunities improved. The inherent qualities of a gentleman are not found in him who is morbidly selfish and self-assertive; if he is not gentle, he cannot be a gentleman. A nobleman is rightly one who is noble, kind, generous, considerate and magnanimous. The man of opulence is healthier and most contented when he is frugal with himself and benevolent to others; when he recognizes that his riches are a trust fund, for the wise administration of which he will be held accountable to God and man. He did not produce his riches; everybody contributed to his wealth. How dare he, then, squander them lavishly and wholly upon himself? How dare he use them as a power against society? Why should he buy for himself a place wherein to pose as an example for others no less culpable? If he is a friend to nature, then nature will befriend in the evil hour; but if he renders himself to the emulation of flippant fools, who know not what they do, then his riches are but a millstone about his neck, which he will inadvertently reduce in weight by reckless expenditure, from which he will derive no satisfaction and no other good than that which comes of being released from a burden. He will probably sink by degrees into that state where a salutary experience will teach him the folly of his past life and the means of reparation. Happy, then, is he if he be driven inward from the sensuous world into the sanctuary of his own heart, for therein only will he find surcease of his trouble.

Temporal things are all but means to an end. To the fools they are playthings with which to while away time; to the sage they are the tools with which he works out his destiny. If they fail in their purpose, nature will not be frustrated; she will again and again make fresh attempts, first undoing the results of failure. The immediate end is but a point of time—one of the innumerable stages in the experience of the soul. The wise man profits by everything. Fortune and misfortune are alike necessary and conducive to mental and spiritual unfoldment. He sees a lesson in every occurrence and learns what he can by the way, lest he may have to retrace his steps to recover a lost opportunity.

The folly of life consists in wrong ideals, which are but inverted glimpses of the beyond. The wisdom of life is in the proper understanding of one's destiny and the deliberate taking of direct steps toward the goal. We are going forward even when we appear to be going backward, for the right way is whither experience may lead. We are prone to stray from the direct road —the straight and narrow path—and experience is ever waiting to bring us back to the cross-roads where the finger-post was ignored.

The ideal is something real not yet materialized. As an intention precedes the act and becomes an actual fact as soon as it is realized in that act, so an ideal exists as a metaphysical entity until it finds expression as an objective fact in its consummation. He who lives in the ideal forfeits because he cannot enjoy much of what the world calls real; but he finds his real in the future, which is to him the very present, for past, present and future are glimpses from different standpoints of the now. Hence time is not; it only appears to be. Now is ever the nave of the wheel of eternity. Time is but the registration of sequences of consciousness. We rehearse the occurrences of a year in a dream; what one may take a lifetime to do another may accomplish in a day. Rapidity of action is altogether a question of capacity, and capacity of consciousness is the measure of a man or a god. Thus one may live a century or a millennium forward or backward of his contemporaries, and each may be right

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to himself and wrong to another. Therefore, right and wrong are relative concepts of consciousness. What is right or normal to the average person is wrong to the idealist, for the latter is farther advanced and so has an enlarged conception of the truth. He denounces the current wrong and extols his own larger appreciation of the right until by degrees his ideal is realized by the mass. As soon as a current condition of social affairs becomes effete and the general conception and aspiration are for a better, it becomes wrong and a new order of things is ushered in. When selfishness has had its day —and it is becoming perceptibly modified—we may look for peace on earth and good-will among men. Then the practicability of Christ's teachings will be demonstrated and the idealist of today amply vindicated.

To recognize whither one ought to be going and to walk boldly forward so long as conscience demands no turning, that is right. But conscience is ever looking ahead, anticipating by-paths and pitfalls, and we heed not her monitions. We follow a path that seems at first parallel to our line of progress, and we do not discover the mistake until much time and effort have been wasted. If conscience were silent, there is no blame; if she spoke and we despised her voice, that were wrong.

In whichever of the three states we may be in, let us not live for the things we covet; let us seek liberation from them. Let not the greater prostrate itself before the lesser, to do worship unto an idol of clay. Let us live like reasonable men, unmoved and unscathed by the fluctuations of circumstance, believing that whatsoever happens is right and for the best. We should not be elated by good fortune nor upset (mark the verb) by misfortune, but preserve our equanimity as those who appraise money and position at their true value, and who have also the fortitude to endure the amputation of the right hand that offends them. He who is bound hand and foot to that which makes of him a slave, is surely ignorant of the dignity of true manhood when he shrinks from being liberated; and the man who is crazed by the sudden loss of possessions has yet to learn that the child is superior to its toys. We are so apt to become welded to things of extrinsic value that to be vindicated in the eyes of God these things must be torn from us, so that we may be free to turn from the transitory to the things of eternal import. Clothing is indispensable to comfort; but he who cannot dissociate himself from his clothes is a fop—a mild monomaniac, not having sense enough to discriminate between the use and abuse of a necessity. Yet the man who cannot separate himself from one or a few adjuncts to his environment is in much the same predicament; he has yet to realize that money, or property, or reputation exists for the man, and not the man for these. Folly and ambition make a sorry team; let us not yoke them together and drive headlong to destruction.

Every possible phase of experience and all manner of conditions are necessary to the growth of mind and the expansion of consciousness. Poverty and riches are indispensable to our present economy, or they would not exist. Is it by chance that one is born poor and another rich; that one is born to drudge as a hewer of wood and drawer of water, another to interpret the oracles of Isis? Is it not true that chance is found nowhere in our universe; that things happen as they do for an adequate cause; and that everyone is in the right place to find the conditions essential to his growth and development? This being so, it is not the fault of Providence if men are too dull to learn the lessons their individual experience is intended to convey. "Whatsoever a man soweth, *that* shall he also reap." Presuming a man has meted out to him his just deserts, that which is appointed unto him to undergo is both right and soul-saving, and he who is wise in his generation will benefit by the administration of the law. If he be not encumbered by the responsibilities of riches, that is good: he is well rid of a great temptation. Should he be en-

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trusted with wealth, power or influence, let him see to it that he is a faithful steward, prepared to render a commendable account of his stewardship.

The millennium of peace and concord will never come until men are ready for it. It is no definite time, but a particular state of human development. Everything exists in potentiality that has been or ever will be; it is for us to evoke it into activity, whether of good or evil. Our deeds and aspirations are the moulds from which are cast the characteristics of the age to which we belong. If we would reform the world, let each begin with himself. He who cannot save himself is not yet able to be a saviour of mankind.

The gist of the true philosophy of life is to live for those things which are really worth living and striving for. He is a deluded creature who is infatuated with the glitter and glamour of false ideals; and those are false ideals which lead men away from righteousness against the promptings of their better natures, to seek in "the deceitfulness of riches" and the superfluities of sensuous existence the abiding comfort they cannot impart.

William T. James.

IN TEMPTATION.

NO sables for the true soul which doth keep
Its year round Lent and body's chastity;
No tears for single eyes which ever see
Their constant duty though the path be steep;
Nor yet this wilful head of mine be deep
O'er strewn with ashes of formality.
For larger proof unbound these feet shall be,
Each step to try, nor fettered way may creep.

No life but hath its slips, and sin assoils
Each soul that thrills, and dreads, and owns its power;
Though morning skies be bright or tempest lower,
Still round our straying feet the Tempter toils.
O Master of the Wilderness, whose foils
Were proof 'gainst sin, establish me each hour!

Reuben Butchart.

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Current Thoughts.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE NINTH VOLUME.

THE ninth volume of the Canadian Magazine commences with this issue, and the prospects for its continued and greater success were never brighter. To-day the Magazine stands for everything that is Canadian in the life, literature and art of the people among whom it circulates. Its failings and weaknesses in the performance of its work have been excused, it is hoped, by the honesty and integrity of its attempt. The circumstances under which this work had to be done have limited very materially the resources of the workmen, and as a consequence much that might have been expected has not been realized. Nevertheless, the support and sympathy of a generous and appreciative public have made the success of the Canadian Magazine much greater than even the most sanguine friend of its earlier days had ever anticipated, and made its history the one bright spot in the annals of Canadian literary ventures.

This issue is somewhat different from previous issues, the size being now the same as that of the leading New York magazines, an advantage which will be appreciated by those who bind their volumes. The paper is also of a higher grade than that hitherto used, and has been made by Canadian mills especially for the use of this publication. Some special arrangements recently entered into enable the editor to freely express the hope that the contents will be found of increasing value as the months go by, partial announcements of forthcoming articles being made elsewhere.

GREECE AND TURKEY.

The London (Eng.) *Daily News* recently explained the European concert as follows: "It used sometimes to be asked tauntingly why Broad Churchmen like Dean Stanley did not leave the Church of England. The answer was that they preferred to leaven it from inside. This is what the Broad or Liberal countries have to do within the concert of Europe. . . . Great Britain, in working through a concert, loses a certain amount of free choice, but the alternative is impotence or war, and within the concert there is plenty of room for the influence of Great Britain to be exerted and to be felt in the right direction."

Whether or not the Mistress of the Seas shall be forced to abandon her hope of influencing, through the concert, the history of Europe in the direction of peace and righteousness does not appear at the moment of writing to be fully settled. Turkey has declared war against Greece, and the former country seems to be backed up by Germany and Russia—by Germany, because the Kaiser hates both Great Britain and Greece; by Russia, because when Turkey falls to pieces the large-sized pieces must rest in the paws of

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HIS "DUTY."

(A Cartoon by S. Hunter.)

MR. LAURIER (soliloquising): Why should I not have the mills and the wealth instead of my unfriendly neighbor, who robs me of my raw material and leaves me almost nothing but stumps and idle men? My duty seems to lie in the direction of an EXPORT DUTY.

NOTE: $38,680,000 a year are said to be paid out to labor in the pulp mills of the United States. The raw material is being mostly supplied by Canada at a terrible sacrifice. $20,860,000 worth of nickel has been taken by Americans out of the Sudbury district in the past seven years. This is all refined in the United States.

the Bear. A few days or weeks must explain everything, but no person doubts Great Britain's coming out of the struggle with her honour untarnished and her fame unsullied. Her statesmen may make slight errors, but they never go far wrong. They may refuse to make themselves anarchists at every breath of public opinion, but the soul of the people is their soul, the aim of the nation is their aim, and at the end the people must be triumphant.

That Great Britain has fought hard for peace is at present no disgrace to her. The Christians of Crete are as barbarous as the Mohammedans of the same island, and to sacrifice the lives of thousands of the world's best citizens for the sake of a few of the world's least valuable inhabitants would be indeed unwise. For Great Britain to declare war would mean that in thousands of British homes there would soon be sorrow and weeping and lamentation for those who had gone never to return; and what British statesman, knowing this as they all do, could declare war except under the greatest pressure? Lord Salisbury stands side by side with Great Britain's Queen-Woman guarding the forefront of an on-marching civilization which the vile dogs of war must not be allowed to touch.

Moreover, Great Britain's interests are wide as the world. In Egypt she is quietly regaining lost ground; in South Africa she is unifying an empire which may yet be the centre of the world's power and wealth; in India she is fighting the spectre hand of Famine; in many other quarters of the globe she is extending her empire or binding closer that which she already rules. All these interests must be considered together, and no sentimental screeching of impulsive newspapers or worn-out politicians will deter those at the helm from guiding the Ship of State into the smoothest channel. Should they make a mistake and do what they should not do, or do what they should do too late, then they may be judged, and if condemned their sentence will be severe.

In the meantime every Canadian will hope that plucky little Greece will "find a way or make it," that the Assassin of Europe may be placed in a strait-jacket which will prevent all future Armenian and Cretan horrors, and that the reign of Liberty and

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Brotherhood may be still further extended in its beneficent sway.

GREAT BRITAIN AND SOUTH AFRICA.

President Kruger has brought the Supreme Court of the Transvaal to its knees. Ever since he outwitted Cecil Rhodes and the great power that was behind that particular Britisher, President Kruger has felt that no one knows more than he, that no one has any right to dictate to him, and that his little military republic is able to withstand any assaults which may be made upon it. His arrogance and presumption have been displayed in various ways, notably by the demand of an enormous indemnity from Great Britain for losses due to Dr. Jamieson's raid; and in his action in making the Supreme Court subject to his executive direction. That his course of conduct is displeasing to the Government of Great Britain is to be expected, and that his policy and his acts are also decidedly objectionable is amply proven by the conduct of the Colonial Secretary during the present session of the British Parliament and during the investigation by the South African Committee. Some persons have gone so far as to declare that Mr. Chamberlain is trying to pick a quarrel with the Boer chief, so that he may have an excuse to wipe out the disgrace of Dr. Jamieson's raid and the indemnity which President Kruger claims.

MAKING HIMSELF AT HOME.

(A Cartoon by S. Hunter.)

SUNNY WAYS WILFRID, who has taken possession of the House: Where did I git me bang up lay-out? Why, from de old 'Cabinet' dere."

A new Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa has been appointed, and was tendered a public banquet (March 29th) before his departure to his new post. Sir Alfred Milner, this new appointee, goes to South Africa with chances which few Colonial Governors have ever had. He is to firmly rivet British power in that part of the world—by peace if he can, by war if he must. But at all events he must avoid a second Majuba Hill, and this is his opportunity—the opportunity of doing something which others have attempted and in which they have failed. The London *Standard* says: "We have now in the new Governor a statesman who can be trusted to combine the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re* as much as is necessary, and will give no avoidable provocation to the sensitive

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patriotism of the Boers. If, after all, they turn a deaf ear to our counsels, and persist in demanding what they may think, perhaps, we are unable to refuse, they must take the consequences, and it would be mistaken kindness in us to leave them under any misapprehension on this point." This quotation may be taken as indicating the new Governor's instructions, and if he can bring President Kruger and Mr. Hofmeyr to see things as the British Government see them he will have saved Great Britain the necessity of conquering a country in which the British flag has more than once been dishonoured.

HOME RULE.

Irish Home Rule, financial or political, will not be acquiesced in by the present Conservative Government of Great Britain, said the Chancellor of the Exchequer the other day. For a long time Ireland has complained that the Act of Union has stripped her of her character as a nation, sapped her energies, and given the working-out of her destinies to another. To these complaints she has recently added another, to the effect that through the various schemes of taxation Great Britain has been taking from her more than a fair share. An attempt has been made to prove this; but without success. The Government declares the case to be "not proven," and that, while anything that can be done in reason will be done for the development of Irish resources, the integrity of the United Kingdom will not be gambled away.

These recent events have been especially interesting to Canadians, because of the prominent part taken in the debate on this financial question by the Hon. Edward Blake. Taken all together, the reports show—his motion was negatived by a vote of 317 to 157—that the ex-Canadian statesman has undertaken a work which will tax to the uttermost even his wonderful abilities, and that so far he has not been very successful, although he has been highly complimented in some quarters for his discernment and his eloquence.

AUSTRALIAN CONFEDERATION.

Mr. G. H. Reid, Premier of New South Wales, is the chief promoter of Australian Federation, and if he can carry the scheme to a successful issue he will occupy a position among colonial statesmen equal to that won by the late Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, whose name must always be prominent among those who succeeded in uniting the scattered provinces in British North America. Mr. Reid desires an Australian Confederation because, "whilst in the beginning of our powers we have to lean to some extent on the power of England, I look forward to the time when these communities, after having attained their majority and manhood, will be able to defend themselves;" because "the time must come when the resources that Australia posesses will enable her to take a leading place amongst the nations of the world, and that can only be done by Australians closing their ranks, and by tearing down the barriers that divide them, and creating all Australia for the Australians;" and because there have been too much animosity and too much bad rivalry among the colonies as they now exist. The probability is that a basis of confederation will be agreed upon this year.

On the first of July, 1897, the Dominion of Canada will celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of the day when her confederation came into force, thirty years of slow but steady progress, of killing sectional feelings and producing a national sentiment, of working out a form of government to which there is no equal on the face of the globe, of laying the foundations of a nation which shall be prosperous, progressive and righteous. Canada speaks across the steamer-spanned Pacific and bids the Australian colonies go and do likewise, having all confidence that the step will never be regretted. As an

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elder sister she sends the record of her experience, hoping and trusting that this may help the younger one to avoid some of the pitfalls which lie along the pathway to harmonious and constitutional government.

MILITARY TRAINING IN UNIVERSITIES.

Every university or college in Canada should have a military organization in the shape of a cadet, rifle or infantry company, and yet, so far as the writer is aware, no such organization exists in connection with any of these institutions. From 1860 to 1892 there was at the University of Toronto an organization known as the "University Rifles." It consisted, during most of the time, of one company which was attached to the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, and was at all times a creditable organization. Over one hundred and fifty of the present officers of the Canadian militia were at one time members of this organization, and several of its once privates are now lieutenant-colonels in the service. This company served in the "Fenian Raid" of 1866, and about twenty of its members were with the Queen's Own during the Northwest Campaign of 1885. Twelve or thirteen of the present officers of the Queen's Own are graduates of this company. It was disbanded in 1892 because of the lack of interest in it displayed by the undergraduates and the faculty.

A movement is now on foot to reintroduce a military organization in this institution, and an exceedingly strong and representative committee of ex-members and graduates has the matter in hand. It is to be hoped that other universities will follow this example and create an organization which will afford the students an opportunity of learning the elements of military life.

University companies would be valuable to the militia generally, because the young men who attend these institutions come from the best families, and are, when they become business or professional men, the most likely men to become officers in the rural and city battalions. The history of the "University Rifles" of Toronto proves this, if indeed it were not self-evident; what the militia of Canada needs most to-day—what any militia needs most—is good officers, and university graduates make as good, if not better, officers than any other class of men. They are quick to learn new drill, are capable of understanding the broad principles which underlie all branches of the service, are necessarily possessed of executive ability and are by their training and experience capable of becoming good commanders.

From the point of view of benefit to the student, these organizations must be strongly approved of by all university men. All arguments which may be advanced in favour of outdoor sports and of indoor gymnasium training may also be used in support of military training. Moreover, it extends the student's vocabulary and store of knowledge along lines which cannot be found in any other study or sport. It teaches him neatness, erectness of carriage, obedience to authority, self-reliance and the value of combination. The idea of discipline which he acquires from such training must be immensely valuable to him in his later life-struggle. He receives also an idea of the possible sterner duties and responsibilities of the citizen, and a broader idea of the nature of the State authority. His patriotism and his loyalty are stimulated, and his manhood still further expanded. Finally, in connection with such organizations, there is always a social training which means valuable development if properly directed.

John A. Cooper.

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THE SNOWFLAKE.

AMONG the latest additions to Canadian poetry is the volume published at Christmas by John Lovell and Sons, under the title of "The Snowflake and Other Poems." This neatly printed book of some 150 pages represents the poetical writings of Mr. Arthur Weir during the interval of six years since the publication of "The Romance of Sir Richard."

The poem from which the collection is named is familiar to many Canadian readers, inasmuch as it formed one of the leading features of the Christmas number of the Montreal *Star*, a few years since. "The Dedicatory Ode," as it is termed, read by the author at the unveiling of the monument to Sir John A. Macdonald, is also well known, and received the endorsement of that fine critic, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. We quote the first ten lines, which are sufficient for our purpose:

Here, in the solemn shadow of these walls,
Wherein his voice long held the land in sway;
Here, where the cadence of the distant falls
Seems a lament for grandeur passed away.
We, who have reaped where he had sown,
now bring
To him this thanksgiving,
This tribute to the unforgotten great,
That, for all time, men may revere his name
And children learn the secret of true fame,
True greatness emulate.

These dedicatory lines are followed by some truly noble verse on the late Sir John Thompson, entitled "Entering Port":

Hark to the solemn gun, the tolling bell!
What ship is this, which dark as night or death
Is entering port upon the sullen swell,
While an expectant nation holds its breath?

In death he knit the Empire closer yet,
Causing unnumbered hearts to throb as one,
Here by his tomb may Canada forget
The bigotry that he had fain undone.

With his Queen's wreath upon his pulseless breast,
Lulled by the murmur of the restless wave,
Life's voyage done, he takes his well-earned rest
In port, with God beyond the grave.

With the exception of these two poems, the "Masque of the Year," and the ballad on "Maisonneuve," we believe the remainder of the verse appears for the first time in print in this volume.

At page 101, the poet sings:

Who reads a poet's rhyme
To find the poet there
Might equally essay to climb
To castles in the air.

He pens the mournfullest of lays
To win the world's applause.

Friend, think not by the poet's rhymes,
The poet's heart to know.

Here we agree to differ with Mr. Weir, since it appears to us that in some of the best poetry we possess, the heart of the poet is undoubtedly laid bare; that be-

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hind a veil of words the distinct personality of the man is revealed, thinking and feeling in his own way,

"To win the world's applause."

We cannot believe that a true poet would indulge in pretty lies "to win the world's applause." Surely these lines are not applicable to the author of "In Memoriam"!

Some charming thoughts are found in a poem on "Music," which is, however, too long to quote in full:

But music, like the nightingale
That sweetly sings in woodland brakes,
When hope, and trust, and virtue fail,
Man's nobler nature wakes.

Only in music doth man find
An echo of the dreams of youth,
When youth saw gods among mankind,
In woman only truth.

In "Cupid's Disguises" the music of the poet is less happy. Perhaps the exigency of rhyme is in a measure to blame:

Sometimes he's in the dancing
Of mirth in azure eyes
Sometimes in the curve entrancing
Of lips that part in sighs.

And sometimes in the glimmer
Of arm, rich lace beneath,
Sometimes in the tresses' shimmer.
Sometimes in the *peep of teeth.*

For none is a match for Cupid.
He swifter is than thought.
The keenest wit is stupid
When he begins to plot.

On page 55, there is a poem entitled "Pegasus":

If you find Pegasus a steed
Scornful of your control,
Who canters well enough, indeed,
But will not curacole.
So much the better, poet mine,
'Tis bottom wins the race,

Let poetasters prance, in fine
Keep you the steady pace.

Be yours the poem that can stand
From trappings wholly free,
Each thought a Phryne to be scanned
In fearless nudity.

But why Phryne at all? And, even so, who can say that Phryne would not look more bewitching draped, if the drapery were only delicate enough! The didactic purpose of this poem does not appear to be clear. Perhaps it is with the author as with the poet who sings:

And I—whereof I sing, I know,
Though vainly, since all language fails,
Nor homage renders, nor unveils
The picture that I fain would show.

These apparent defects, however, may be termed accidents. For the most part the poet is natural in his utterance and sings sweetly and simply. "At the Tryst," "Flowers and Ferns," "When a Maiden's Heart is Tender," the "Pool of Sant Oline," are pleasing examples as well as many of the shorter pieces. Our survey of Mr. Weir's book has been incomplete and inadequate, but perhaps we have said sufficient to indicate that there is in it much that will appeal to the lovers of poetry. Mr. Weir's reputation as a poet is enhanced by the publication of this book.

Arthur G. Doughty.

HILDA STRAFFORD.

The author of "Ships That Pass In the Night" is now living in California, and her latest story, "Hilda Strafford,"* has the scenery of that peculiar district as its background. Hilda Lester had been engaged to Robert Strafford when they were both residents of Old London, and this relation was continued after Robert

*Hilda Strafford, by Beatrice Harraden, with illustrations by Eric Pape. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.; cloth, $1.25.

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BEATRICE HARRADEN.

had gone to California to carve out a home for himself and his promised wife. After a measure of success on his part, Hilda leaves the "London life full of many interests and possibilities and actualities," and goes to California to marry the man of her choice. The change from an active society life to living on a twenty-five acre lemon ranch with only two or three neighbours in sight was an enormous one, and if Hilda found love unequal to the task of making up for this difference, who can blame her? The mountains without trees, the ground without grass, the prolonged wet and dry spells of weather are disheartening until one becomes used to them,—or deserts. Robert had worked hard, but Hilda found that even his enthusiasm, his kind and thoughtful attentions, insufficient to make up for what she had left behind. Then when the great storm came, and the reservoir which Robert had built on the upper part of his mountain-side ranch became too full, burst and turned his pretty ranch into one of the waste spots of the earth, neither of them could stagger under the load of disappointment. Even the cheery voice and hearty manner of Ben Overleigh, Robert's chum and neighbour, could not assist them over this rough piece of life's road.

The story is an exceedingly pretty one, though written, as are the author's other works, in a minor key. The descriptions are magnificent, the dialogue clever, and the humour and the pathos in excellent contrast. There is a freshness and reality about the whole tale which intensifies the opinion that Beatrice Harraden is an individuality in herself, not as so many of our present writers are, a mere copyist and imitator. She has a strong appreciation of both nature and humanity and realizes the possibilities and limitations of both.

A VOLUME OF LETTERS.

"A Young Scholar's Letters"* is the title of a volume which has pleased me much, because it combines the interests of a book of travel and of a work on philosophy. It contains a series of letters written when their author was passing from nineteen to twenty-three, during four years of studious life at Heidelberg, Berlin, Munich, Vienna and Athens. The author of the letters was Byron Caldwell Smith, a young American of great promise, who afterwards became instructor of Greek in the University of Kansas, and later an editor of the *Philadelphia Press*. At the age of twenty-eight he passed away.

To attempt to describe what these European letters to his parents contain is out of the question. They include comment on every subject of human thought, and describe all the leading places and objects of interest in the towns in which he lived. Speaking of university training for women, he remarks: "But I sympathize thoroughly with the aimers of these efforts, so far as they aim at an independent, intellectual culture for women. We may think what we choose of people's capacity, but we have no right to limit their opportunities. To my

*A Young Scholar's Letters, being a Memoir of Byron Caldwell Smith, edited by D. O. Kellogg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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mind intellect and culture make a goddess of a woman, who with only the other advantages of person and character must be insipid and vulgar." And this was written in 1869!

Writing of Dr. Bastian, the great anthropologist, of Berlin, he says: "His plan and ideas are stupendous. He has undertaken to revolutionize the science of psychology, carry it out of the region of dreams and subjective experience, and make it empirical. Accurate and comparative observation of the genesis of ideas in the primitive races of men, as they are still to be found on the earth, and of the relation of sensibility and the feelings to the understanding in the process of growth, is the means by which he hopes to arrive at an insight into the real nature of our intelligence."

Writing at the time of the Franco-Prussian war, he says of Bismarck: "An unconcealed despiser of popular measures and men, his youth was one wild scene of debauchery, and his manhood knows but one object, *power*. He neither respects human rights nor loves his fellow-men." These and other remarks throw light on the school in which the present Kaiser was trained.

But quotations can give no idea of the range and value of these letters. They cover every subject of which men were thinking at that time, are full of bright sayings and stimulating thoughts. They show, moreover, that letter-writing was an art with some people even as late as 1870, and one longs for the days of its revival. The editor of the volume is D. O. Kellogg.

A VOLUME OF POEMS.

"Morning Songs in the Night" is the title of a volume of poems by Walter A. Ratcliffe,* a blind Canadian. It opens with an able introduction by William Douw Lighthall, who, with more fairness than we are accustomed to in introductions, prepares the reader for a collection of poems which "in clear intelligence and plain good taste take excellent rank." The poet apparently appreciates nature which at present he cannot see; but his great plea is for the toiler. To him life is a great battlefield, and he cries out:

O, Prince of Peace! Cut short this wasting strife,
Call order from this chaos by Thy will;
Bid right be might, command that love be life,
Lord, o'er this tented field speak "Peace be still."

He does not take the usual poet's view of Canada even, for he thinks so fair a country should be free from want and from evil.

Love thee? Ay, love thee and mourn
That the crown of thy glory is dross.
Tinsel, and bunting and smoke
Are not of greatness the pledge.
When thy sons and thy daughters are free,
Free from the thraldom of gold,
Free from the wars of their creeds,
Free from the terror of want,
Free in the freedom of Love,
Honesty, Honour and Truth,
Then shalt thou truly be great,
O, Land of the Maple and Fir!

Some of his poems are plain imitations, *e.g.*, "There's a Bright Day Coming"; others are exceedingly mediocre and weak in style and execution. All, however, seem to have some enthusiasm, and most of them are based on themes of which the author has thought a great deal. The idealism of life and conduct which the poems set forth is practical and generous, and based, essentially, on the doctrine of the brotherhood of man.

Oft a brother goes down in the way he has trod,
And we bid him arise as we deal him a blow;
We see his defeat, but the foes that he fought
We never can know—no, we never can know.

* Toronto: William Briggs; cloth, large octavo, 151 pp.

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Of the hopes that are thwarted, the fears that assail,
Of the yearnings that cry from the blackness of woe,
Of the struggle unaided, the strife all alone,
How little we know -yes, or seek we to know.

The volume is not wholly an ideal one, but it possesses much merit.

GILBERT PARKER'S NEW BOOK.

"The Pomp of the Lavilettes," by Gilbert Parker, is an exceedingly strong story. It deals with an old seigneurial family who are, at the beginning of the present century, trying to regain a lost prestige and wealth. Young Lavilette is one of the leaders of the Papineau rebellion and has some exciting experiences, and is finally assisted to escape by a friend who, though having once wronged him, now gives his life to save him. The book is not so pretentious as "The Seats of the Mighty," but is nevertheless a very pretty and characteristic tale. Besides, any story with scenes laid in the Province of Quebec must possess a great deal of the picturesque and the romantic.

A *Mail and Empire* (Toronto) reviewer of this book says: "It will be acknowledged ere long that the history of colonial days, especially in Quebec, has an unexplored wealth of romantic material," etc. When did the "colonial days" end, I wonder? That Canadian history is full of romance was acknowledged long before Parker wrote a line, so why say "it will be acknowledged ere long"? Further on the reviewer grows enthusiastic over the book and prophecies: "It augurs the dawn of a new era of Canadian literature." What rot! The Toronto newspapers ought to be ashamed of their book reviews. As compared with those which appear in the Montreal dailies, they are but school-boy compositions; and as compared with what they ought to be, they are disgraceful. These papers have competent journalists on their staff who could do this work well, but it is apparently left to the amateurs, and as a consequence the people of Ontario are buying trashy books that are not worth reading. Any author who has a copy of his book to spare and knows personally some member of "the staff" may have his book, no matter what its merit, reviewed in splendid and gorgeous style, and if the book be printed (not published, we don't publish books in Canada), by some advertiser then it will be sure to receive several columns of fulsome flattery. If the Toronto papers would maintain in their book reviews the standard which obtains in their editorials and leading articles we might expect an intellectual regeneration in the near future.

GENERAL.

"The Great K. & A. Train Robbery" has attracted a greal deal of attention in the States. It is by Paul Leicester, author of "The Honourable Peter Sterling."

The Copp, Clark Co. will shortly publish a volume of short stories by Frank R. Stockton, whose name is well-known to magazine readers. I have seen proofs of the illustrations and they are indeed magnificent. The volume will be entitled, "The Story Teller's Pack."

The same firm will shortly publish "A Short History of the Union Jack," by William Henry Holmes, of Truro, N. S. As a Canadian book this, I venture to say, will be somewhat of a surprise both in its contents and its appearance. It will contain a chronological list of the important British victories, with notes on the principal battles from Sluys to Tel-el-Kebir. Especial attention is given to the land and naval engagements of the war of 1812.

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3. Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in dealer's stock will be disqualified. Employees of Messrs. Lever Bros., Ltd., and their families are debarred from competing.

4. A printed list of winners in competitor's district will be forwarded to competitors 21 days after each competition closes.

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English Principles of Canadian Government. By J. G. Bourinot

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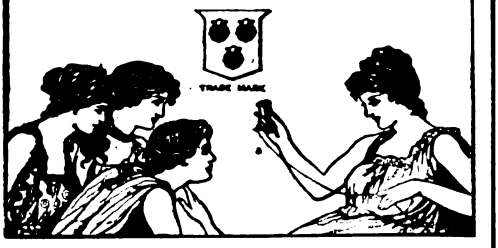

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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX. JUNE, 1897. No. 2.

ENGLISH PRINCIPLES OF CANADIAN GOVERNMENT.*

By J. G. Bourinot, author of "The Story of Canada," "How Canada is Governed," etc.

I.

SOME years ago, when Political Science was first made a part of the course of studies of the University of Toronto, I had the pleasure of expressing my opinions of the advantages of such studies in a country like Canada, before an audience in the Convocation Hall of Trinity College. Among those present on that occasion, I well remember, was the distinguished scholar and genial gentleman who was for many years the President of the University of Toronto, and did so much to add to its usefulness by his great learning and conscientious zeal in everything that might promote its interests as a centre of intellectual thought and culture. A man of many accomplishments, and large intellectual grasp, he fully appreciated, I know from my frequent conversations with him, how much the advantages of a university course could be increased by the addition of such studies as properly enter into the domain of Political Science. Like another great scholar, Professor Seeley, who has also joined the ranks of the great majority, Sir Daniel Wilson believed that it should be among the principal objects of a university "to give coherence, connection, and system to the thinking of the nation; to extend its action over the whole community by creating a vast order of high-class popular teachers, who shall lend their aid everywhere in the impartial study of great questions, political or other, and to play a part in the guidance of the national mind, such as has never been played by universities in any other country."

No course of studies is better calculated to profit the student than this, when it is fully and faithfully carried out. It is one inseparably connected with the vital interests of the whole community. Every man, woman and child has an interest in the efficient administration of government, and in the impartial execution of the laws. These are matters which relate immediately to human happiness; and those studies which teach the principles on which all good government must rest, the respective duties, powers and privileges of the different executive, legislative and judicial authorities, and the eternal maxims of civil liberty, are studies which, when taught in the spirit of a judicious and honest historian, are well worthy of the name of a science, and should obtain a pre-eminence over all departments of thought and study, except the teachings of the true lessons of Christianity. In the words of the distinguished essayist from whom I quoted in commencing this lecture:

*Abstract of an address delivered before the Political Science Club of the University of Toronto.

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"If there is a science of politics at all, it must needs be almost the most complicated of all sciences. It deals with that curious phenomenon called the State, which is a kind of organism composed of human beings. The lives of individual men, even the greatest men, are included in the life of the State; almost everything, indeed, is included in it. Does not the very thought of studying such a vast comprehensive phenomenon, and of discovering the laws that govern it, give rise to a feeling of bewilderment? Does it not strike you that this study must rest upon other studies, that this science must presume the results of other sciences, therefore that it cannot be properly studied by itself? . . . . . Would you know what is wise and right in politics you must consult experience In politics, as in other departments, wisdom consists in the knowledge of the laws that govern the phenomena, and these laws can only be discovered by the observation of facts, history. If this is so, how can we avoid the conclusion that such a study of politics as you meditate can not be separated from the study of history?"

Canada, though a young country compared with the old civilizations of Europe, presents a very interesting field for the student in this department of study. Though not a national sovereignty like the United States, and, therefore, probably inferior to it in that respect, as an object of contemplation and reflection for European statesmen, its political history, its fundamental law and constitution, its economic system, its social institutions and the racial characteristics of its people are worthy of the close study, not only of Canadians, but of all persons who wish to follow the gradual development of communities from a state of cramped colonial pupilage to a larger condition of political freedom which gives it many of the attributes of an independent nation, never before enjoyed by a colonial dependency.

The British North America Act of 1867, the Constitution under which Canada is now governed, is the emanation of the united wisdom of the Canadian statesmen who met in Quebec in the autumn of 1864, but derives its sanction as a law from the consent of the Queen, Lords and Commons—the supreme legislature of the empire. It defines the respective authorities in the Dominion and in the Provinces, distributes the various subjects of legislation among those authorities, regulates the general administration of public affairs, and establishes a financial basis for the Provinces. In all essential features necessary for the administration of public affairs the government of Canada is conducted on the well understood principles of that remarkable system of charters, statutes, conventions and usages, to which the general name of the British Constitution is given. As a matter of fact, Canadians have adhered closely to the great principles that give at once strength and elasticity to the English constitution. We see this clearly in the nature of the executive authority, in the constitutions of the parliament and legislative bodies, especially of the lower houses, and in the formation of the Privy Council. But in addition to the written fundamental law we have that great mass of English conventions, understandings and precedents, which, although they may not be pleaded in the courts, have, practically, as much force in Canada as the written or statutory law.

While there is a distinct element in Canada which is not English, it is assuredly the influence and operation of English institutions which have, in a large measure, made French Canada one of the most contented communities in the world. The language and law and religion of Rome still remain in all their old influence in the province, but it is, after all, the political constitution which derives its strength from English principles, that has made this section of Canada a free and self-governing community, and given full scope to its civil and local rights. In its political development French Canada has been, and is, as essentially English

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as the purely English sections of the Dominion.

II.

When we review the political and the judicial systems of the Dominion we can see that there are certain broad principles which, above all others, illustrate in their practical operation the "pre-eminently English" character of our institutions, and which may be briefly summarized as follows:

In the first place, the *Law is Supreme.* The people of Canada are all equal in the eyes of the law, and for every breach of that law the courts are open to the State as well as to individuals. The law is no respecter of persons, and the highest functionary and the humblest individual equally enjoy free speech and all the liberties of British subjects, but they must in all cases act strictly within the law.

Next in importance to this governing principle—the basis of all safe government and the liberty of the subject—comes the *Independence of the Judges.* It is a fundamental principle of the Canadian system of government, based as it is on that of England, that the judges should be, as far as possible, independent of the Crown, and of all political influence. The Canadian judges hold their tenure "during good behaviour," the legal effect of which is, practically, "the creation of an estate for life in the office." Under the terms of the British North America Act the judges of all the courts of Canada, except the Judges of Probate in the small provinces, are appointed by the Governor-General acting under the advice of his Council, and are removable only on the address of the two Houses—an exception being made in the case of the County Court Judges, who can be removed for sufficient cause by the Governor-in-Council.

The salaries of the judges, also, are not voted annually, as in the case of the majority of public officials, but are paid under the authority of statutes.

In the case of the salaries of the Supreme Court Judges of Canada—a body federal in its character—the Parliament of Canada exercises a control which is very wisely not entrusted to Congress, inasmuch as it is a provision of the United States Constitution that the salaries of the Judges of the Supreme Court and federal courts shall not be diminished during their tenure of office. In all essential respects, however, the Parliament of Canada can regulate the judicial powers of the Supreme Court, but in the case of the courts of the provinces they are practically beyond federal jurisdiction, inasmuch as the administration of justice in the provinces, including the constitution and organization of the provincial courts both of civil and criminal jurisdiction, and including the procedure in civil matters in those courts, forms a class of subjects placed by the fundamental law within the exclusive control of the provincial authorities.

The courts of Canada possess powers which are not possessed by the courts of England. The Parliament of England is a constituent and sovereign body, and its powers to pass any act cannot be called into question or its wisdom or policy doubted in any court of the realm. The judge cannot even speculate on the intention of the legislature to construe an act according to his notions of what ought to have been enacted. On the other hand, the Canadian courts, like those of the United States, where there are written constitutions, can exercise responsibilities which place them above the legislature, since they may limit the legislative power by declaring to be null and void any enactment which is not in accordance with the express or implied authority of the constitutional or fundamental law, which defines the jurisdiction of the respective legislative bodies of the Dominion. In the generality of cases the courts of Canada only exercise this judicial power in the natural process of law; in other words, in cases the decision of which depends on the interpretation to be put on the language of the constitutional law applicable to those cases. The scope of the constitutional authority of the courts has been, however, enlarged by the power

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given from time to time to the Supreme Court of Canada to state its opinion on a question involving nice and intricate points of constitutional law, and also by the passage of an act by the Ontario Legislature giving the highest courts of that province the right to decide on constitutional controversies after due argument on behalf of the parties interested. When we come to consider that, in addition to these responsibilities, the courts of Canada can exclusively try cases of controverted elections—a power, previous to 1874, only exercised by the political bodies of the Dominion, and not even now possessed by the courts of the United States—it must be evident how great an influence the judiciary exercises in the practical working of the Canadian system of government, and how necessary it is that it should be surrounded by all the checks and guards that have been developed in the working of the judicial system of England. Any federal system like that of Canada must, in a great measure, gather its real strength from the decisions of the courts which are called upon, from time to time, to adjudicate on the many questions that arise with respect to the rights and powers of the several provinces which have entered into what may be considered a solemn treaty, to which the Imperial Parliament, as the supreme legislative authority of the Empire, has given its authoritative legal sanction. Accordingly, the security of the federal union largely rests on the legal acumen and independence of the courts.

The next governing principle which lies at the foundation of the legal, as well as political, system of Canada is the *influence of the Common Law of England.* Outside of the French province that great system of customs and judicial decisions, which received its legal sanction from immemorial usage and universal reception and is generally known as the common law, has always obtained in the English-speaking provinces. In Canada, as in the old colonies of America, wherever there is an English community, it was brought with the people as one of their most valuable inheritances, although at no time did they accept it in its entirety, but only such parts as were adapted to the conditions of a new country. Modified or enlarged from time to time by statutory law, relieved as far as possible from the impress of feudal times, it has always been the basis of the jurisprudence of English Canada, and has made its influence felt even in the French province, since its great principles of individual liberty and practical political sagacity are so closely interwoven with the public life of the country. The civil law commends itself to us for its logical precision and arrangement, but the great system of law from which it is derived is far from being so well adapted to develop individuality of character or give so much scope for the play of political forces. A high authority has said, with much truth, that, on the whole, the common law system of England "was the best foundation on which to erect the most enduring structure of civil liberty which the world has ever known." It is the peculiar excellence of this law "that it recognizes the worth, and ought especially to protect the rights and privileges of the individual man." Its maxims are "those of a sturdy and independent race accustomed, in an unusual degree, to freedom of thought and action, and to a share in the administration of public affairs; and arbitrary power and uncontrolled authority were not recognized in its principles."

Our political structure rests mainly on the *Controlling Power of the Commons House of Parliament.* In Canada, as in Great Britain, the old battle for power was fought between the representatives of the people and the body under the direct influence of the Crown, and owing no direct responsibility to the people. It was clearly the hope of the Imperial Government to found in this country an aristocratic body which, by the permanent tenure of its members and the nature of its constitution, would bear some resemblance to the Witenagemot. In the Canadian constitution of 1791 titles

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were to be connected with seats in the Legislative Council, obviously with the view of establishing a body of hereditary legislators who would probably form a counterpoise to the necessarily democratic character of the people's House. Such efforts to found purely aristocratic institutions were a failure from the outset. The upper houses of the provinces have always contained a number of distinguished men in every pursuit of life, but from the very nature of their constitution they have been exceedingly weak as political bodies. Before the days of Responsible Government they became associated in the public mind with the tyranny of executive authority, and were regarded as antagonistic to every movement or measure connected with popular liberty or in accordance with the people's will. There could be only one result to a contest between the two bodies, the one representing the people and the other the good favour of the Crown, or of the government of the day. The issue was inevitable in this country as it had been in England, where, even in the case of a house associated with the history of the country from the earliest times, and containing within its ranks men of the highest capacity, and having all the privileges of a body of hereditary legislators, its powers steadily declined, according as that of the lower house increased. With the introduction of the English system of parliamentary government in its entirety, the influence of the upper houses waned and the people's assembly grew in strength and vigour. Now, in the central and in the provincial governments, all substantial power rests in the Commons House of the respective Legislatures. It controls the public expenditures, exercises a direct supervision over the administration of public affairs, and, through a committee of its own, governs the country.

As a logical sequence of the power of the Commons' House representing the people, comes the *Principle of Ministerial Responsibility*. From the earliest times of English history, even when the framework of English Government was being roughly laid, there was always around the King a body of official advisers whom he could consult at his pleasure, and who, in the course of time, became responsible for his executive acts. It was not, however, until after the great revolution, over two centuries ago, that the present principle of parliamentary government, which requires a government to be of one political party, and act in conformity with the views of the majority in the Commons, was practically laid down. In Canada only within half a century has this English system of Cabinet government obtained full recognition; and now throughout the British Empire, wherever there are self-governing countries, we find Ministries having seats in the two houses—principally in the Commons' House, where the Legislature is of a bi-cameral character—and only holding office so long as they retain the confidence of a majority of the people's representatives. It is this system which gives its great strength to the lower and elective house, and, in a measure, invests it with executive responsibilities, since it governs through its own members.

The history of Responsible Government affords another illustration of the truth which stands out clear in the history of nations, that those constitutions which are of a flexible character, and the natural growth of the experiences of centuries, and which have been created by the necessities and conditions of the times, possess the elements of real stability, and best insure the prosperity of a people. The great source of the strength of the institutions of the United States lies in the fact that they have worked out their government in accordance with certain principles, which are essentially English in their origin, and have been naturally developed since their foundation as colonial settlements; and what weaknesses their system shows have chiefly arisen from new methods, and from the rigidity of their constitutional rules of law, which separate too widely the executive and the legislative branches of government. Like their neighbours,

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the Canadian people have based their system on English principles, but they have at the same time been able to keep pace with the progress of the unwritten constitution of England, to adapt it to their own political conditions, and bring the executive and legislative authorities so as to assist and harmonize with one another. Each country has its "Cabinet Council," but the one is essentially different from the other in its character and functions. Not only is the administration in the United States constructed on the principle of responsibility to the president alone, in this respect the English king in old irresponsible days, but the legislative department is itself "constructed after the English model as it existed a century ago," and a general system of government is established, lacking in that unity and that elasticity which are essential to its effective working. On the other hand, the Canadian Cabinet is the Cabinet of the English system of this century, and is formed so as to work in harmony with the legislative department, which is a copy, so far as possible, of the English legislature of these modern times.

The special advantages of the Canadian or English system of parliamentary government, compared with congressional government, may be briefly summed up as follows:

(a) The Governor-General, his Cabinet, and the popular branch of the Legislature are governed in Canada as in England by a system of rules, conventions and understandings, which enable them to work in harmony with one another. The Crown, the Cabinet, the Legislature and the people have, respectively, certain rights and powers which, when properly and constitutionally brought into operation, give strength and elasticity to our system of government. Dismissal of a ministry by the Crown under conditions of gravity, or resignation of a ministry defeated in the popular house, bring into play the prerogatives of the Crown. In all cases there must be a ministry to advise the Crown, assume responsibility for its acts, and obtain the support of the people and their representatives in Parliament. As a last resort to bring into harmony the people, the Legislature and the Crown, there is the exercise of the supreme prerogative of dissolution. A Governor, acting always under the advice of responsible ministers, may, at any time, generally speaking, grant an appeal to the people to test their opinion on vital public questions and bring the Legislature into accord with the public mind. In short, the fundamental principle of popular sovereignty lies at the very basis of the Canadian system.

On the other hand, in the United States the President and his Cabinet may be in constant conflict with the two houses of congress during the four years of his term of office. His Cabinet has no direct influence with the legislative bodies, inasmuch as they have no seats therein. The political complexion of Congress does not affect their tenure of office, since they depend only on the favour and approval of the executive; dissolution, which is the safety valve of the English and Canadian system—"in its essence an appeal from the legal to the political sovereign"—is not practicable under the United States constitution. In a political crisis the constitution provides no adequate solution of the difficulty during the presidential term. In this respect the people of the United States are not sovereign as they are in Canada, under the conditions just briefly stated.

(b) The Governor-General is not personally brought into collision with the Legislature by the direct exercise of a veto of its legislative acts, since the ministry are responsible for all legislation and must stand or fall by their important measures. The passage of a measure of which they disapproved as a ministry would mean, in the majority of cases, their resignation, and it is not possible to suppose that they would ask the Governor to exercise a prerogative of the Crown which has been in disuse since the establishment of Responsible Government, and would

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now be a revolutionary measure even in Canada.

In the United States there is danger of frequent collision between the President and the two legislative branches, should a very critical exercise of the veto, as in President Johnson's time, occur when the public mind would be deeply agitated. The chief magistrate loses in dignity and influence whenever the Legislature overrides the veto, and Congress becomes a despotic master for the time being.

(c) The Canadian Ministry, having control of the finances and taxes, and all matters of administration, are directly responsible to Parliament and, sooner or later, to the people for the manner in which they have discharged their public functions. All important measures are initiated by them, and on every question of public interest they are bound to have a definite policy if they wish to retain the confidence of the Legislature. Even in the case of private legislation they are also the guardians of the public interests, and are responsible to Parliament and the people for any neglect in this particular.

On the other hand, in the United States the financial and general legislation of Congess is left to the control of committees over which the President and his Cabinet have no direct influence, and the chairmen of which may have ambitious objects in direct antagonism to the men in office.

(d) In the Canadian system the Speaker is a functionary who certainly has his party proclivities, but it is felt that so long as he occupies the chair all political parties can depend on his justice and impartiality. Responsible Government makes the Premier and his Ministers responsible for the constitution of the committees and for the opinions and decisions that may emanate from them. A government that would constantly endeavour to shift its responsibilities on to committees, even of its own selection, would soon disappear from the treasury benches. Responsibility in legislation is accordingly insured, financial measures prevented from being made the footballs of ambitious and irresponsible politicians, and the impartiality and dignity of the speakership guaranteed by the presence in Parliament of a Cabinet having the direction and supervision of business.

On the other hand, in the United States, the Speaker of the House of Representatives becomes, from the very force of circumstances, a political leader, and the spectacle is presented—in fact from the time of Henry Clay—so strange to us, familiar with English methods, of decisions given by him with clearly party objects, and of committees formed by him with purely political aims, as likely as not with a view to thwart the ambition either of a president who is looking to a second term or of some prominent member of the Cabinet who has presidential aspirations.

And all this lowering of the dignity of the chair is due to the absence of a responsible minister to lead the house. The very position which the Speaker is forced to take from time to time—notably in the case of Mr. Reed—is clearly the result of the defects of the constitutional system of the United States, and is so much evidence that a responsible party leader is an absolute necessity in Congress. A Legislature must be led, and Congress has been attempting to get out of a crucial difficulty by all sorts of questionable shifts which only show the inherent weakness of the existing system.

All good and honest government must largely depend on the *Permanent Tenure of the Civil or Public Service.* In every country where the people govern through their representatives in Parliament, and where political conflict is necessarily carried to extremes in all important crises involving the fate of governments, it is absolutely necessary that there should be in existence an efficient and permanent organization to conduct the details of public administration, whatever may be the fluctuations of party controversy. The evils of a system which requires the great majority of public servants to retire with a change of party can be seen throughout the political history of the

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United States for many years, until at length there is a consensus of public opinion that permanency should be the ruling principle henceforth. Canada has long been governed in accordance with the sound British principle which places at the head of the government a permanent executive authority, in the person of the sovereign, and at the basis of the political structure a great body of non-political public officials who hold their tenure, in administrative phrase, "at pleasure," but in practice during "good behaviour." Ministers discuss and decide questions of policy, which they submit for the approval of Parliament, and it is for the permanent officers of each department to keep entirely aloof from political conflicts and to carry out, with fidelity and intelligence, the methods and rules of that policy as soon as it is sanctioned by law.

III.

In addition to these leading principles of government, essentially English in origin and development, there are also to be observed in the nature and operation of the Canadian system of parliamentary government other matters which, though apparently of minor importance, are nevertheless of much significance since they are intimately connected with the efficient administration of public affairs, and illustrate the tendency to follow the English model in all essential respects, with only such modifications and changes as a different state of things requires. We see this tendency in the various statutes of the provinces which continue to follow the statutory law of England, and in the organization and procedure of the courts of law. We recognize this tendency especially in the close adherence in all the legislative bodies of Canada, principally in the Dominion and the larger provinces, to the principal rules and usages of the Imperial Parliament. Some of the old constitutional usages of England have been considered so important that they have been incorporated in the written constitutional law. It is now a part of that fundamental law, the British North America Act, that Parliament should meet once every twelve months, that the recommendation of the Crown should be given at the initiation of every money vote, and that the Commons' House alone should introduce measures involving public burdens.

It would be doubtless interesting to the student of Comparative Politics were I able to continue much further this review of the characteristic features of the government of the countries which make up the Dominion; but I think I have already proved sufficiently the truth of the assertion I made at the commencement of this lecture, that no country in the world affords more material for thought to the political student than Canada, possessing as she does two distinct nationalities, descended from the two great peoples who have been for centuries engaged in the work of civilization on principles which show, in the one case, the impress of the Roman, and in the other the influence of the Teuton. I shall not here attempt any speculation on the probability of the assimilation of the two nationalities of Canada—an assimilation certainly desirable in the development of a nation, when it is natural, although by no means a condition essential to national greatness. We can see that, after all things are impartially considered, it is to the English principles of local self-government that the French Canadian owes the privileges he has so long enjoyed in absolute security, and it is to English institutions that his province must continue to owe its prosperity and happiness as an integral part of the Dominion. The French Canadian has worked in harmony with the English Canadian to build up a nation on those principles of English constitutional government which, when applied in connection with a federal system, seem admirably adapted to give strength and vitality to a people. Under no other system of government would it be possible to harmonize the antagonistic elements of race, religion and language which exist in Canada.

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Without pressing further a conclusion which must be obvious to any one who looks at the history of the political development of Canada under the benign supremacy of England, let me quote the suggestive words of an eminent constitutional writer in an Australian colony, who has laid down a doctrine which commends itself to every student of institutions as replete with practical wisdom and statesmanlike foresight, and which can be well applied to a country like our own, composed of a number of provinces having diverse interests and nationalities to unify and harmonize. "We have been given English institutions," says Professor Hearn, "but the gift is worthless unless we care to use it in the spirit in which it has been bestowed. English institutions must be worked by Englishmen in the English way. That way implies mutual respect, mutual forbearance, a readiness to concede what is not material, tenacity in holding fast that which is good; in one word, an honest desire to promote the public benefit, and to secure to every man his just rights, and neither less nor more than those rights."

In conclusion, I can only say we have much to look forward to in this country if we are wise and prudent in profiting by the best experience of other peoples, and in avoiding the quicksands into which indiscreet politicians and dangerous theorists may ever and anon push Canada. In the remarkable presidential election of November last in the United States we saw the perilous tendencies of demagoguism in a country of universal franchise, elective officials and pure democracy. The spirit of the Demos is dangerous in the extreme when it is not surrounded by the checks and guards which restrain its power and lead it in the direction of sound, stable and strong government. It was not simply the question of bimetallism that was at issue during the elections; the permanency of the existing constitution, the stability and freedom of the courts, the public credit, the ability of the government to put down and punish anarchy, the maintenance of principles indissolubly connected with the security of the union were at stake. In the United States, as in Canada, there is that respect for law and for stable government which is an essential characteristic of peoples educated in the traditions and methods of English institutions, and this sentiment is bound sooner or later to assert itself at national crises, fraught with great perils to the body politic. The people may be deceived at times by false issues and doctrines, but their sound judgment and common sense eventually assert themselves in a country governed in the main on English principles of government.

Twenty-nine years have passed since we entered on the new political era which Confederation has opened up to this Dominion, and we have achieved an encouraging amount of success through the sagacity, perseverance and hopefulness of our statesmen, and the industry, energy and patriotism of the people who have faith in this country and its future. We have achieved this success through the exertions of two races, different in language, in religion, and in certain institutions, but equally allied by the ties of a common interest. The one can gain much from the other; the energy, the common sense and the forbearance characteristic of Englishmen can well be associated with the brilliancy, the ardour, and the sanguine temperament of the French race. But whatever may be their points of difference, a study of institutions will teach them both to value the great principles and maxims on which rest the foundations of English liberty, and which illustrate the pages of England's noblest history; and it is from the love of her people for home and social purity, from their assertion of free thought and free speech, and from their encouragement of political morality above all other things, that Canadians can best gather true inspiration and sound example, which will enable them to steer the Ship of State into a haven where it will rest secure from the storms that may from time to time threaten its safety.

J. G. Bourinot.

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SCIENTIFIC COLONIZATION.

By the Author of "Ontario's Weakness," etc.

WHY is it that the colonization of this country—the attraction and settlement of people upon our vacant lands—has been such a ghastly and dismal failure? Why is it that under the last Dominion Government the grants for immigration purposes were cut down to the lowest notch? Why is it that the Dominion Government today, by asking for suggestions, admits that it is at a loss to know how to set about the active immigration policy to which it is committed? Why is it that we help foreigners with money, but never try to colonize our farmers' sons? It is because colonization is a science, and it has never been treated as a science. In Australia and South Africa gold and diamonds have attracted population, and it needed little coaxing. In Canada, while we have our gold and our gold fever, we have no diamonds or nuggets to be had for the picking. We cannot offer to the paupers any glittering possibilities. The best that we can do is to assure to sober industry an independent living on the farm. 'Tis better so. But successful colonization upon an agricultural basis is not an easy task. Careful and watchful study is necessary to learn the most effective methods, and the problems to be mastered are manifold.

It is easy to be active in spending money; but it is a much more difficult thing to secure permanent settlers in the country. Experience has taught us that lesson. Not only in Canada, but in the other British colonies as well, immigration has proved a mighty costly experiment. Between the years 1879 to 1890 inclusive, the total expenditure by the Dominion Government upon immigration was $3,119,109, or an average of over $250,000 a year; and, in addition to this, large sums were expended by the C.P.R., the Hudson Bay Company and other agencies.

In the decade between 1881 and 1891 the total immigration from Europe to the Dominion, including settlers en route to the United States, as shown by the returns of the Government agents and the entries of settlers' effects at the customs, was 886,846; but in the same decade the actual increase in foreign-born population, which presumably represents the net results of all these agencies, was only 38,054. Turning to Australia, we find that during the above-mentioned twelve years (1879-1890) the Government expended $25,000,000, and only succeeded in retaining 718,427 out of a gross immigration of 2,563,279 persons. New Zealand has had a similar experience.

The novice in every business has got to buy his wisdom, and we must take to heart the lessons we have learnt. If we have reaped the whirlwind it is because we have sown the wind. Colonization does not consist in the sale of real estate. We lost sight of the fact that our vacant lands are not merely a huge investment to be turned into cash, but a trust for generations yet to come; and we allowed them to be made the playground of colonization companies, irresponsible agents and philanthropic peers. Sir Donald Smith hit off the situation well when he told the shareholders of the Bank of Montreal: "What is wanted is a well conceived system of immigration from the United Kingdom and other countries of Europe, and we have every reason for believing that money judiciously spent in this way would be refunded to us tenfold." The country must be filled, unless we are prepared to let the millions we have spent in opening the country up for settlement all go to waste. But, if we want to receive the tenfold return for our money, we must get the system first, and it must be well conceived.

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What would the directors of a private company do under these circumstances? They would restrict their operations and vote a sum of money to make a thorough investigation of their methods and the causes of their failure, and in the future they would leave no stone unturned to keep themselves abreast of the times and thoroughly posted in their business. This is the position which the Dominion Government is in to-day, and they seem to realize it, for they have done something in this direction by asking for suggestions from the Boards of Trade throughout the country. The result has been disappointing. But we may get at what we want in another way. We have learnt something by our experience during the last quarter of a century. While there are many points still open for discussion, there are certain principles which may now be said to be generally recognized.

It is the empty pockets that are attracted to the vacant lands. There are tens of thousands of men and women in Great Britain and other countries in Europe who would make desirable settlers and would like to emigrate, but, beyond their strong arms and stout hearts, they have nothing wherewith to make a start, and this is not enough. Money is needed to pay the cost of transportation, to purchase implements, seed and stock, and to provide food until the first crop matures. How is this to be done? If we can answer that question we can fill the country. But it is not easy. The policy of assisted passages has been tried and abandoned both by Canada and Australia. The difficulty, as we have seen, lies not so much in the attraction as in the retention of settlers.

The methods of colonization are changing. We shall never see another colonization company in Canada like the Canada Company which colonized the Huron tract. For many reasons public opinion is against them. Outside the agents of the railways and the Government, settlers are collected by voluntary associations and societies of a semi-philanthropic character, who own no land and work with the colonial governments. There are at the present time upon the books of the department at Ottawa over thirty individuals and societies in Great Britain who are sending emigrants to Canada; and, if newspaper reports are correct, Sir Donald Smith has distributed over one thousand stereoscopic slides descriptive of the resources of this country to people who have offered to lecture without remuneration upon Canada in Great Britain. It is reasonable to suppose that many of these lectures have been given by people who are interested in Imperial Federation and see the great necessity of inducing the emigrants who leave Great Britain's shores to remain within the Empire; and by the clergy of the Church of England, who are every year giving more attention to the living social questions of the day.

If the general public in England is taking an active interest in colonization, no less interest has been awakened in this country. It has taken practical shape in the Immigration Convention that was held in Winnipeg last year, which was followed by the formation of the Western Canada Immigration Association. We have also seen a company formed in Toronto for the colonization of the unemployed; and we might point to the Repatriation Society of French Canadians in Montreal and the societies which have been formed upon parallel lines in St. Paul, Chicago, and the eastern cities of the United States.

It is evident that the work of voluntary associations would be greatly stimulated if they had, not only a system providing assistance to the proper kind of settlers, but an objective point for them to go to and an object lesson to place before them of the growths of civilization. They cannot very well ship people off to Halifax and Quebec and then let them shift for themselves. We cannot expect any great results if we content ourselves with the distribution of literature describing the resources of this country, and then tell the people that they have

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the whole country at their feet. The truth of this remark is shown by the fact that by the report of the United States Commissioners, it appears that sixty per cent. of the immigrants from Europe came to their friends in that country upon tickets prepaid by them on this side of the Atlantic; it is shown, too, by the successful operations elsewhere. California has been colonized almost entirely by the colony system, and the adoption of the colony system has been the secret of the success of the Mennonites with us. Again, it is shown by the much-abused system of farm pupils. English parents, who can afford it, are willing to pay large sums to obtain a definite location for their sons.

And there is another side of the question we must not overlook. If we employ an architect to build a house, it is presumed that the selling value of the house is increased by the architect's skill. And so, if by Government colonies we impress upon our advancing civilization the architect's skill, we shall increase the demand for our public lands by increasing their value, and we shall at the same time build up our civilization upon the foundations of practical wisdom. And we must recognize the great advantage to the settlers in the colony, of a settlement which entails society, churches, schools and appreciation of land values as compared with the haphazard settlement which has prevailed in the past, with all that it involves, isolation, hardship, dissatisfaction and the want of religious and educational facilities.

There is, of course, a difficulty in inducing settlers to go to one place. But that can be overcome. In the first place, the greatest obstacle, at present, to the colony form of settlement in the Northwest is the fact that upon the line of railway the C.P.R. hold alternate sections of land and ask a higher price than the Government. It has been proposed that the Government should purchase this land and offer it together with the Crown lands as free grants for settlement. The proposal is in the right direction. But, apart from all consideration of the cost, it would be folly to do this all at once, for, if the policy was carried out gradually and confined to certain sections, and if upon these sections we formed colonies under expert management, and planned upon the best and most practical advice, immigrants would naturally be drawn to these colonies by the special advantages which they offer and the greater prospects of contentment and success.

Again, the colony builder wants men with a weight tied to them to serve as a permanent nucleus or foundation. If we have learnt by experience that assisted passages are a bad investment, we have, on the other hand, in the Mennonite settlements, a striking object lesson of what can be done, with good management, by Government assistance to the right kind of people to help them to settle upon the land. We loaned $100,000 to these people, and in thirteen years it was repaid with every cent of interest. We want a general Government scheme upon these lines for loaning money to settlers; the loan might be repaid by preparing the land and building houses for settlers to arrive in the coming spring, and a condition might be imposed for the receipt of this assistance that the colonists should settle and remain in the Government colonies. They will thus provide the nucleus that we want, and, at the same time, serve as an attraction to immigrants who have means and do not need assistance. All this will cost; but it will be money well invested, and it will not be very costly to this country after all; for when once we have a working system in operation, the money for assisted passages will be found where the immigrant comes from. The conscience of the English people has of late years become more sensitive to the condition of the unemployed. Munificent contributions were offered to General Booth's Salvation Army Colony, and when once we have a practical scheme worked out on this side of the Atlantic, we may rest assured the money will be forthcoming.

It appears that, in the construction

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of the well conceived system that we want, these three features will be most prominent: the assistance of settlers, Government colonies, and organized popular associations.

It is necessary that we should clearly understand and define the work that can be done both in Canada and Great Britain by associations of the people. They will not, of course, supplant, but rather supplement the work that is done by the paid agents of the Government and the C.P.R. In this country much can be done in giving a helping hand to newcomers and protecting them from frauds, in giving advice and suggestions to the Government, in making known the advantages of different localities, in spreading the colonization spirit, in counteracting the influence of those blatant demagogues who would prevent all immigration to the country, and in promoting home colonization, the colonization of farmers' sons and the city unemployed, and no doubt in many other ways which the Winnipeg Association may have discovered.

For the Associations in Great Britain we would suggest the following as items of a programme:

1. To lecture upon Canada as a field for colonization.

2. To encourage the Imperial idea by the promotion of imperial games and competitions. We in Canada appreciate the advertising we have received through our successful athletes and marksmen, and we all recognize the colonizing and Imperial influence in historical times of the Olympic games at Athens and the strong uniting force of the Welsh Eisteddfodan. The Jubilee year would have been a fitting occasion for the inauguration of this scheme.

3. To promote knowledge of Canada by the exchange of letters and essays between the schools in the countries, descriptive of the country and the lives of the pupils.

4. To influence emigration to Canada by daily conversation.

5. To contribute to the English journals and magazines articles upon Canada and practical colonization.

6. To raise a national fund in Great Britain to provide assisted passages.

The objection has been raised against voluntary associations that the motive power of all permanent useful work must be profit. The late Government at Ottawa did not think so, for they granted a sum of money to the Western Canada Immigration Association for current expenses, and there are hundreds of causes not so important and not so interesting as this upon which people spend time and money without any hope of pecuniary return. We should do everything in our power to encourage the movement, for we must recognize that the men who are responsible for the colonization of this country are heavily handicapped by the conditions which surround them. If a Heaven-born Moses appeared on the scene they could not employ him for any important work unless he was "on the right side" and has duly qualified by talking tariff on the platform or pulling political wires. The secretary and organizing power of the Associations in this country should be paid by the Government. In Great Britain the work can be done by the High Commissioner and the local immigration agents. The latter will thus develop from mere machines for the distribution of literature into life-giving centres of active missionary circles.

The scientific study of colonization will throw a new light upon domestic problems. A national education should reflect, in due proportions, the occupations which the country affords. Any departure from this rule must bring catastrophe. And so we see, in Ontario, misdirected academic education has been depopulating the country by driving our young people to seek, in the cities of the United States, the occupations for which they have been trained. At last the scales have fallen from the eyes of the people, and the cry has been raised for an education which is suitable to an agricultural country. But, after all said and done, something more than a well-proportioned education is required to keep the balance even. It is the dollar that

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counts at the start; and we must do something to counteract the will-'o-the-wisps of optimistic youth, the excitement and the possibilities of city life, false ideas of social ambition and ignorance of the world. The graduates of the high schools and technical schools obtain at the public expense the means of keeping body and soul together. They carry in their head their stock-in-trade. But the agricultural student must purchase a farm and implements and stock before he can make an independent living. He starts at a disadvantage. What, then, are we to do? Let us look at other countries, for this drifting into the cities is a world-wide problem. It is more than seventy-five years ago since Holland, to relieve her congested population, first inaugurated her labour colonies and free farms. A small brick house of six rooms is erected for each family in the midst of an acre lot in the labour colony, where the family raises fruit and vegetables for its own needs, and is employed by the Government to work on the land. At the end of five years, a family which shows that it means business is allowed to join the free farms. They are given a little farm, which they pay for out of their savings, and thus in time become proprietors of the soil.

The German Government, too, has met with great success in its efforts at home colonization in Prussian Poland. The settlers are carefully selected from the crowd of applicants and are furnished with provisions until their farms become self-sustaining. They are expected to pay the bare cost of their places by a long series of payment extending over a period of many years. The money is provided by a system of land banks. Two years ago 58,000 acres had been settled in this manner, and applicants were waiting for farms three and four weeks.

In England there are several active societies and associations engaged in the same work. They are supported by wealthy philanthropic people, which probably accounts for the fact that so far the Government has taken no steps in this direction.

Australia is a new country like our own. But the Australians are wide awake. Three years ago the Parliament of South Australia passed the Village Settlement Bill, setting apart certain public lands on the Murray River for the use of colonists. It also arranged for an advance of $250 to each member of the colony. The colonists are paid for getting the public land in condition for settlement.

The experience of these countries is very valuable. But prevention is better than cure. It is more statesmanlike to go to the root of the evil and to form colonies of our farmers' sons, when they are young, than to attempt to deal with city failures.

The idea may be new, but it is absolutely practical. We have plenty of land lying idle, in both Ontario and the North-West, and we can get the money to lend. Will anyone say that what has been done in Germany, Holland and Australia cannot be done in Canada?

Will any one say that young Canadians are less likely to succeed than Mennonites, or that we should be more liberal to foreigners than to our own? If the expense is put forward as an objection, we can reply that it is cheaper to colonize our farmers' sons than to educate them out of the country, and then to go chasing over to Europe for foreigners to fill up their places, and every colony that we form will help to provide occupation for those who cannot farm.

We cannot to-day discuss practical working details. We must content ourselves with pointing to the successful operations of Dr. Barnardo at the Russell farm in Manitoba. He places his boys upon farms of their own, gives instruction at the home farm in the winter months, and advances money to help them to make a start. What Dr. Barnardo has done with his English lads our Government can do with the sons of Canadians.

From what has been said it will be seen that there is much to be done, and there is plenty of scope for progress and originality. The work that lies to our hand at this moment is to

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get our machinery into order under the best and most competent advice, and then to take care that we keep it up to date and abreast of the times. In religion, education, temperance and every other science and popular movement there are two recognized methods of progress, periodical conventions, and a recognized medium or journal devoted to its special cause. We must fall into line.

We cannot expect to move ahead unless we provide a recognized medium, with an expert as editor, for the information of the people and the exchanges of views. Although everybody admits that colonization is the most important question of the day, and although every thinking man takes a vague interest in the subject, there is not one man in fifty among the members of Parliament in the local or the Dominion House who would pretend that he knows the first thing about it; and untold mischief is done by blatant demagogues and half-informed editors who handle, without fear or consideration, subjects which are most important to the successful colonization of the country.

We ought not to complain about this, for it is our own fault. This is an age of electricity and specialties in literature as in professions. Take up any book or pamphlet upon any other branch of political economy you like, the tariff, the silver question, national education or agriculture, and you will find elaborate statements of the experiences of other countries. It is from these experiences that conclusions are drawn for our information and guidance, which, of course, must be tempered by the peculiar conditions of our country.

Somehow the scientific treatment of colonization has been neglected. Occasionally we see in the magazines, newspapers or parliamentary blue-books, an important suggestion or a piece of information. They are read and thrown aside. It is possible that all this matter may be carefully collected and preserved in the pigeon holes of the Departments at Ottawa and Toronto. But what is the good of that? The Ministers of the day have not time to wade through it all. It is necessary that all this material should be collected in a handy, convenient and continuous form, so that the people and their representatives may have something to work on, and have an opportunity to exercise their brains to some purpose, and so that those who are entrusted with the task of colonizing this country may, with the time at their disposal, be enabled to keep themselves well up in the vanguard of the thought and experience of the nations of the world.

The kind of journal that we advocate will collect up-to-date information respecting legislation affecting colonization in other countries, and the methods and systems adopted by other countries in the work of home colonization and emigration from abroad. It will contain a digest of all important papers that are read, and newspaper and magazine articles bearing upon colonization. It will also publish bulletins of the work going on at home, and at the same time discuss and collect suggestions on the many problems that confront us in this work. And there are innumerable most important questions to be discussed that will occur to the mind of any intelligent person who has given attention to this subject; for instance, the effect of coloured statements, the organization of emigrants, the restriction of certain classes of immigrants and methods of discrimination, irresponsible agents, colonization companies, "juvenile immigration," an international scheme of assisted immigration, the relation of colonization to the problem of the unemployed, the benefits of colony settlement, the construction of model colonies, the size and the shape of the homesteads, the economic and social advantages of irrigation, the wisdom of colonizing different nationalities together or allowing them to remain separate, the assistance of Canadian settlers, interprovincial migration, the overlapping of Dominion and Provincial operations, education and colonization. We

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might, indeed, go on *ad infinitum;* the field is almost without limit and it is practically unexplored.

This is a work of national importance, and the Government should pay for it, for it could scarcely be made a profitable business enterprise in this country. It might be published as a supplement to the *Canada Gazette.* For the convenience of correspondents it might be necessary to publish two separate supplements, one in Canada and the other in Great Britain, and the one might borrow from the other. In each country a copy of the *Gazette* and supplement should be sent to every member of the Associations that are formed.

The twin propeller in the machinery of progress, as we have said, is the popular convention. Conventions should be held periodically both in this country and Great Britain. The convention is capable of far-reaching results, but everything depends upon organization and management, and the formation of a strong committee to follow up the work when the talking is done and push conclusions to results. And we must not forget that in colonization, as in law, an opinion or suggestion which is worth anything must be backed by knowledge which it costs time and money to obtain. If we want ideas to work upon we must offer to pay for them. We may take a wrinkle from the success of two experiments which have been made in the last eighteen months. Our readers will remember the offer of *The Statist* for the best essay on "the best scheme of an Imperial customs union," which was won by Mr. J. G. Colmer. This elicited in all one hundred and thirty-six papers. Again, in Toronto, last year, Alderman Shaw offered one hundred dollars for the best essay on "enforced idleness," and received no less than thirty-five papers, some of which, were of lasting practical value.

Upon the face of it there would seem to be no reason why, if we once settled down to work, we should not be able to put our heads together and work out a system that will draft the surplus people of the old country to the surplus land of the new with the same ease as families are drafted to the free colonies in Holland, or the Germans colonize the large estates in Prussian Poland with their unemployed. Steam and electricity have eliminated distance, and changed the geography of the world. May we not say with Professor Seeley that "England is for the most part very thinly peopled and very imperfectly developed, a young country with millions of acres of virgin soil and mineral wealth as yet but half explored, that it has abundant room for all Englishmen, and can find homesteads for them all, for the most part in a congenial clime and out of the reach of enemies?" Surely the cost of transportation and the short voyage across the ocean are not insuperable difficulties!

If we have failed hitherto, may not our failure be due to the fact that we have been waiting for some genius to appear who would give us a clockwork system all finished and ready to hand? We have not recognized that the perfection of a system rests upon the right understanding of human nature and familiarity with the social questions and conditions of life in two countries, principles too widely disconnected for any one man to master without the devotion of some years to the study. Every link in the chain needs an expert to forge it. And to set the experts to work we must decide upon the outlines of our system, and then clearly define the difficulties and problems which we have to solve. We must first enunciate the points upon which we want opinions and advice, and then, if we offer to pay for the information that we want, when we hold our conventions we may expect to obtain more practical and useful results than a mere exhibition of enthusiasm and talk.

Ernest Heaton.

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With ten special illustrations.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTH.

BARON STOCKMAR, Physician and Controller of the Household to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg, writing from Claremont, in the spring of 1819, tells of the birth of a little princess within the dull old walls of Kensington Palace. He describes her as "plump as a partridge." A thrill of excitement had accompanied the arrival of this new scion of Royalty, as great, if somewhat remote, possibilities arose with its appearance. Its venerable grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Cobourg writes on hearing of the good news: "Again a Charlotte, destined, perhaps, to play a great part one day if a brother is not born to take it out of her hands. The English like queens."

Two years previously the Princess Charlotte, a sweet and promising woman, the only child of the dissolute Regent, had died, and was buried amidst such a display of a people's grief as history has seldom recorded. But most of the fifteen children of George III. were living when the Dowager Duchess wrote her vivacious congratulations, and the Regent, afterwards

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA AT THE AGE OF 2.

From a painting by Sir W. Beechy, at Windsor.

AT THE AGE OF 4.

From a painting by S. P. Denning, in the Delwich Gallery.

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AT THE AGE OF 6.

From a painting by W. Fowler.

George IV., might have at any time married again during the nine years he survived his unloved wife. His brother, who succeeded as William IV., had several children. Still, from many circumstances, the probability of a throne awaiting a little new-comer was vividly present to the minds of those gathered in the ante-chamber of the old Kensington Palace on that eventful 24th of May when Victoria I. of England first saw the light. Her father was wrought up to the pitch of tears when presenting her to the titled assembly, and his favourite remark later on when talking with his friends and intimates in reference to her was: "Look at her well, for she will be Queen of England."

THE QUEEN'S FATHER.

The father of the little princess, the Duke of Kent, third son of George III., was, perhaps, the most estimable of the group of wilful young men who brought such little dignity or fair repute to the House of Hanover. The one act for which he will retain a kindly place in memory is that when he married, at the age of fifty, he chose one who was to prove an ideal mother to the future Queen of England. He was a most devoted and affectionate father, and his death within a year of the birth of the princess was attributed to his remaining on returning from a country excursion with soaked boots and damp feet in his little one's nursery, engrossed in amusing the child. The amiable Duke, generous to a fault, left his estate deeply involved, and the Duchess, with the infant Victoria, came under the care and guidance of one well worthy of the momentous charge. Prince Leopold arrived from Claremont just in time to see his sister's husband breathe his last. Three years before the Prince had been welcomed by the whole nation as the wise and happy choice of the Princess Charlotte. He now more than justified his welcome. He became the judicious adviser of his sister, and a father and guardian to the Princess. From his own income he added to the narrow jointure of the Duchess all that was required to provide for the Royal child such training and surroundings as befitted her great prospects. Later on, Leopold, as King of the Belgians, became an honoured arbitrator in international disputes, his high-minded impartiality and disinterestedness and far-seeing judgment being recognized and trusted throughout Europe.

England's debt of gratitude to the house of Saxe-Cobourg is not small. To them the nurture of the character of the Queen is due; to their high principle, calm judgment and steady

AT THE AGE OF 8.

From a painting by Anthony Stewart.

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AT THE AGE OF 11.

From a painting by R. Westall, R.A.

self-control we owe the influences which, at the outset of her life, forecast the future temper and conduct of the Queen.

THE QUEEN'S MOTHER.

It would be hard, indeed, for the most advanced theorist of this day to have mapped out a more ideally perfect course than that followed by the Duchess of Kent in the care of her daughter. By the Duke's will her duty was clearly set forth: "I.do nominate, constitute and appoint my beloved wife Victoire, Duchess of Kent, to be the sole guardian of our dear child, the Princess Alexanderina Victoire, to all intents and for all purposes whatever." When she received by deputations the addresses of condolence offered by the two Houses of Parliament the infant was in her arms, and the study of her life from that day forward was to establish a mutual understanding and accord between the people of England and her daughter. The Duchess came to England at the age of thirty, unacquainted even with the English language, and, hence, failure to have thoroughly understood the genius of a strange people, and the requirements of the situation, might have been pardonable.

From the occupants of the throne during the Queen's childhood no wise or good influence of any kind was to have been looked for. The morals of the Court were little above those of a bar-room, and the task bequeathed to the widowed stranger was one of no little difficulty and delicacy, calling for a firmness of character and strength of principle of no common order. She lived during her daughter's earlier years in the most complete seclusion possible, thus giving dire offence to the Court. Greville's spicy memoirs give some idea of the difficulties through which she passed. The King on one occasion, at his own table, upbraided the Duchess for the motherly care that isolated the Princess from the unwholesome miasma of the Court, of which this sample of Royal bad manners was no extreme exhibition. The Duchess followed the instincts of a pure and loving woman jealous for the welfare of her child and combined with this a consummate practical good sense and untiring as well as affectionate vigilance. Her single-minded devotion of such powers of intellect and heart, produced results of which England reaped the benefit in the character of a ruler, whose self-command and disciplined judgment have made her a faultless constitutional sovereign, and have won for her the loyal confidence of all parties, and whose life has illustrated all that we most love in woman.

AT THE AGE OF 12.

From a drawing by Catterson Smith.

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THE ROYAL BABY.

The sweet "Little Mayflower," as the Dowager Duchess grandmother christened her, was by all accounts a lovely child, with glossy fair hair, large blue eyes, a remarkably transparent complexion and exuberant health. On her way down to pass these few overshadowed weeks at Sidmouth we have a glimpse of her being tossed in the fatherly arms of the Bishop of Salisbury, disarranging the good man's wig, shaking out a cloud of powder, and extracting a tuft in her vigorous little hands. There is a pretty

THE DUKE OF KENT.
The Queen's Father.

picture, too, of a wayside scene at Sidmouth in a memoir of one of the Allinghams, which gives one of the few pleasant touches we have of the poor Duke before the door closes on him.

"One bright January morning," writes Mrs. Allingham, "we met the Duke and Duchess of Kent linked arm-in-arm, the nurse carrying the little Princess, who looked lovely in a white swansdown hood and pelisse and was holding out her hand to her father. He took her in his arms as the party drew up in line respectfully waiting, uncovered and curtseying.

"Stella exclaimed: 'What a beautiful baby!'

"The Duchess, hearing, smiled and said, 'Would you like to kiss the baby?'

"Stella coloured with delight, and looked at me for permission.

"The Duke kindly held the little princess down towards Stella, and said: 'I am glad my little May blossom finds favour in your eyes.'

"Then a shout was heard from the donkey where Stephen sat: 'Me, too, please Duke.'

"Instead of being in the least shocked by my boy's freedom, the Duke laughed, saying: 'Dismount then.'

"Stephen scrambled down, and, coming up, secured the longed-for kiss.

"'Father calls Stella and Benvenuta *his* May blossoms,' Stephen volunteered.

"'And you may be proud of them,' the Duke said, as he gave the Princess back into the nurse's arms; and he and the Duchess, with repeated bows and smiles, passed on."

A few days more and Prince Leopold arrives at Woodglen, the now desolate Sidmouth home, to take his fatherless niece into his arms for the first time, henceforth to watch over her with conscientious and fatherly devotion. He escorted his sister and the child back to the old rooms in Kensington Palace, now become a shrine where the precious charge should be watched over with the vigilance of a sleepless mother-love, and guarded by the policy and prudence of a far-seeing statesman.

HER GUARDED CHILDHOOD.

From the day of her father's death till she ascended the throne, the Queen never passed a night outside her mother's bed-chamber. Of this she has given us a touching memorial. Long years afterwards, when watching by the death-bed of her devoted mother, she heard the silent hours struck one by one by an old repeater. "A large watch," she writes, "in a tortoise-shell case, which belonged to my

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poor father, the sound of which brought back to me all the recollections of my childhood, for I always used to hear it at night, but had not heard it now for twenty-three years." Washed and dressed by the Duchess herself, or under her eyes, taking her simple and regular meals at her side, with none of the pomp or show of royalty, no child of the people enjoyed more of a mother's affectionate care. Yet the young life was not without some privations, inseparable from her high prospects. She had no companions of her own age, her step-sister Princess Feodore (child of her mother by a former marriage), for whom she entertained the strongest affection, was eleven years her senior, and the Queen writing to her uncle, then King of the Belgians, from his old residence at Claremont, refers to the keen delight of visits when she enjoyed "the happiest days of my otherwise dull childhood days in which I experienced such kindness from you, dearest uncle. Victoria (Princess Royal) plays with my old bricks, and I see her running and jumping in the flower garden, as old (though I still feel little) Victoria of former days used to do."

HER FIRST VISITORS.

To the old palace at Kensington there were occasional visitors who had the rare privilege of admission to the little Princess. The Venerable William Wilberforce goes there by special invitation. Writing to his friend, Hannah Moore, he says: "In consequence of a very civil message from the Duchess of Kent, I waited on her this morning, and found her with her fine, amiable child on the floor by her side with its playthings, of which I soon became one." The great Sir Walter Scott comes later on, and records in his diary, dining with the Duchess, and being presented by Prince Leopold "to the little Princess Victoria, the heir-apparent to the House as things now stand. This little lady," he adds, "is educated with much care and watched so closely that no busy maid has a moment to whisper 'you are heir of England.' I suspect if we could dissect the little heart, we should find that some pigeon or other bird of the air had carried the matter. She is fair, like the Royal Family." Sir Walter, however, was wrong. Not till she was twelve years old did any knowledge of her high position come to the little Princess, though now and then her bright observation lead to curious and perplexed questions. "Why," she asked on one occasion, after a drive in the park, "do all the gentlemen take

THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

off their hats to me, and not to my sister Feodora?"

HER AMUSEMENTS.

Though the bright vivacity of the child Princess was conscious of restraints from which others were free, all the resources of affection were called into play to enliven the wise seclusion of her upbringing. There were good romps through the long historic galleries of Kensington with "dear, dear, Boppy," Mrs. Brock, the nurse,

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one of the first of those faithful attendants on the Queen, who throughout her long life have been an honour to her Court, and who recall the best characters of historic fealty. There were blissful rides on an ideal white donkey, decked with blue ribbons under the charge of old soldier Stillman, a retainer of the poor Duke; and in dismounting from the said donkey some of the Hanover wilfulness came out, showing that our little lady Princess was not wanting in definiteness of character. There were reports of screams in Kensington gardens and scenes with nurse or governess when they tried to unseat her, and she would at last only condescend to grave old Stillman's outstretched arms.

HER HOLIDAYS.

We hear, too, of quiet autumn visits to Ramsgate or Brighton, the rare joy of playing with other children on the sands, the dear delight of racing with the sea waves and getting caught. Here, again, we come across good old Wilberforce, who beguiles the little Princess as they walk along the sea shore, hand in hand, with stories of the slave people for whose liberation he has spent his life; and on their way home the true child heart teases from the Duchess some silver for a pale old Irishwoman brooding by the wayside.

VISITS TO COURT.

Visits to Court, however, much dreaded by the high-minded Duchess, could not be altogether avoided, and Uncle George IV., woefully dissipated, unroyal Thackerayian a figure as he is to us, was not insensible to the attraction of the sweet, pure, bright child. The Dowager Duchess of Cobourg, in one of her characteristic letters, refers to one of these necessary visits. "The little monkey must have pleased and amused him, she is such a pretty, clever child." Uncle King, however, had small mind to hear his little niece spoken of as future queen, a courtier's slip of the tongue to this effect giving dire offence. Still, the first Court ceremonies at which the future sovereign is present occurs in his time, a brilliant juvenile ball being given in honour of the visit of Donna Maria, the little Queen of Portugal, the Princess Victoria, must attend. The sophisticated Greville compares the two: The Donna of Portugal in red velvet, blazing in jewels from head to foot, and our blue-eyed Princess in simple white frock.

THE QUEEN'S EDUCATION.

"As I have known the Queen, she was always quick and active in her perceptions," wrote Baron Stockmar in a private letter in 1839, and no one had better opportunities of observation or a cooler judgment. The Princess learned her letters at her mother's knee, with a fair measure of the refractoriness of childhood, for we find the wise old grandmamma of Cobourg advising her daughter. "Do not tease your little puss with learning, she is so young still." However, when it was made clear to Miss Princess that till she conquered the alphabet she could not read like her mother, her ideal of all perfection, she said, "Me learn, too, very quick," and progress was rapid. She had indeed need of a vigorous and healthy brain to stand without a strain all that was required of her. French and German in addition to her native tongue, and by her eleventh year, Italian, Latin, Greek and Mathematics. Music she learned under John Bernard Sale, afterwards organist of the Chapel Royal. Drawing under the refined and careful Westale, R. A., whose delicately executed fancies were as popular in that day as those of Abbey or Howard Pyle are now. The Queen's Tutor was the Rev. George Davys, eventually Bishop of Peterborough.

By the death of the last of the sickly children of William IV., the eyes of all were directed to the little recluse at Kensington Palace as "The Young Hope of England," and a vote of Parliament, in grateful recognition of the work up to that time so faithfully done by the Duchess, unanimously nominated her regent in case the reigning sovereign died before the Princess Vic-

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toria attained her majority. It was then proposed that some one of higher position than the good Davys should assume the education of the Princess. The Duchess wisely declined, he understood his pupil, and had won her respect and confidence. On one occasion, the lessons not having proceeded so equably as usual, when the Duchess coming in on her daily visit of enquiry as to the conduct of young Royalty, Governess Lehzen, who was always present during the lessons, replied that the Princess had once been rather troublesome. The grave corrective, "I was troublesome twice, don't you remember, Lehzen," was characteristic of the frank truthfulness of the young scholar. The Baroness Lehzen had taught the Princess from her earliest years, had won her most devoted affection, and was afterwards for a considerable period the private secretary of the Queen, who writes in her journal under date of September 12th, 1870: "My dearest, kindest friend, old Lehzen, expired on the 9th quite gently and peaceably . . . She knew me from six months old, and from my fifth to my eighteenth year devoted all her care and energies to me with the most wonderful abnegation of self, never even taking one day's holiday. I adored, though I was greatly in awe of her. She really seemed to have no thought but for me . . . She was in her eighty-seventh year."

It was not till she had reached her twelfth year that the Princess Victoria was made aware of her true position as heiress to the Crown. The event is related in a letter from the Baroness Lehzen to the Queen in 1867, in a well-known passage, which in its vivid simplicity leaves the fairest impression of the opening character of the Queen.

"I ask your Majesty's leave to cite some remarkable words of your Majesty's, when only twelve years old, while the Regency Bill was in progress. I then said to the Duchess of Kent, that now, for the first time, your Majesty ought to know your place in the succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Mr. Davys was gone, you, as usual, opened the book again, and seeing the additional paper, said, "I never saw that before."

LEOPOLD I., KING OF THE BELGIANS.
The Queen's Uncle and Guardian.

"It was not thought necessary that you should, Princess," I answered.

"I see I am nearer the throne than I thought."

"So it is, madam," I said.

After some minutes the Princess resumed, "Now, many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendour, but there is more responsibility." The Princess, having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying: "I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn, even Latin. My aunts, Augusta and Mary, never did, but you told me Latin was the foundation of English grammar, and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it, as you wished it, but I understand it all better now," and the Princess gave me her hand, repeating, "I will be good!"

On the margin of this letter the Queen made the memorandum, "I cried much on hearing it."

The record of sixty years has shown

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the full fruition of this fair promise, and to-day the child who received the knowledge of her greatness with this resolution, "I will be good!" so simple, yet containing "all the wisest sage could have counselled, or the greatest hero vowed," is enshrined in the hearts of millions, as such a Queen, and such a woman, as never yet filled such a throne.

"With what sublime repression of herself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly;
Not swaying to this faction or to that,
Nor making her high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage ground
For pleasure; but through all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne."

Frits Hope.

STEALING AWAY.

THEY are stealing away from us, stealing away,
Those fond, true loves of ours,
And naught will be left us at close of day
But narrow graves 'neath the flowers.
Slipping away as the years roll on,
Silently, swiftly, they
Steal from our side, and at last they're gone,
Stealthily slipping away.

They are stealing away, and we never speak
One word of comforting love;
Mayhap their meadow-land life is bleak
And clouds hide blue skies above.
So they quicken their pace as they steal away
Swiftly before our frown;
Can we then brighten that twilight grey
Ere life's sinking sun goes down?

Listen! take them and hold them tight,
Theirs is a thorny path;
Make their portion of toil more bright
With a kiss or a happy laugh;
Don't let them go from our side until
They learn that we hold them dear,
Or when they slumber in death, all still,
We may wish we had loved them here.

A. P. McKishnie.

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ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR, NEWFOUNDLAND.

ANOTHER FAST LINE VIA NEWFOUNDLAND.

By the Editor of The Evening Herald, St. John's, Nfld.

QUIETLY and persistently, without any parade or flourish of trumpets, an undertaking is being pushed towards completion in Newfoundland that is destined, perhaps, to create the greatest revolution in Trans-Atlantic travel that the world has ever seen. A railroad is being built across this Island from St. John's, the capital, on the eastern coast, to Port-Aux-Basques, at the south-western point, from which daily connection will be made by a fast ferry with Aspe Bay in Cape Breton, and thence to all parts of the United States and Canada. This line has been built with a direct view to its utilisation as an important link in a new chain of fast communication between America and Europe, and the idea upon which it was founded is at least twenty-five years old. It is fully that time since Sandford Fleming, Esq., now one of Canada's leading scientists, first pointed out the unique advantages enjoyed by Newfoundland, and how a railroad built across the Island would shorten the time as well as minimize the terrors of the ocean passage from New York to Liverpool and *vice versa*. He published a pamphlet on the subject and tried to enlist capitalists in the project, but it was regarded as chimerical, and only within the past five years have steps been taken to put his theory into practical shape. The then Island Government authorized the construction of a line of railway right through the interior to the south-western extremity, within sixty miles of Cape North, in Cape Breton, to which point the Intercolonial Railway will be extended, leaving these sixty miles of Cabot Strait to be bridged by a fast ferry which will cover it in four hours. The line is now almost completed, and will be finished by July, 1897, as only thirty miles re-

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main to be cut through out of the five hundred and twenty-six miles which the road will extend. Arrangements will then be made to give full effect to the principles that influenced its construction.

The traveller who boards the Atlantic "greyhound" at New York for the British Isles resigns himself to seven days of a sea-trip; for, while the record stands at six and one-quarter days, the average run is a good deal longer. To most people the voyage is one of grave discomfort, and will continue so until some genius discovers a certain specific for sea-sickness; but while the absence of such exists, the plaint of suffering humanity as well as of progressive commerce is for some means to shorten the journey between the two points. Such a means Newfoundland will now supply, providing for the landing of passengers and mails in New York or Liverpool twenty-nine hours quicker than by direct steamer, and that, too, with only three days ocean passage.

The accompanying map explains the leading features in the new connection, which, it is believed, will be the favourite route within the next few years. The traveller boards the train in New York city, and is whirled along through Massachusetts, Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to Sydney, reached in about thirty hours. The fast steam ferry, part of the Colonial service, then takes him across Cabot Strait; and from Port-Aux-Basques to St. John's the railroad now nearly completed will convey him within twenty-four hours.

Here he will take an Atlantic liner, and as the distance to Queenstown is only 1,650 miles, a "greyhound" like the *Lucania* will make the passage in just three days. Allowing sixteen hours to reach London, he should find himself landed in the world's metropolis in six days two hours, as against seven days seven hours by the steamer passage from New York. A recent official English publication shows that the quickest average transit of mails between the two cities was 175 hours, so that the Newfoundland route would give nearly thirty hours to the good.

It is needless to dilate at length on the manifest advantages of the new route; the chart shows that there is almost an air line between New York and Liverpool, passing directly through this Island, and the saving of time is of course effected by the fact that the railway journey to this port is twice as speedy as a steamer covering the same distance, while to the average traveller the great inducement is offered that he does not have to face the terrors of sea-sickness till he reaches here, and then only for three days.

The equipment of the Newfoundland railroad is fully up to the standard of the best American lines, the rolling stock is the finest, and the passenger and sleeping coaches are fitted in the most luxurious style. The road is being built by a contractor, Mr. R. G. Reid, of Montreal, who figured in the building of the Canadian Pacific railway. The line runs through a virgin country, a new and beautiful paradise for the tourist and traveller. The isolation of Newfoundland and the mistaken notions which have got abroad concerning it have caused it to be regarded as a barren rock, whereas it is a country replete with varied natural beauties, the scenery being pronounced equal to the finest in North America. As the traveller passes through he finds everywhere objects to charm the eye, and the variety is a most agreeable contrast to the dreary monotony of ocean travel.

St. John's is a land-locked harbour, with a deep, narrow entrance through which the largest ship afloat could make her way in safety. It is open all the year round, and by making it a port of call for Atlantic steamers these would escape the fogs which abound on the banks farther south, besides avoiding the dangers of running down and sinking the fishing vessels anchored there, which accidents are of very frequent occurrence. Port Aux-Basques is another splendid harbour, and as the western terminus of the road and the outlet of all the products of the newly-

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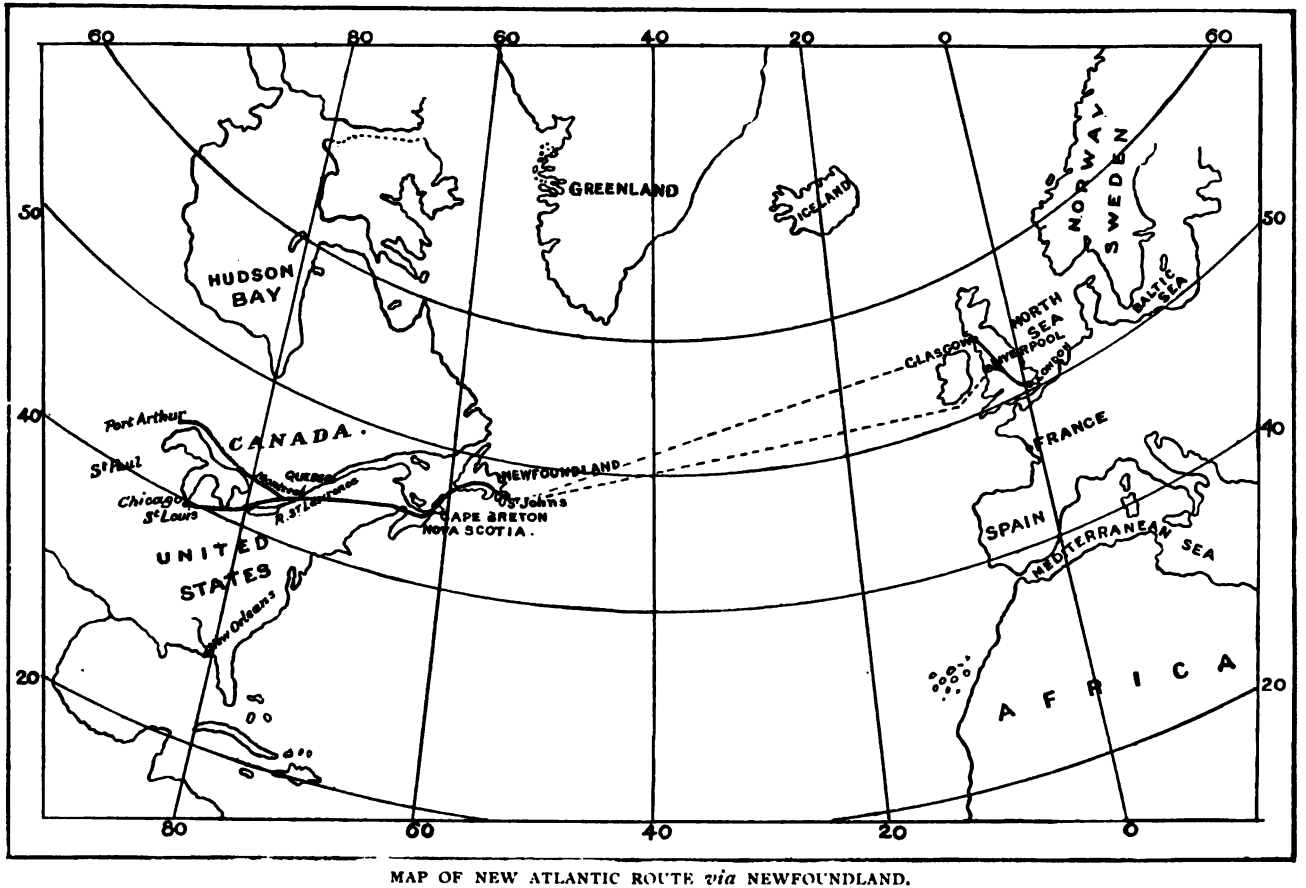

MAP OF NEW ATLANTIC ROUTE *via* NEWFOUNDLAND.

New York to Cape Breton by rail; Cape Breton to Newfoundland by boat; across Newfoundland by rail; St. John's to Liverpool by boat; estimated saving in time, 29 hours.

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ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR AT SUNSET.

developing interior of this colony, it is destined to become a port of international reputation.

St. John's is fully equipped for the cleaning and repair of ocean liners; it has the largest dry-dock in North America, foundries, machine shops, and all appliances to cope with any accident. With the facilities the proposed new route offers and the vigorous contest which a number of influential Englishmen and Americans interested in the scheme will make for a share of the Trans-Atlantic traffic, it is certain that the advantages of the route will be made fully manifest to the travelling public. At first sight it appears impossible that the relative positions of New York and St. John's should be as they appear on the chart; but still it is quite correct. It has been drawn on scientific principles and follows a true meridian line; and the distance from St. John's to England is 1,200 miles shorter than from New York, and it is 900 miles shorter from this port to points in southern Europe or the Mediterranean. Newfoundland, therefore, appears to have been designed by nature as the great central point for handling the commerce of two hemispheres; at present nearly every ship that crosses the North Atlantic passes within sight of Cape Race, and, consequently, within sixty miles of St. John's, which is also the haven of safety for those which meet accidents or misfortunes during their voyages.

It is by no means improbable that if the Island is absorbed into the Canadian Confederation, St. John's may be the stopping point of the fast Atlantic line the establishment of which, between England and Canada, is now being actively pushed forward by Secretary Chamberlain. Making this port the Western terminus would obviate the necessity of navigating the St. Lawrence, which is justly regarded as the chief objection to the scheme, if not absolutely fatal to it, for the river abounds in shoals and dangerous passages, and for five months of the year it is closed altogether, and a winter port would have to be chosen. St. John's could be made the port all the year round, the mails, passengers and freight being sent on to destination by the railway route above described. This would be right in the direct line of traffic from the Far West, and such traffic would be deflected from New York to a very large extent, and carried by way of Montreal to this port.

It is generally conceded by Western

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FISH FLAKES, ST. JOHN'S

papers and writers that the growing development of the North-Western States necessitates a new and more direct line of communication to Europe than is furnished by the round-about route to New York. The latitude of such cities as Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, etc., is approximately the same as that of St. John's; and existing railroads from the West, centering in Montreal and then direct to Nova Scotia and across this Island, make a difference in favour of this latter route of 30 to 36 hours over the sea trip from New York and the necessarily lengthened train journey to reach there. American visitors to this Colony during last summer were soon struck with the magnificent prospects which this plan offered of minimising the time occupied in crossing the "herring-pond," and lessening the discomforts which the voyage involved.

The first through trip is expected to be made about August next, and will consist of the promoters of the scheme,

BONAVISTA, NEWFOUNDLAND.

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representatives of the Trans-Atlantic steamship lines and American and Canadian railways, with possibly some officials of the British War Department. They will take trains to Queenstown, then a fast steamer to St. John's, and cover the balance of the journey as described, the whole run being scheduled and arranged beforehand, so as to show its fullest possibilities.

BANKER ENTERING THE NARROWS, ST. JOHN'S.

The co-operation of the British Government will, it is hoped, be secured from the point of view of making it a link in the chain of Imperial communication, a portion of the military highway between the East and the West. England has already experimented considerably to test the suitability of the Canadian Pacific Railway for the transport of troops to the Pacific and her East Indian possessions in war time, and has approved of the route as an alternative one, in some respects preferable to that *via* Suez, now more generally used. It is, therefore, likely that she would endorse this new line provided by the road across Newfoundland, as it would enable her to place her troops in Montreal hours before they could get there even *via* Halifax. The strategical value of the line is enhanced by the fact that immense deposits of coal and iron have lately been discovered along the railway track, which will, probably, result in some one of the numerous fine harbours on the southern or western coast being turned into a naval station, to add a new tower of strength to Britain's already powerful defences in North America.

APPARATUS FOR SHIPPING ORE.

The possibilities of the new short-line route between the two worlds are only yet in their infancy; but, even so, it is evident that a new and powerful competitor will shortly be in the field, with a backing of substantial induce-

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ments, seeking for a goodly proportion of the immense passenger traffic across the Atlantic, and striking a serious blow at the seaports which now reign supreme. It would be a surprising circumstance if the sceptre should pass from the hand of New York into that of this little city of St. John's.

The summary of the stages of the journey is:

New York to Cape Breton.	30 hrs.
Cape Breton to Newfoundland .	4 "
Across Newfoundland.	24 "
St. John's to Liverpool	84 "
Liverpool to London	4 "
	146 hrs.
	or 6 days, 2 hours.

Present average voyage New York to London, 7 days, 7 hours.

TOPSAIL FALLS, NEAR ST. JOHN'S.

The conditions underlying the Newfoundland route are somewhat similar to those which present themselves to the traveller starting from London for the East who takes the train to London, the ferry at Dover, and the train again as far as Brindisi, thus gaining much time and escaping the trials of the sea trip to that point, a further argument in favour of our route.

Mr. Reid, the contractor who built the railroad, is now having a fast ferry steamer built on the Clyde to ply between Port-aux-Basques and Sydney until the Intercolonial is extended to Aspe Bay. She will be of a special construction, to cope with ice in winter, and will steam at least 18 knots. Her cost will be $260,000.00, and she will be fitted up on most approved modern lines. Our Government entertain great hopes of Newfoundland being able to become an important factor in the Fast Atlantic Service problem, by securing first-class steamers between here and Liverpool when the other links in the chain of communication are completed. The Governor's speech at the opening of the Colonial Legislature, March 18th, 1897, indicated this and pointed out the vast possibilities which the completion of this road will create.

P. T. McGrath.

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MY CONTEMPORARIES IN FICTION.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

VIII.—MR. S. R. CROCKETT—IAN MACLAREN.

WHEN I undertook the writing of this series, Mr. S. R. Crockett, except for his "Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills," was unknown to me by actual reading. My opinion of that story was not a high one. I thought it, and on second reading still think it, feebly pretentious. But for some reason or another Mr. Crockett's name has been buzzed about in such a prodigality of praise that it came natural to believe and hope that later work from his pen had shown a quality which the first little *brochure* had not revealed, and that the world had found in him a genuine addition to its regiment of literary workmen. The curiosity with which a section of the newspaper press has been inspired as to Mr. Crockett's personal whereabouts, as to his comings and goings, his engagements for the future, and his prices "per thousand words" would have seemed to indicate that in him we had discovered a person of considerably more than the average height.

The result of a completer perusal of his writings is not merely destructive of this hope. It is positively stunning and bewildering. Mr. Crockett is not only not a great man, but a rather futile very small one. The unblushing effrontery of those gentlemen of the press who have set *him* on a level with Sir Walter is the most mournful and most contemptible thing in association with the poorer sort of criticism which has been encountered of late years.

It is no part of an honest critic's business to be personally offensive. It is no part of his function to find a pleasure in giving pain. But it is a part of his business, which is not to be escaped, to do his fearless best to tell the truth, and the truth about Mr. Crockett and the press is not to be told without giving deep offence to him and it. Fortunately, the press is a very wide corporation indeed, and if there are venal people employed upon it there are at least as many scrupulously honourable, and if there are stupid people who can be carried by a cry there are men of all grades of brilliant ability, ranging from genius to talent. To put the matter in plain English will offend neither honesty nor ability, and to give offence to venality or incompetence is not an act of peculiar daring.

In plain English, then, it is not a matter of opinion as to whether Mr. Crockett is worthy of the stilted encomium which has mopped and mowed about him. It is not a matter of opinion as to whether Mr. Crockett has or has not rivalled Sir Walter. It is a matter of absolute fact, about which no two men who are even moderately competent to judge can dispute for a second. The newspaper press, or a very considerable section of it, has conspired to set Mr. Crockett upon an eminence which he not merely has not merited, but an eminence so removed from his fitness for it that he—unfortunate man that he is—is made ridiculous by the mere fact of being perched there. When Robert Louis Stevenson suffered from the hysteria of praise the natural feeling was to save an exquisite artist from the excusable exaltations of enthusiasm. When the genuine art and real fun and touching pathos of Mr. J. M. Barrie hurried his admirers into uncritical ecstacy, one's only fear was lest the popular taste should take an undeserved revenge in coldness and neglect. To say in the first flush of affection and enjoyment that "A Window in Thrums" is as good as Sir Walter, or that "The Master of Ballantrae" is better, is not to exercise the faculty of a critic; but it is not monstrous or absurd. It is the expression of a momentary happy ebullience, a natural ejaculation of grati-

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tude for a beautiful gift. It is only when the judgment comes to be persisted in that we find any element of danger in it. It is only when gravely and strenuously repeated, as in Stevenson's case, that it is to be resented, and then mainly on the ground that it does harm to the object of it. But in the case now under review the conditions are not the same. Poor Stevenson, whose early death is still a poignant grief, was indubitably a man of genius. Settle the question of stature how you may, there is no denying the species to which such a writer belongs. Mr. Barrie *has* genius—which is a slightly different thing—and there is no denying his possession of rare and charming gifts. But Mr. Crockett in the great ranks of letters is "as just and mere a serving-man as any born of woman," and there has been as much banging of the paragraphicdrum concerning him, and as assured a proclamation of his mastership, as if every high quality of genuis were recognisable in him at a glance. If I knew of any unmistakable and tangible reason for all this I would not hesitate to name it, but I am not in the secret, and I have no right to guess. There are some sort of strings somewhere, and somebody pulls them. So much is evident on the face of things. Who work the contemptible *fantoccini* who gesticulate to the Ephesian hubbub of "greatness," I neither know nor care, but it is simply out of credence that their motions are spontaneous.

S. R. CROCKETT.

Ex pede Herculem. I will take a solitary story from Mr. Crockett's "Stickit Minister." It is called "The Courtship of Allan Fairley." The tale is of a young minister of the peasant class, whose parents, through much privation, have kept their son at college. He is elected to a living in an aristocratic parish, and takes his old peasant mother to keep house for him. Some

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of his more polished parishioners object to the old lady's presence at the manse, and they have the rather astonishing cheek to propose that the son shall send her away. He refuses, and shows his visitors the door These are the bare lines of the story so far as we are concerned with it.

Think how Dr. MacDonald or J. M. Barrie would have handled this! The humour of either would have danced round the crass obtuseness of the deputation and the mingled wrath and amusement of the minister. The story bristles with opportunity for the presentation of human contrast. The chances are all there, and a story-teller of the commonest capacity could not have failed to see and to utilize some of them. Mr. Crockett misses every conceivable point of his own tale, and with a majestic clumsiness drags in the one thing which could possibly make it futile and offensive. The minister has nothing to fear from his visitors, for it is expressly stated that he has a majority of three hundred and sixty-five in his spiritual constituency of four hundred and thirty-five. But Mr. Crockett's point is that he was a hero for refusing to kick his own mother out of doors. He makes Mr. Allan Fairley tell his own tale, and the end of this portion of it runs thus:

"He got no further; he wadna hae gotten as far if for a moment I had jaloosed his drift. I got on my feet. I could hardly keep my hands off them, minister as I was, but I said: 'Gentlemen, you are aware of what you ask me to do? You ask me to turn out of the house the mither that bore me, the mither that learnt me "The Lord's my Shepherd," the mither that wore her fingers near the bone that I might gang to the college, that selled her bit plenshin' that my manse micht be furnished! Ye ask me to shew her to the door—I'LL SHEW YOU TO THE DOOR!'—an' to the door they gaed!" "Weel dune! That was my ain Allan!" cried I.

Was there ever a piece of sentiment cheaper, falser, more tawdry? Who applauds a man for not turning his old mother out of doors at the impertinent request of a meddling nobody? Look at the stormy small capitals of this oatmeal hero, who is supposed to electrify us by the mere fact of his not being an incredible ass and scoundrel! Does any sober person think for a moment that a man of genuis could have made this revolting blunder? It is beyond comparison the densest bit of stupidity in dealing with the emotions I have encountered anywhere. Anybody but Mr. Crockett would have seen where the point of the story lay. It lies in the cool impertinence and heartlessness of his visitors. To put the emphasis on the rejection of their proposal—to make a point of *that*—is to insult the reader. Of course it was rejected. How should it possibly, by any stretch of poltroonery and baseness, be otherwise?

Ex pede Herculem. This bedrummed and betrumpeted man of genius cannot read the A B *a b* of the human emotions. "Here!" says the subtle tempter, "I'll give you twopence if you'll put your baby on the fire!" The god-like hero thunders: "No! He is my flesh and blood. He is the sacred trust of Heaven. He is innocent, he is helpless. I'LL SHEW YOU TO THE DOOR!" Oh! what emotions stir within the heart when a master's hand wakes a chord like this!

There is, of course, a certain angry pleasure in this necessary work; but it does not endure, and it is followed rapidly by a reaction of pain and pity. But we have a right to ask—we have a right to insist—that undeserved reputations shall not be manufactured for us by any clique. We have a right to protest when the offence is open and flagrant. Let it be said, if it be not too late to say it, that Mr. Crockett, if left alone by his indiscreet admirers, or only puffed within the limits of the reasonable, might have been regarded as an honest workman as times go, when everybody, more or less, writes fiction. If his pages had come before me as the work of an unknown man, seeking his proper place in the paper republic, it is certain that I could have found some honest and agreeable things to say about him. But, unfortunately he, more than any other writer

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of his day, has been signalled out for those uncostly extravagances of praise which are fast discrediting us in our own eyes, and are making what should be the art of criticism a mockery, and something of a shame. In what I have written I have dealt less with his work than with the false estimate of it which, for a year or two, has been thrust upon the public by a certain band of writers who are either hopelessly incompetent to assess our labours or incurably dishonest. It is very possible, indeed, that Mr. Crockett is wholly undeserving of censure in this regard, that he has not in any way asked or aided the manufacture of this balloon of a reputation in which he has floated to such heights. Apart from the pretentions of his *claque*, there is no earthly reason why a critic should hold him up to ridicule. It is not he who is ridiculous, but at its best his position is respectable, and he holds his place (like the mob of us who write for a living) for the moment only. To pretend that he is a man of genius, to talk about him in the same breath with Sir Walter Scott, to chronicle his comings and his goings as if he were the embodiment of a new revelation, is to provoke a natural and just resentment. The more plainly that resentment is expressed—the more it is seen that a false adulation is the seed of an open contempt—the less likely writers of middling faculty will be to encourage a bloated estimate of themselves.

IAN MACLAREN.

Mr. Ian Maclaren, though he is distinctly an imitator, and may be said to owe his literary existence to Mr. J. M. Barrie, is both artistic and sympathetic. His work conveys to the reader the impression of an encounter with Barrie in a dream. The keen edges of the original are blurred and partly lost, but the author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" has many excellent qualities, and if he had had the good fortune or the initiative to be first in the field, his work would have been almost wholly charming. As it is, he still shows much faculty of intuition and of heart, and his work is all sympathetically honest. His emotions are genuine, and this in the creation of emotional fiction is the first essential to success. Here is another case where the hysteric overpraise of the critics has done a capable workman a serious injustice, and but for it a candid reviewer could have no temptation towards blame. His inspiration is from the outside, but that is the harshest word that can honestly be spoken, and in days when literature has become a trade such a judgment is not severe.

(To be continued.)

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ONE OF THE FAMOUS CREAM TEAM.

THE QUEEN'S HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

With Twelve Copyright Photographs.

THE Master of the Horse, and everybody and everything in his domains, will play an important part in the imposing ceremonies that are presently to celebrate the longest and best reign of the most beloved of British monarchs. State horses and coaches are coming in for, if possible, more than their usual share of attention; and the disposal, appearance, and general fitness is a matter of supreme importance. At the present moment, then, a visit to the Royal Mews is of much interest, and armed with the requisite permission I enter the gateway adjoining Buckingham Palace, and after a few words with Lieutenant Nicholas, the active and courteous Superintendent, I am conducted round on a tour of inspection. Nearly everybody in London knows the entrance, but little can be seen from the exterior of what lies beyond the Doric archway surmounted with its clock tower—which clock, by the way, is a genuine Vulliamy.

Just now the Courtyard beyond this archway has a busy appearance. It is of large dimensions, and makes a first rate exercise ground for pairs and teams. A brakesman is tooling round a fine chestnut team of Her Majesty's, and Major-General Sir Henry P. Ewart, the Crown Equerry, and a group of officials, are interested spectators. State coaches are being busily cleaned outside the various coach-houses, a drum is being vigourously beaten to accustom the horses to State processions, and to add to the animation, a number of the married grooms' children are indulging in various lively games; it is their school holidays, and the great Courtyard is their legitimate playground. To photograph the Queen's team is the first business, and

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drums are beaten anew and whips cracked, to call the pretty creatures to attention. About five of these perfectly matched teams may be seen in the stalls near by.

QUEEN'S CHESTNUT TEAM.

Who has not heard of the Queen's famous cream horses, the like of which are never seen? Nine of these beautiful animals — which were originally introduced from Hanover—are kept here; needless to say these are only used on very great occasions—in fact, only for Coronations, the opening of Parliament by the Sovereign in person, etc.; but you will be interested in knowing that they will draw the Queen on June 22nd. The breed of these horses is maintained in the Royal stables at Hampton Court, and should accident or death arise in the team here, the Hamp-

STATE COACH OF H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES, WITH THE "STATE COACHMAN," MR. MILLER.

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READY FOR THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM (FOR THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.)

ton Court supply is drawn upon. Emergency, however, is pretty well provided for by the presence of the ninth animal in these Mews. One of them is brought out for me to photograph, and certainly a more beautiful animal could not be seen. Its coat has the appearance of the most glossy cream satin; its silken mane is flowing and wavy, while its tail actually sweeps the ground.

If you should be near the Mews any summer morning about six o'clock, you may see the entire team driven out to the Park for exercise by Mr. Miller, the State coachman; then they are, of course, minus their State trappings, which form no incon-

STATE COACH BUILT FOR CORONATION OF GEORGE III. AT A COST OF NEARLY £8000. LAST USED IN 1861.

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HER MAJESTY'S SEMI-STATE COACH, BUILT FOR THE QUEEN AND PRINCE CONSORT IN 1845.

siderable part of the show they make when fully harnessed. This consists of gold-coloured metal-work with red morocco. The entire outfit for each horse weighs over one cwt. It is the most costly set of harness in the Mews, and is rarely used—not even on Queen's Drawing-room days. The last time I saw it out was on the occasion of the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of York; then it was on different horses.

Next in interest are the famous black Flemish horses, standing each of them about eighteen hands high. These are only used by the members of the Royal Family, sometimes in pairs, sometimes in teams; or on some very special occasions six of them will draw Her Majesty. If at any time the Queen should be driving behind the team of cream horses, the coach of the next personage of importance would be horsed by six blacks.

I am fortunate in visiting the Mews on a Queen's Drawing-room day, and so have the opportunity of seeing the start of the State coaches. First in importance comes the coach for the Princess of Wales; this is Her Royal Highness's own property, and is a recent addition. She holds the Drawing-room to-day on behalf of the Queen, and so Mr. Miller, the State coachman, drives her carriage. It is a fine equipage, painted in chocolate and blue, with wheels of red and gold, and elaborate gold dressings to the entire coach. The hammercloth is of scarlet and royal blue, with the Arms in gold relief. A large amount of plate-glass window will presently give the sight-seer a good view of the Royal occupants. The interior is artistically lined in blue figured silk rep, with a drawn lining of blue silk to the roof. In the centre of the outside top is a large gold crown, while smaller ones appear at the four corners. The rumble behind will to-day accommodate four State footmen.

Next comes the carriage which is to fetch the Duke and Duchess of York; this is one of a number technically called State coaches, and can be used either open or closed. Royal guests are accommodated with these; on such occasions they are harnessed with blacks, and postillions are mounted. The visit of the German Emperor and Empress to the city, for instance, was made in this way. These coaches are highly decorated with cords and tassels of crimson and gold, and a multiplicity of straps. The panels and hammercloth also are fully emblazoned with the Royal Arms in colours. The in-

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teriors are lined with blue watered silk, and riding in them must be particularly easy, as they are hung on C springs. The top of the coach is not so elaborate as is the one of the Princess of Wales, neither is the dress of the coachman; and to-day two footmen only will occupy the rumble.

While I have been inspecting and photographing these, stablemen have been busy running out the old State coach and placing it in position. By the side of this the Lord Mayor's coach fades into insignificance. It is of the most wonderful and gorgeous construction, and was built at a cost of nearly seven thousand pounds for the coronation of George III. It never goes out now; were it to do so it would be sure to attract a huge crowd, so elaborate and highly ornamented is it in appearance. It was designed by Sir William Chambers, and has some magnificent paintings on it by Gpriani. To give you an idea of the extreme beauty of these paintings, I may tell you that ten thousand pounds has been offered for the panel of one doorway should the coach ever be broken up. It has only been seen in public twice during our Queen's reign—at her Coronation, and and again in 1861. The carriage and body is composed as follows: Large Tritons support the body by braces covered with red morocco leather; the two figures in front bearing the driver, whose footboard is a large scollop shell. The body of the coach itself is composed of eight palm trees, which, branching out at the top, support the roof. The victories of Great Britain in war are illustrated in trophies supported by lions. On the centre of the roof three figures represent the genii of England, Scotland and Ireland, who support in their hands the Sceptre, Sword of State, and Imperial Crown. The whole of the paintings are allegorical. Taking it entire, the coach is so elaborately ornamented with beautifully gilt carved work of every description that it is perfectly impossible to go into details. The inside is lined with rich scarlet embossed velvet, laced and embroidered with gold; the Imperial Crown, Arms, and various Orders being also displayed. The harness used in conjunction with this coach is made of red morocco leather, and decorated with blue ribbons, Royal Arms, and other richly gilt ornaments. I may say that its entire length — without horses — istwenty-four feet, with a height of fourteen feet; the total weight is upwards of four tons.

STATE TRAPPINGS OF "MASTER OF THE HORSE."

The Queen and the

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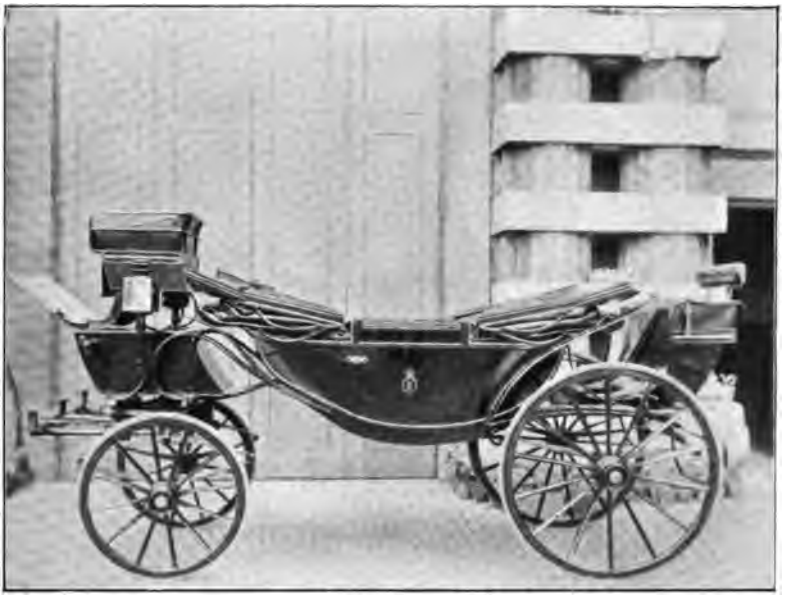

QUEEN'S SEMI-DRESS CARRIAGE, BUILT FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES THANKSGIVING.

Prince Consort did not much approve of this gorgeous but lumbering old vehicle, and so when they went over to Dublin in 1845 they ordered another one to be built there. This is in much the same style as the coach of the Princess of Wales, but the Royal Arms here are inlaid and not painted. It is, of course, on C springs, and has the most finished indiarubber tyres, which secure perfection of easy motion.

Here a little diversion is created by the arrival of a horse in his State trappings, which is the property of the Duke of Portland, the popular Master of the Horse. Very elaborate are these State trappings of blue and gold, and a pretty picture the creature makes as he is led up and down to get him docile for being photographed. He is a spirited animal, and the portrait is secured not without difficulty. Only on

THE QUEEN'S ROAD LANDAU (USED TO FETCH HER MAJESTY FROM RAILWAY STATIONS.)

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QUEEN'S PAIR-HORSE CARRIAGE.

Then comes the Queen's two-horse carriage, of similar but lighter build. All these are used by the Sovereign only. Of course, in addition to the special carriages I have mentioned, there are a large number used by the various members of the Royal Family. For instance, when the Princess Christian, the Duchess of Albany, or any other of the Queen's family opens a bazaar, or attends any one of the many charitable institutions under their patronage, the horses and carriages are supplied from the Royal Mews. Even for these ceremonies the formula is very careful and exact, the Royal servants, generally speaking, driving over the ground to be traversed the day before, in order to form a correct estimate of the time taken, and allow of the punctual arrival for which the Royal Family are distinguished.

very great occasions does he appear outside the Mews in full dress, for the Master is not often in State attendance upon Her Majesty.

Now the Queen's semi-dress carriage is ready. This is interesting, for it was built for the Thanksgiving Service held in St. Paul's Cathedral on the restoration to health of the Prince of Wales. The Queen used it for the opening of the Imperial Institute, and, in fact, has often used it for great functions. The Prince of Wales went in it to open the Tower Bridge and the Royal College of Music. The coach is beautifully but not gorgeously decorated, the Royal Arms appearing in the centre and side panels, the wheels and dressings being in red and gold. The hammercloth is resplendent in gold lace and Arms of gold relief. With this postillions are always mounted, the rumble being reserved for the Queen's State footman and Highland attendant.

Another carriage, known as the Queen's landau, is always used to fetch Her Majesty from the stations or to take long drives. It is painted in black, picked out with red, lined with blue silk rep, and has massive rubber tyres. This is generally horsed by four bays.

Go when you will to the Mews, there is always someone or other to be fetched from the stations, or driven out, either to the aforesaid functions or to dinner or reception. This being the case, then, a large number of carriages and horses is necessary. To meet the Queen at the station quite a procession is despatched, generally consisting of two four-horse carriages, a number of pair-horse carriages for the attendants, with a succession of baggage vans in addition. You will not be surprised to hear, then, that there are upwards of a

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hundred and twenty horses in these Mews; these are, of course, in addition to the animals kept at the other Palaces of the Queen. During the season there are often from sixty to eighty carriages kept in constant use, so when one takes into consideration the continual cleaning that these must be subject to, and the daily feeding, grooming, and exercising of the many horses, it will be seen that there is plenty of work for the large staff of grooms and stablemen employed.

The stables, of course, are not of modern construction; but they are capacious and splendidly ventilated, and it is hardly necessary to say that they are kept up to the pitch of cleanly perfection. The creams and blacks occupy one large stable to themselves, over each box appearing the name of the animal occupying it. One or two of them are remarkably clever in understanding what is said to them, and it was with supreme delight that the State coachman showed me some special tricks of one of the black Flemish horses. Many of these animals are named after British battles; thus you see Tel-el-Kebir, Kassassin, Chitral, etc.; these names are chosen by the Grand Equerry. When the Royal Family are in town this stable is a favourite afternoon resort of the Princes and Princesses who most of them take very great interest in these rare animals, and make a practice of feeding them with sugar and apples.

There are many other horses—special ones, well worthy of note amongst those reserved exclusively for riding. One is a favourite of the Duke of Connaught, and another was often used by the late Prince Henry of Battenberg; those, too, that are ridden by the Equerries in Ordinary are fine animals, and very pretty they look in their semi-military dress; in fact, there is little to distinguish them from the one which is ridden by the Master of the Horse himself. Stables and coach-houses go right round the quadrangle and take a considerable time to view, over these being the quarters of the State coachman, married grooms, etc.

I must not dismiss the animals, however, without some mention of the cats, for these are a feature at Buckingham Palace Mews. There seem to be any number of them about the stables, a few of them being very fine Persians with famous pedigrees. Indeed, to some of the men employed, the pedigree of these cats is of as much importance as is the pedigree of the horses.

THE RIDING SCHOOL.

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The Riding School of the Mews is situated on the same side of the quadrangle as the coach-houses. It is of large dimensions, with its floor, of course, thickly covered with tan. Here some young animals are being exercised; in fact, this is the chief purpose to which the place is put now, for actual riding lessons are few and far between. Nevertheless, most of the Princes received their instructions here in former days, and it is said that Her Majesty has often watched from the window at the far end her children and grand-children taking their riding lessons. This Riding School is the oldest portion of the building, and really belonged to old Buckingham House. During the last century it was for a time turned into a menagerie, for Queen Charlotte's elephants were here exhibited to such of the public as had the necessary tickets of admission. Its ninety feet odd of length makes it a fine training ground, and leaves plenty of room for the bars and hurdles for jumping. Just now there are two very fine greys exercising here; of these animals the Queen is very fond, and nearly always uses them at Osborne, where a fine stud of them is maintained. For Her Majesty's use at Balmoral special horses are kept there, the many hills requiring a really strong breed.

It may be interesting to state that one of the offices connected with the Royal Mews is filled by a lady, technically known as "the Queen's lady rider." It is many years ago, now, though, since this lady rider had any active duties. A very important personage is Her Majesty's State coachman, also a very imposing one when in full dress. He is a perfect blaze of scarlet and gold, and I should not like to say how much the coat alone weighs. I felt the weight of it in my two hands, and wondered how Mr. Miller could bear it on his shoulders in a hot summer sun, as he often has to do when driving Her Majesty of State occasions. It is no light office to have the control of six or eight horses and the charge of the Sovereign of Great Britain, especially when one takes into consideration the blare of trumpets, the playing of massed military bands, ringing of bells, waving of handkerchiefs and flags, and, above all, the shouts of the multitude—all of which attend the Queen's progress, and are tended to startle the best-behaved of animals. It wants a very cool head, and firm, steady hand for the performance of such duties.

MR. MILLER, THE "STATE COACHMAN."

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The real superintendence of all the work carried on here is performed by Lieutenant Nicholas—a gentleman who formerly held a commission in Her Majesty's army; his onerous duties keep him perpetually busy in issuing orders and seeing them carried out. But the official who is actually responsible for the proper provision of horses and equipages for processions, and all other requirements, is Sir Henry P. Ewart, the Crown Equerry. Since his appointment many reforms have been introduced into the Mews. He it is who is actually responsible for the maintenance of the studs, not only here but at Hampton Court; and he also directs the yearly sale of animals that can be dispensed with. He has a fine residence just inside the gates on the left. In comparison to Sir Henry's duties, those of the Duke of Portland, the Master of the Horse, are really light, his actual attendance being not often requisite. The office is really a political one, so that he goes out with the Government. The salary is good, £2,500 per year.

In the season, visitors to the Mews are numerous; for on certain afternoons in the week such are admitted by ticket and conducted round by grooms. One astonishing feature is the immense interest displayed by our American cousins in Her Majesty's horses and carriages; these come in their hundreds, and their delight at what they see is unbounded.

Mary Spencer Warren.

HAIL THE QUEEN!

DROP the axe and leave the plow
Idle in the mile-long furrow;
Thrifty hand and beaded brow
Take a holiday to-morrow.
Britons, we
Celebrate the Jubilee.

Hail the Queen! and God defend her,
Save her and sustain the nation,
Whose allegiance, unconstrained,
Springs from loyalty unfeigned—
From the honest love we render
With congratulation.

Hail the Queen!—the mighty Queen,
Monarch of a mighty people.
Sixty years of exaltation!
Sixty years of approbation
Since Victoria's coronation
Was proclaimed from every steeple!
Now with one accord will we
Keep her Diamond Jubilee—

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Keep it as the Briton should,
Since she brought us only good ;
And with many divers tongues,
Swelling hearts and lusty lungs :
Hail the Queen.

Where the beaver builds her dam
For her village in our waters,
In the land of lakes and prairies,
Mines and forests, farms and dairies,
Here will we, our sons and daughters,
From the Plains of Abraham
To Vancouver's distant isle,
On each intervening mile,
Underneath the maple tree,
Keep successive Jubilee.

Hail the Queen ! and may God bless her,
Prosper still her glorious reign,
And defeat her each aggressor
Should the war-cloud burst again.
Hail Victoria ! Best of Mothers,
Model Matron, Queenly Queen !
Until men shall all be brothers
May thy flag still here be seen.
Hail an Empire, firmly founded
On the base of liberty !
Which before a world astounded,
Honours England's Jubilee.

As the sun shines round the world
On the Union Jack unfurled,
There is law and man is free
In each British colony.
Therefore, with festivity,
Gladness, peace, prosperity,
Loyal unanimity,
We, in all sincerity,
Hail the Diamond Jubilee
Of our Queen's majority.

William T. James.

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

Translated from the German of Johann Friedrich von Schiller.

SHE comes—she comes, the South's proud fleet. The deeps
Beneath her wail. Across the sea
With clanking chains and a new God she sweeps
And countless thunders unto thee.
Her floating army and her dreadful towers,
Whose like the ocean ne'er before appalled,
The Fleet Invincible are called.

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Over the frightened waves she leads her powers
The terror she awakes
Makes fit the haughty name she takes.
His load, with slow majestic strides,
The trembling Neptune bears upon his breast.
Fraught with the doom of worlds, she rides ;
Hither she comes and all the storm-winds rest.

Arrayed against thee, see her stand,
O happy island—ruler of the sea !
Her galleon hordes assembled threaten thee
Britannia, great-hearted land.
Woe to thy freeborn people proud,
She lowers upon thee a storm-pregnant cloud.

That thou should'st be the first and sovereign nation,
Who did for thee the priceless jewel gain ?
Did'st not, from proud kings wrung, thy liberty's foundation,
Thy kingdom's wisest law thyself ordain,
And the Great Chart thy kings made citizens, and gave
Kingship to citizens, obtain ?
Thy proud dominion of the main
Hast thou not wrested on the ensanguined wave
From millions in thy sea-fights slain ?
For it what thankest thou? Blush mankind at the word,
What else if not thy genius and thy sword ?

Unhappy thou—behold those sea-born monsters belching
forth their fires,
See and forebode thy people's coming thrall.
In grief looks on this earthly ball ;
All freemen's hearts beat fast in sympathy,
And all the good, all true souls mourn with thee
As sharers in thy glory's fall.

God, the Almighty, saw them wave—
Proud Leon's hostile banners—when He looked below,
And yawning open wide thy certain grave.
Spake He : " Shall these my Albion o'erthrow,
" And extirpate my hero race,
" For man oppressed the last rock hiding-place ;
" Be his defence, when tyrants' power is near,
" Annihilated from this hemisphere ?
" Ne'er shall this Paradise, where freedom grew,
" Mankind's strong refuge, for a spoil be given."
God the Almighty blew
And strewed the Armada to the winds of Heaven.

Adam C. Orr.

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The Queen's Reign

Its most striking characteristic and most beneficent act.

WE recently addressed a letter to a number of leading men asking them to tell us what in their opinion was the most striking characteristic and most beneficent achievement of the Queen's Reign. We think the following replies, with the autographs reproduced in *fac simile*, will be of interest to our readers :

Canadian Views.

1.—BY PRINCIPAL GRANT.

Of Queen's University.

"The most striking characteristic or achievement of the Queen's Reign!" It is like asking you to name the best man, or woman or book. There are so many, and so much depends on the point of view. Progress in the education of the people, scientific discoveries, commercial freedom, enlargement of popular liberties, astonishing national development, growth of the empire, all these might be noted. Yet her own answer as to the way in which she would wish the Jubilee celebrated seems to me to reveal best the secret of her great impression on her people and on the world. "Do something for humanity, especially for afflicted humanity," she said in substance. Her heart has always bled for the sick, the bereaved, the wounded. She has always known how to say the right word and do the right thing at the right moment. She is a true woman. Therefore her subjects everywhere rise up and call her blessed.

George M. Grant

2.—BY PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH.

Of the political achievements during Her Majesty's reign the greatest, I presume, so far as Canada is concerned, would be deemed to be Canadian Confederation. In Great Britain there has been a marked progress towards democracy, each step of which would be regarded as a memorable achievement by the friends of a democratic form of government. There have also been great developments of the Indian and Colonial empire, the comparative importance of which it would be difficult to determine. Nor would it be easy to choose among the innumerable inventions to which the last sixty years have given birth for the benefit of mankind. Hardly less difficult would it be to say which of them had its origin in the Queen's dominions. If the first use of anæsthetics can be rightly assigned to Great Britain, I should be inclined to give it a high place among the scientific glories of the reign.

Goldwin Smith

British Views.

3.—BY DR. CONAN DOYLE.

I am often sent conundrums of this sort by various magazines, and I never remember answering one before. Since you make a point of it, however, I send my opinion for what it is worth —which is, that chloroform is the most beneficent invention of Her Majesty's reign.

Yours very truly
A Conan Doyle.

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4.—BY DR. JOSEPH PARKER.

The grandest and completest illustration of the divinity of true womanliness in wifehood, motherhood and widowhood.

5.—BY MR. JUSTIN McCARTHY, M. P.

I am narrow-minded enough to have no care whatever for military glory, and no interest in territorial annexation. To my mind the great achievements of the Queen's Reign have been the legislation lightening the labour in mines, factories and workshops; the expansion of the suffrage; the development of science in the directions of dulling or lessening pain in surgical operations; the marvellous improvements in travel and in postal service, and the Queen's own strictly constitutional government.

Very truly yours,
Justin McCarthy

6.—BY S. BARING GOULD.

Is it not rather remarkable that in the Queen's long Reign we should look to the great things done rather by the people than by Her Majesty! Henry VII. founded Eton College and King's College, Cambridge; Henry VIII. founded Trinity College, Cambridge; Edward VI. founded numerous grammar schools; Queen Anne surrendered the Ecclesiastical Tenths to aid poor benefices; William and Mary gave up Greenwich Palace to become a hospital; but the House of Hanover has done nothing of benefit to the people of England, and the great feature of Her Majesty's Reign is that it has seen the people do all that they have needed, and have not looked to the Royal Family to do more than sanction their contributions by giving their names. This is a great thing to teach the people self-reliance.

Yours truly
S. Baring Gould

7.—BY DR. MONRO GIBSON.

President of the Free Church Council.

The feature of the Queen's Reign which most impresses me is the rapid development of the power of the people, accompanied by the remarkable transition of public opinion from the selfishness of individualism to the Christian conception of brotherhood and mutual responsibility. When asked for the "most beneficent achievement" my mind turns first to the settlement of the Alabama claims by arbitration, and the prompt payment of what is proved to have been an unreasonably large demand—pointing as this does to the fact that Britain makes more of righteousness and peace than of money and pride.

Yours faithfully
T. Monro Gibson

8.—BY THE REV. J. E. C. WELLDON.

It seems to me that the most strikingly beneficent result of the Queen's Reign has been the mutual understanding of the sundered classes of society, and especially of the rich and the poor. This result has been due to many various agencies, but chiefly to the ministries of religion and philanthropy in the great cities.

In the first year of the Queen's Reign, Lord Beaconsfield made one of his characters in *Sybil* say that the Queen reigned not over one nation but "two nations, between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts and feelings as if they were dwellers in different zones, or inhabitants of different planets; who are formed by a different breeding, are fed by a different food, are ordered by different manners, and

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are not governed by the same laws." These two nations have, in the sixty years of her reign, tended more and more to become one.

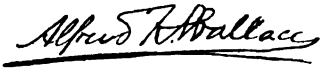
9.—BY DR. ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE.

In my opinion the most striking characteristic of the Queen's Reign is the continuous growth of ideas of broad humanity and justice, as shown in our factory legislation, in checks to injurious manufactures, and in the protection from cruelty of children and animals. We are also beginning to recognize—far too late—that the inferior races have a right to justice and fair treatment as well as ourselves. Though these principles are as yet very imperfectly recognized and but partially carried into action, there seems to be no doubt that they have attained to a force in public opinion far beyond that of any earlier period of our history, and they may be thus said to form a most gratifying characteristic of the present long reign.

Among the most beneficent achievements I would rank:

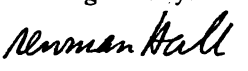
(1) Anæsthetics and the antiseptic treatment of wounds.

(2) The spread of arbitration in settling international differences, and our reparation of an act of national injustice by the restoration of the Transvaal to the Boers in 1881.



10.—BY THE REV. NEWMAN HALL, D.D.

In reply to your inquiry as to what I regard as the most striking characteristic of the Queen's Reign, I am reminded of what I once saw when quite a youth, acting as reporter on the county paper of which my father was proprietor. I stood on a small scaffold outside the great prison at Maidstone with a number of policemen and other officials. Thousands of people thronged the space in front waiting for the appearance of the victim, and eagerly watching the gallows on which his corpse would soon be hanging. To him the Holy Communion had just been administered. Fast pinioned, and in a sort of stupor, taking notice of nothing and seemingly helpless, he was supported by the hangman and assistants. A cap was drawn over his head, concealing his features. The funeral service was read by the surpliced chaplain—the service appointed for the funeral of the dead for the man still alive to hear. In the middle of a sentence, as he stood helpless and senseless, the fatal sign was given and the body dropped heavily, lifeless, save a few brief struggles, and all was over. I was horror-struck, and feel so now after sixty years. The man was hanged for setting on fire a stack of corn at a time of great agricultural distress. I have witnessed sentence of death passed not alone on forgers but on those who, often ignorant of what they did, were convicted for "passing" false coin. Frequently men were hanged for stealing a sheep in their hunger, or breaking, entering and robbing houses by night. Hanging was considered to be a necessary preventive of crime; but the substitution of imprisonment has diminished the number of offences. Conviction has been more sure, because juries often acquitted convicts in order to avoid the possibility of taking away the life of the innocent, for whom reparation would be impossible. Another memorable improvement has been in the place where executions take place—in the interior of the jail, witnessed only by a few, instead of in public, as in the open space in front of Newgate, where multitudes would spend most of the preceding night in buffoonery and drinking, waiting to witness the strangling of the victim, turning a scene so solemn and sad into one of hideous and demoralising revelry.



11.—BY MRS. FENWICK MILLER.

Nothing is so extraordinary, or, in my hope and trust, so certain to prove beneficent to the human race as the

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enfranchisement of women in this reign. The increased freedom granted to them has not been in one or two directions, but in all; and only a person who cares to compare what women are doing to-day with the work that they performed at the beginning of the reign can appreciate the difference that has come over our social state, and the vast improvement that has taken place in the means of well-being and the happiness of our own half of the human race, and in our opportunities of service and helpfulness to the community.

At the beginning of the reign all women but the hard labouring class were engaged in domestic avocations only. It was held derogatory to men for their daughters or sisters to work for money; and, therefore, thousands of women who had powers of mind and body for valuable work sat at home and consumed their time and abilities in frivolity, causing themselves to suffer from "vapours" and "ennui," and eating in unhappy idleness the produce of others' toil, drones in the human hive. Other thousands of these helpless women were to be seen who had been thrown on the world in middle age, unable to do anything but teach a little or to sew, and they were starving on the small wage of these two overcrowded and uncongenial employments. The influence of women on public affairs was non-existent. The fine brains amongst them were refused cultivation; no good schools, and, of course, no universities, were open to them. A married woman had no rights of property, or freedom of person, or of guardianship of her children; and even a widow was not the legal guardian of her own offspring, not even if her husband had died intestate, without appointing any other guardian. In the year 1831 the census enumerated only the one occupation of domestic service for women. Charitable organizations officered and managed by women were unknown, and even as missionaries to the heathen they were not recognized.

We are finding out now what fine material was wasted under that régime. The change that has taken place is marvellous. There are now over three hundred occupations followed by women. Charities for their own sex and for the community as a whole—improved dwellings, hospitals, reforming and helping societies—occupy them equally with charities for men and boys, —clubs, evening classes, Miss Weston's Mission for Sailors, Miss Robinson's for soldiers, Miss Skinner's letters to policemen, and many others. There is an army of trained nurses at work in and out of hospitals; and a notable phalanx of nearly a thousand women working without pay as members of Boards of Guardians for the care of our pauper children and old people. They vote in and influence all elections but those for Members of Parliament, and some thousands give organized help even in the latter. The most oppressive laws that confined the liberty of wives are altered, and women, though married, now carry on all sorts of trades, because they can own property, and can make contracts alone like men. Above all, their brain capacity for the highest studies is so well proved that *all* the universities of the kingdom are now in one way or another opened to female students, who take such advantage of this chance of pursuing the studies once thought far beyond their powers, that twice in ten years have women taken the Gold Medal of London in medical examinations; that at Cambridge there has been one lady above the senior wrangler, another has been the fifth, and another the eighth wrangler; that a lady has been the senior classic, and another has stood alone in the first class of modern languages at Cambridge; and so on at all the seats of higher learning. Girls' High Schools cover the land, and the girls pass the school examinations provided by Oxford and Cambridge for both sexes in rather larger proportions than the boys. But, above all, there is now wide personal freedom for women; they may do any work that they believe themselves capable of; they may walk alone in town and country, and swim, and cycle,

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and play games of an athletic sort, and may travel alone, and may speak on platforms and in committees, and write at their own discretion on all subjects.

In short, a previously unknown and unsuspected force has been set free to act; the results it is already producing are remarkable, though it is by no means yet fully displayed. But already, if we can imagine a sudden return to the state of the early part of the reign—no wage-earning occupations but domestic ones, no learning, no works of organized charity, no public interests, the "blue-stocking" despised, the wife (legally always, and sometimes actually) a slave, and the daughter guarded and suppressed as a permanent infant until her hair was grey—if we can, in short, imagine all the tasks in which the woman of to-day is so usefully employed dropped, and all the avenues in which she is freely and independently walking abruptly shut—we may, perhaps, realize how great and how vast in its action is the force of the new and noble free womanliness.

Florence Fenwick Miller

12.—BY A. E. FLETCHER,

Late Editor of "The Daily Chronicle."

The most remarkable characteristic of the Queen's Reign has been, I think, the general acceptance of the theory of evolution. To admit this is to imply that the greatest man who has arisen during the Victorian period is Charles Darwin. I believe that future historians will be of this opinion. Every age in which mankind has marked a degree higher on the scale of existence has been dominated by some great personality, some prophet, poet, philosopher, or deliverer, who has aroused men to attempt the realization of a higher ideal of life and duty. The Victorian age has not been wanting in representatives of each of these four classes of great men. It has had Browning for its poet, Ruskin for its prophet, Darwin for its philosopher, and Gladstone for its deliverer. The greatest of these is Darwin. The influence of the other great men of the reign has not been so widely felt as that of the author of "The Origin of Species." Neither Browning nor Ruskin has been widely read beyond the confines of the English-speaking world, and though Mr. Gladstone has commanded the sympathy of peoples struggling to be free in various parts of the earth, he has made some serious blunders which have to a great extent counteracted the effect of his beneficent policy. Darwin, however, has been recognized all the world over as the central scientific figure of the eventful century now drawing to its close. His discovery, or, rather, explanation of the principles of evolution has influenced every department of action and of thought, and the general effect of his teaching has been to enlarge our ideas of God and the universe. We have abandoned the old doctrine of the verbal inspiration of the Bible in favour of the doctrine of progressive revelation, and this idea of the progressive revelation of God is not confined to our interpretation of the Bible, but chiefly influences also our interpretation of Nature and of history. The expansion of the empire in the form of fresh acquisition of territory during the Queen's Reign, and the increase of material wealth by the application of machine power to production, have been of far less importance than the expansion of our ideas and the widening of our sympathies which have resulted from the new conceptions prompted by the discoveries of Darwin, who must forever take rank as one of the greatest rulers in the empire of Thought.

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"COMING EVENTS."

COINCIDENCES, so far as it is given to mortals to understand the scheme of things, are entirely insignificant. Everything that happens in the world must happen in that period of time during which the world is habitable. This period being limited, according to geologists, and the sum of events large, we bring what we call our reason to bear on the historic problem, and put aside as superstition any belief in an underground relation between apparently independent occurrences—since our vision perceives more easily than the shadow of coming events that of those departing. So we substitute an abstract rational belief in Coincidence for the concrete pagan faith in Fate—and which is the better guess the gods may say.

Two days of Hilda's life, only one of which was eventful, gave rise to these reflections, though not in Hilda's mind, it being imaginative rather than philosophic, and being, moreover, otherwise occupied.

On the first of the two days, a friend who was visiting her, an old schoolmate, told her solemnly that she (Hilda) was engaged, she (the friend) having heard it on good authority.

"But you didn't believe that?" Hilda protested. "You know I should have told you if it had been so."

"Of course I didn't believe it, but I thought I'd tell you, in case it might be really so, and you not know it. But I told my informant that I thought it extremely unlikely." Here Hilda supplied the name of the informant, accurately, adding,

"She ought to lend her imagination to some of our modern novelists—then they wouldn't be so hampered by probability. Oh, Mary, did you imagine I would get into such mischief as that without telling?"

"No—but I'm going home soon, you know, and I thought if I appeared sufficiently hurt at your want of confidence this time, you'd write me a nice, romantic 'dear-Charles-has-made-made-me-so-happy' letter, when it did happen. You know I told you promptly enough. You'll promise to write, then?"

"Oh, by all means—if dear Charles will only materialize. But don't believe it till you get such a letter. Beware of imitations; none genuine without our trade-mark. Let's draft the letter now, so as to be all ready for him."

"No," counselled Mary, "he might feel it in the atmosphere, and it might frighten him. Besides, I want your letter to be a surprise when I get it. Let's draft the wedding notice instead."

"As if *that* wouldn't frighten him much more," Hilda said. But, not being concerned for the nerves of the mythical Charles, she leaned over Mary's shoulder and assisted in the drafting of the notice.

"At" wrote Mary, then paused to admire her penmanship. "Where shall it be, Hilda?"

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"Oh, make it a grand affair. St. George's, Hanover Square."

"At St. George's, Hanover Square, Charles"—Here Hilda interrupted.

"Do you call *that* grand? Lord Charles de Bigcashbox—no, Charles, fifteenth earl of Bigcashboxtonville." Mary transcribed this, and went on:

"To Hilda—if your name were Huldah, with an 'h' on its tail, you wouldn't love it so much."

"Bless your unsuspicious heart, dear, my name's Hildegarde: didn't you know that?"

"No," Mary answered, regretfully. "If I had known, I would have had more fun out of you at school."

"I was christened Hildegarde," the owner of this name explained, "but I didn't write it that way till I was as tall as it was, when it was stood up on end beside me. Now go on. To Hildegarde, eleventh daughter—"

"There's only six of you, and the other five are married, and two of them are sons."

"Being married hasn't anything to do with it. I'm the fourth daughter, am I not, if the girls were married four times each?"

"Oh, possibly." Mary turned her head quickly. "Is that a visitor?" The voice of the imaginative lady who had told Mary of her friend's engagement came through the half-open door leading into the hall, and Hilda put the wedding notice out of sight, saying briefly:

"Explanations are tiresome, and not always convincing." Then they spent an amiable half-hour in not telling the caller anything, on any subject whatever, that she did not already know, which shows the curious effect of a mind acquisitive of facts upon minds that are, under other circumstances, open enough.

When Hilda was preparing for bed that night she turned out the contents of her pocket and found the draft wedding notice. Her mind reverted to the nonsense of the afternoon, and she paid it the tribute of a reminiscent chuckle, partly inspired by the thought of the keen interest the interrupting caller would have taken in the proceedings, if she had guessed at their nature. "That sort of person would make a Machiavelli out of Sister Simplice, I believe," she thought. "My own interests in my fellowman—or woman—being in his character rather than in his actions, I insist on standing myself upon a pedestal to look down on that inquisitive lady. I wonder if Mary is asleep? We might finish making fools of ourselves by writing the letter—it's a mistake in chronology to write the notice first." She went into the hall, and inspected the outside of Mary's door. No light shone under it, and no movement could be heard within. "Asleep, I suppose. I'll write the letter myself, and show it to her in the morning."

No one can foretell the future accurately. Hilda wrote the letter, but did not show it to Mary in the morning. She left a blank in the place where the name of Charles de Bigcashboxtonville might fairly have considered itself entitled to stand, perhaps being too indolent to write a long name unnecessarily, or perhaps amusing her own soul with another idea that she was not bound to share with Mary. Whatever name was visible there to her half-conscious imagination, the paper was honestly blank in that place when she turned out the gas and crept into bed—"perchance to dream." But in the morning, when her glance fell upon the letter, there was a name in the space she had left blank, written in her own hand, apparently, a name she knew well—no mythical millionaire my-lord, but an ordinary "able male white citizen" of her own country.

"What a *dreadful* thing to do!" She sat down to recover her shattered wits. "Good heavens, if anyone had seen it!" She got her breath back after a little time. "I suppose, under British institutions, one can dream what one likes, but really that's taking awful liberties with a free-born subject's rights. I never walked in my sleep before. I seem to write about as badly asleep as awake, though. What a dreadful thing to do!" Hav-

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ing satisfied her conventional conscience by this view of the matter she began to see the humour of it, and to wish she could share the joke with some one. "But that's not possible; fancy having a joke all to oneself all one's life!" To make sure of this she struck a match and burned the letter carefully in a little metal tray on her dressing-table. "Peace to its ashes," she said, breaking the charred paper into little bits with a hair-pin. "Now, where's an urn?" A little dark-blue vial that might have held smelling salts, if she had ever remembered to buy any, offered itself as a receptacle for burnt jokes instead. "Shall I label it like the raspberry jam down cellar?" she pondered, "or like that fellow in Browning, 'Lord Clive's Fear—Unique,' 'Hildegarde's Lunacy — not at all unique in degree, but startlingly so in kind.' Oh, Hilda, fair, it's time you had your breakfast and read the morning paper, or something approximately sane." No editorial sanity could avail her now; but how should she know this? Light-hearted and unreflective, taking with a good grace all the pleasure and the pain of her life, should she not accept the great gift or the great burden when it came, lightly, not thinking of to-morrow; indeed, not understanding to-day? So she merely thought she had a joke all to herself, and Mary's demurely impersonal conversation at breakfast gave piquancy to the amused sense of guilt in the background of Hilda's mind. For Mary was serious and proper this morning, unmindful, apparently, of yesterday's jest. "She wouldn't look so pious if I told her the sequel," Hilda thought, with a mental sensation something between a laugh and a cold shower bath at the idea.

Mary had an engagement that day, having been invited to spend it with some old friends, an invitation Hilda had ingeniously manœuvred herself out of, much to Mary's envy.

"I don't see how you manage not to be asked to go places you don't want to go to, Hilda," she said, plaintively, lingering at the door. "If I had your skill I really believe I should be happy."

"Oh, you'd need my sunny disposition, too," Hilda said cheerfully. "Now, be a good little girl, and don't spill preserves on your pinafore."

When Mary was gone, Hilda went to the dining-room window, which had the good luck to look out upon a few tall pine trees. "It's blowing what they'd call half a gale, I suppose," she thought, sitting down in the window-seat. She watched the swaying trees and listened to the wind's voice—she could seldom hear sadness in such music, and assuredly she heard none to-day—as if she were seeing her own tumultuous thoughts and hearing their unlooked-for music. Half the morning went in this occupation, then the servant brought her a message.

"Miss Jefferson wishes to see you, Miss." Hilda turned with a start.

"Whom did you say, Ellen?"

"Miss Jefferson."

"Oh, I'll come at once." And she crossed the hall, with a brow of calm innocence, to meet the sister of the man whose name, burnt to safe ashes, was among her trinkets upstairs. And she told this sister that it was good of her to come, because Mary had gone out, and she was practically alone. And the sister was sorry she couldn't stay, and sorry Mary wasn't in, because Dick wanted them to go to the hockey match that afternoon, but she could come, couldn't she, though Mary couldn't?

"We ought to have given you more warning, but Dick didn't know till the last minute that he could get away for the afternoon,—he just telephoned half an hour ago."

"Oh, I'll be delighted to come," Hilda said, never having been able to understand why boys shouldn't disfigure each other and call it a game, if they so desired.

When Miss Jefferson left, Hilda's mind had turned from wind-swayed trees and the wilfully-vague brightness of her earlier mood. It was all very well to imagine or dream things, and to let her mind break into a ripple of

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"You'll promise to write, then?" p. 145

laughter behind the quiet face she showed Mary or Miss Jefferson, but this Dick whom she would sit beside all the afternoon was—very different from Mary or Miss Jefferson; he was a man. Hilda was not afraid of them usually, but she felt a little guilty, for Dick, besides being "different," had been very nice to her—but no nicer, she chose to think, than he had been to other girls. No, she was sure he hadn't been any nicer than to others. As she went slowly upstairs to change her dress, she knew there would be no laughter behind her quietness that afternoon.

She looked frequently at her reflection tion in the mirror while she dressed. No philosopher, I think, has ever explained adequately the pleasure we take in contemplating the reproduction of ourselves in a mirror or a photograph. It has been said that there is something attractive in every face, but this, surely, is a matter of faith, not knowledge. The small truth that is responsible for this large belief may explain our interest in our own faces. From the point of view of an outsider, whose eye is unhelped by faith, they are unattractive enough, possibly; but we, seeing from within as well as from without, see that which interprets the mirror's picture. Our slight and inaccurate knowledge of ourselves is so much more illuminative than our neighbour's ignorance that we see, and are justified in seeing, beauty and dignity, where they see only injudiciously-selected features and no expression to speak of. Hilda's face needed neither faith nor inner knowledge to make it charming, and as she tilted the mirror back to take a final view of herself and her clothes, she was vaguely conscious of this, though it was to her toilet she gave her chief attention.

"Odd, the philosophy of dress," she thought. "Carlyle didn't explain, I believe, why, when we go to see things, we get ourselves up as if we were the thing to be seen. Now you," addressing the tilted glass "have put on most becoming garments, including a poem of a hat, and who's going to look at *you*? *You're* not a hockey-match."

Just about this time Dick, contemplating another image in another mirror, was saying thoughtfully: "I wonder if that tie's all right? Girls know about these things. Edith, I say, Edith!" His sister came, buttoning her second glove. "Is this tie all right?"

"Turn round to the light, so I can see. Yes, it looks very nice. And that's a becoming suit you have on. But whence this sudden solicitude about these frivolities; are you on the war-path?"

"How does a fellow please you, I wonder? You have told me often enough that a drain-digger would be ashamed to wear my clothes, and now when I get myself up gorgeously you

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want to know why." Edith assured him that she was well satisfied with this style of dress, and refrained from expressing any doubt as to its being the result of sisterly advice.

I forget who won that hockey-match, but I know when they came out of the rink Edith turned the fading day bleak by saying :

"Did you get those pretty new clothes because you're going away, Dick?"

"Oh, come now, that's too bad," Dick protested. "You'll make Hilda think I usually dress like a guy."

"Oh, not at all," Hilda said, absently, "I didn't know you were going away." A slight rising inflection made this a question, and Dick answered :

"Yes—Oh, I'll only be gone a month or so ; but it is such an event in our stay-at-home family that Edith thinks everybody is interested."

"Perhaps Edith is mistaken in that less often than you think," Hilda said, civilly ; "certainly not this time. What a dismal sky!" she added as they turned westward, and the place where the sun should have been setting showed only gloomy clouds.

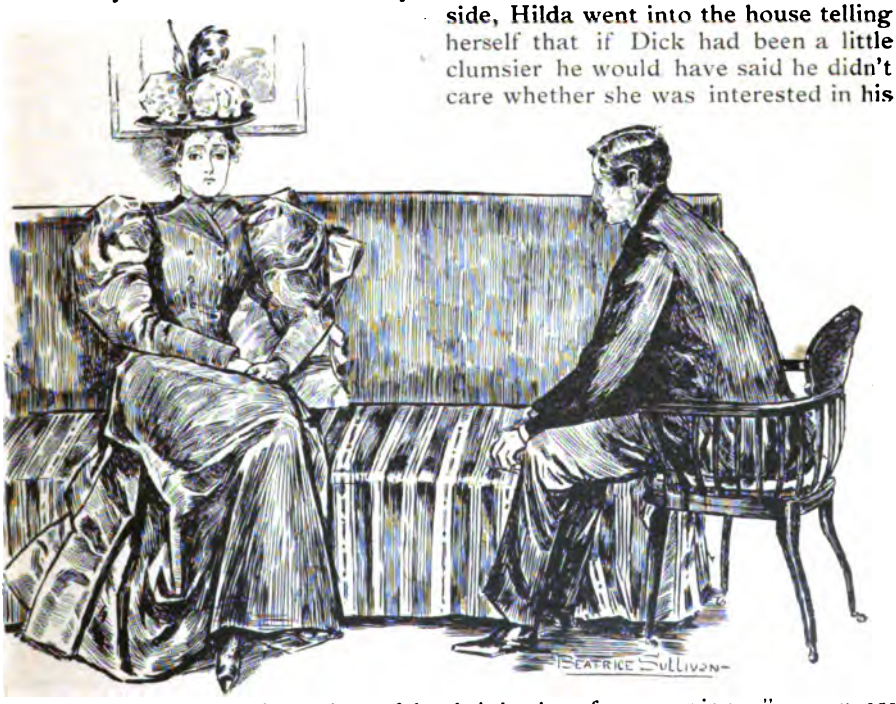
"That's not fair," Edith said. "Where's the sunset we're entitled to?"

"Perhaps they fired it off when we were inside," suggested Dick.

"They didn't have any," Hilda explained. "I know as well as if I'd seen it. It was just all grey and then somebody tore a hole in one of the clouds, and a little, niggardly scrap of silver showed itself, and then the clouds closed over the rent again, and it just stayed grey."

"And there won't be any more sun till to-morrow morning, and we won't be up to see it," grieved Edith. "Let's go home and light the gas."

At Hilda's gate, when they said good night, Dick wondered why he hadn't invented a way back that would have brought them to his home first, so that he might have left Edith behind—but, anyhow, Hilda seemed more interested in the most ordinary sky he had ever seen than in him. On her side, Hilda went into the house telling herself that if Dick had been a little clumsier he would have said he didn't care whether she was interested in his



"Dick, leaning forward out of the chair by the sofa, was saying—" p. 151

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going away or not. It was just the top of Hilda's mind that offered this peculiar interpretation of Dick's words, the bottom of it knew better, but Hilda was not listening attentively enough to hear the lower voice.

On the table in the hall lay a letter, addressed to Mary. "From her husband," Hilda said, glancing at it as she passed. The imaginative faculty, that gets its owner into trouble frequently, may yet help him sometimes to an unexpectedly clear view of things he knows nothing of, and Hilda went into the yet unlighted dining-room and dropped down among the cushions on the sofa, wondering why other people, outsiders, could make it so much harder. There was the window yonder from which she had watched the pine-trees that morning—she hid her eyes in the curve of her arm to shut it out. She heard the hall door open, and Mary's step in the hall. It paused at the table —paused a long while. "She is reading his letter, before stopping to take her things off." Loneliness cannot be called a negative quality, yet its poignancy depends somewhat on outsiders' relations with each other. Hilda uncovered her eyes to look about the darkening room. "Suppose—on this chair beside the sofa here"—the imagined figure came vividly enough at her call, and her fancy stopped its work a moment, then "Take what you will certainly pay for, Hilda," she advised herself, "whom can you hurt but yourself?" She dropped her head upon her arm again, and let the picture paint itself upon the darkness.

A few minutes later Mary came into the room, and Hilda sat up suddenly, looking at the empty chair. Mary sat down in it.

"You here, in the big dark?" she asked. "I've just got a letter from home."

"Yes, I saw it as I came in." Possibly Mary thought the world owed her some recreation after her day's visit, for, instead of telling her home news, she went on:

"But there's one letter I didn't get —the one you wrote me last night. What did you do with it?"

"Burnt it," Hilda answered quickly, before her voice had time to desert her.

"Oh! Do you call that playing fair?" Hilda's mind had reached the chronological question by this time.

"How—and when—did you see it, Mary?" she asked innocently.

"Oh, in the middle of the black night. I waked up out of a bad dream and spooked into your room to wake you and worry you about it, and get back to daylight level again, when I happened on the letter, and it did just as well." Hilda's wits were seeking a way to find out the order of last night's events, and she did not speak immediately.

"Surely you're not annoyed?" Mary asked. "Of course I thought you meant to show it to me?" Hilda's tightened muscles relaxed; she would not be credited with an intention to show that letter if Mary had seen it after the name was filled in.

"No—oh, no! Why should I be annoyed? Of course I meant to show it to you."

"Then why did you burn it?" Mary seemed to expect no answer, for she went on immediately. "You kept so still I was afraid you weren't pleased —but I knew nobody would see it but you, and I couldn't resist when I saw that nice blank space. And didn't I imitate your handwriting to perfection?"

"To perfection," Hilda echoed, with a shaky laugh.

"And this morning you looked as if you had never heard of—dear Charles," Mary went on, aggrievedly: "You just beamed on the Universe and appeared to be thinking of something else entirely, something awfully nice. It occurred to me that that might be one of your ways of getting mad, but I thought I knew them all by this time, and, besides, it didn't look likely. You shouldn't play new tricks on old friends —when I expected you to wax eloquent after breakfast and tell me, to the last notch of expressiveness, what sort of horrid thing I was. Do you think you've been playing fair? When

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I thought I had played such a lovely trick on you?

"You did," Hilda uttered. "Oh!" it was almost a little scream, "there's the door-bell."

"What have you done with your nerves?" Mary asked, gathering up her belongings. "I'll take my things upstairs, and be down again presently."

From the first landing she heard Dick Jefferson's voice, and then the servant's in answer.

"I think Miss Hilda's in the dining-room, sir; wait a moment, till I light the gas."

It was some little time before Mary came down—perhaps she waited to read her letter again. When she reached the stairway, Dick, leaning forward out of the chair by the sofa, was saying—(if she could have heard him she would have gone back into her room for a while)—

"But it never seemed possible till to-day, and then when Edith said I was going away, you froze up again." ("I didn't; I just abused the sky.") "Oh, was it the sky you didn't like? I wondered. Hilda, I had waited so long." ("I didn't know.") "No, of course, how should you? Then when Edith said I was going away, things seemed just as they had always been, but it *had* looked possible for a little while, and I didn't want to go away without knowing, so I took Edith home and came back—and you looked as if you expected me. Oh, Hilda!" But just then they heard Mary crossing the hall, and Dick moved his chair back at least three inches.

Katharine L. Johnston.

MAY—JUNE.

Le roi est mort, farewell sweet May,
Blest month of southwest winds a-blowing,
Of yellow buttercups at play,
And amaryllis growing.

But *vive le roi*, June, fair and free!
With rose-buds all thy path adorning;
Sweet May did give my love to me,
Thou see'st my wedding morning!

LeRoy Boughner.

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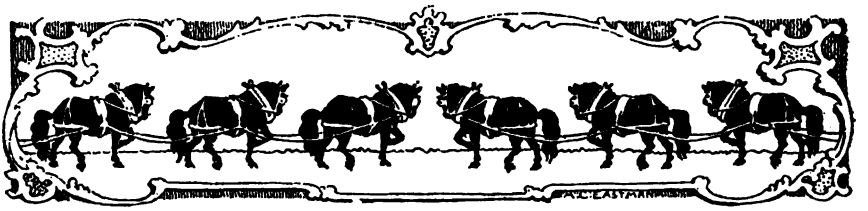

CANADA'S PROGRESS IN THE VICTORIAN ERA.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN respect for herself, in respect for the Empire of which she forms a part, in respect for honour and virtue, in respect for the righteousness which exalteth a nation, Canada stands an easy first among the colonies of Great Britain. Blessed with a climate which conduces to vigourous mental and physical manhood, with a natural wealth unequalled by what has been given to any other country on the globe, and with a vast extent of territory which may yet hold a hundred millions of people, she possesses prospects which most of the nations of the earth might envy, and not prospects only—for the record of her progress during the present century, and especially during the Victorian Era, shows that her wealth has increased a hundredfold. New provinces have been built where, in 1837, there were only trees and wild animals and the unprogressive redman. Towns and cities have sprung up all over the best portion of this British part of North America. Many miles of canals, thousands of miles of railways, and tens of thousands of miles of good waggon roads, have been built, and the land is full of the hum of commerce. Ships have been built and rebuilt, and Canada's commercial navy ranks fifth in the vessel tonnage of the world. Where in 1831 there were a million of people, there are now over five million. In 1837 her total trade was less than thirty million per year; now it is over two hundred million. In 1837 there were fifteen miles of railroad, and now there are over fifteen thousand, with yearly earnings of about fifty million of dollars. In 1837 British North America consisted of a half-dozen isolated colonies with no connection or sympathy. Now all these, with several new and important communities (but excepting Newfoundland) are numbered under one government, with a growing unity of sympathy, aim and national feeling, and blessed with a system of government—federal, provincial and municipal—which is unequalled anywhere.

I.—FREEDOM OF GOVERNMENT.

Those were black days in the Canadas and the other North American colonies when William IV. of Great Britain and Ireland was succeeded by his niece, Alexandrina Victoria Guelph. On the 19th June, 1837, the day before her succession to the throne, Sir Francis Head met the Upper Canada Parliament in a special session, which lasted about three weeks and was called to relieve the banks from certain penalties which a severe commercial depression threatened to impose upon them. Specie payments had been suspended, business was paralyzed, and the banks of Lower Canada, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia had found it necessary to repudiate their liabilities. But the banks of Upper Canada pursued a more honest course and finally liquidated all claims against them. The main cause of the depression was a lack of confidence engendered by a severe commercial crisis in the United States.

But commercial troubles were not the only shadow on the lives of those

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who resided in the colonies that now make up the Dominion of Canada. Upper Canada, Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island were separately governed by the Colonial Office. Each had its own Governor, its own Executive, its own law-making body and its own troubles. Yet these troubles were very much the same in each district. The people in each had certain ideas of government gained while living in England or in the United States, or imbibed in some other way, and when they attempted to crystalize these ideas in legislation they found themselves baulked by the Colonial Office and the Governors sent out from time to time.

In 1836, a general election had taken place in Upper Canada and the reformers had been beaten by open bribery and by the influence of the Governor, Sir Francis Head. The reform leaders, who desired to see responsible government, along the lines of Cabinet responsibility as it had been worked out in Great Britain, who desired the Provincial Legislative Assembly to control all the revenues and patronage of the province, these men grew bitter and reckless. The result was an unsuccessful rebellion.

In Lower Canada there was an equally arrogant governing class, and the gulf between the Executive and the people was broader because of a difference in race, in language and in religion. The Assembly of that province fought long and assiduously for the same reforms as did the Assembly in Upper Canada; but the fight was more bitter, more acrimonious, and the open rebellion in 1838 more widespread and more disastrous.

In the three Maritime colonies the same constitutional troubles were present. The people were not satisfied with the way in which the revenues were distributed, nor with their share in the governing of their respective colonies. But in these there was less republicanism than in Upper Canada, and less race hatred than in Lower Canada; consequently, there was no open rebellion. The British connection was more highly valued, and even the most extreme reformers declined to jeopardize that for the sake of more speedy reforms.

In 1838 Lord Durham was sent out by the Home Government for the purpose of adjusting the affairs of the provinces. He reached Quebec towards the close of May, and at once assumed the duties of Governor-General of British North America. When, in July, 1840, this nobleman lay dying at Cowes, he said, "I would fain hope I have not lived altogether in vain. Whatever the Tories may say, the Canadians will one day do justice to my memory." And his prophecy has come true. Lord Durham in his now famous report advocated a union of the two Canadas, a granting of responsible government to each of the colonies, and the placing of the control of the patronage in the hands of the people's representatives. These reforms were approved by Lord John Russell and by the British Government. In 1840 there was passed the Act of Union, giving Upper and Lower Canada a common government, and the first parliament of the Province of Canada met in 1841. Lord Sydenham accepted the principle, that he must allow party government and party control of his Executive Council, as set forth in Mr. Harrison's successful amendment to Mr. Baldwin's resolution in that first parliament. Lord Sydenham's successors, Sir Charles Bagot and Sir Charles Metcalfe, did not always fully accept the principle, and Metcalfe especially refused to distribute the patronage according to the wishes of the Assembly. Lord Elgin arrived in 1847, and since then the people of Canada (Ontario and Quebec) have been allowed to do as they wished in all matters where Imperial interests are not at stake. They have had home rule since 1847.

In 1848, under Sir John Harvey, Nova Scotia also obtained the long-desired boon of responsible government. In 1837 the Assembly of New Brunswick secured control of the rev-

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enue and, in 1848, finally obtained full responsible government.

Since 1848, Canadians being left to govern themselves, have learned to exercise their powers in a conservative and careful manner. Canadian politicians and statesmen have exhibited those qualities of carefulness, foresight, broadmindedness and astuteness which have been for the public advantage and for the best interests of Britain's possessions in North America. The Government of Queen Victoria gave up much to these colonies, but has received in return a gratitude, a love and an allegiance which have strengthened the Empire and added lustre to its glory. Britain's beloved Queen has no more loyal subjects than the five million inhabitants of the Dominion of Canada.

II.—THE CONFEDERATION OF THE PROVINCES.

On the 10th day of October, 1864, there met in the Conference Chamber of the Parliament House at Quebec, some thirty-four of the leading men from each of the British colonies and North America, to confer and to agree upon a union to include all these colonies. It was moved by the Hon. John A. Macdonald, and seconded by the Hon. Samuel L. Tilley:

> That the best interests and present and future prosperity of British North America will be promoted by a Federal Union, under the Crown of Great Britain, provided such union can be effected on principles just to the several provinces.

On the following day this motion was unanimously carried. It was then moved by the Hon. George Brown, and seconded by Adams G. Archibald, as follows:

> That in the Federation of the British North American Provinces, the system of government best adapted under existing circumstances to protect the diversified interests of the several provinces and secure efficiency, harmony and permanency in the working of the Union, would be a General Government, charged with matters of common interest to the whole country; and Local Governments for each of the Canadas and for the Maritime Provinces, charged with the control of local matters in their respective sections, provision being made for the admission into the Union on equitable terms of the North-West Territory, British Columbia and Vancouver.

And on the following day this motion was carried unanimously. On these principles a draft Bill was drawn up.

On the 4th of December, 1866, a further conference was held at the Westminster Palace Hotel, London, Eng., and a Bill was finally agreed upon. This was introduced early in 1867 into the Imperial Parliament and received the Royal assent on the 29th of March. By proclamation, the four colonies, Upper Canada, Lower Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia were united on July 1st, 1867, under the British North America Act. Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island were represented in the Conference of 1864, but the people of both islands declined to assent to the proposal, and neither was represented in the Conference of 1866. Newfoundland is still out of Confederation, but Prince Edward Island entered on the 1st of July, 1873. In 1869, the North-West Territories were added to the new Dominion of Canada, and in 1870 the Province of Manitoba was created. In 1871 British Columbia became a part of this great Confederation.

Thus was the first colonial federation, under Queen Victoria, carried to a successful issue, and the results of that Union have been pleasing to all concerned. Canada's affection for the British Crown is greater than the combined affection of a half-dozen struggling colonies; and, as a unit, Canada's importance as a part of the Empire is much greater than if the same territory were represented by a half-dozen weak governing bodies. It has, however, taken thirty years for that Confederation to fully assert itself, to override the sectional prejudices which had previously existed, and to weld into harmony the widely-varied aims and interests of several small provinces. The old dividing lines have been pretty well effaced, and racial, religious and other disturbing prejudices are almost lost in the new Canadianism which has arisen.

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The greatest work in British North America during the Victorian era has been the creating of this new and broad national feeling, and as no such work has been accomplished in any other group of the British colonies, Canada has the right to claim that, among her peers, she has accomplished most in this great era which is marked out by the rule of the world's most illustrious Sovereign.

III. FREEDOM OF TRADE.

In the Act of Union of 1840 it was enacted that nothing in that Act should prevent the Parliament of the United Kingdom from establishing regulations or prohibitions regarding trade, or for the imposing, levying or collecting duties for the regulation of navigation or for the regulation of the commerce of the Province of Canada, provided always that the net produce of all duties so imposed should be applied to and for the said Province of Canada. It will thus be seen that the trade of the Province was not wholly within local control, and that Great Britain still directed Canada's external trade policy. A great many concessions concerning revenues and disbursements were made by the same Act, but it was not until 1847 that the colonies in North America received full control of their customs tariffs. In that year the navigation laws were repealed by the Imperial Parliament, and from that time forward the home authorities would not interfere with a colonial trade policy, no matter how much it might be regretted. These concessions were due in part to the "Free Trade Policy" which was then so prominent in the British Governmental policy, and in part to the policy of allowing the colonies almost entire independence in all matters which related to their domestic welfare.

The indirect result of this change of trade policy was the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 between the United States and Canada, or rather Great Britain for Canada. This treaty gave fishermen of the United States the right to take fish of every kind, except shell fish, on the sea-coasts and shores, and in the bays, harbours and creeks of the British Provinces, without being restricted to any distance from the shore. The salmon and shad fisheries were not to be included. British fishermen were to have similar rights on the eastern coasts of the United States north of the 36th parallel. Certain commodities such as grain, flour, and breadstuffs of all kinds, animals, meats, poultry, fish, lumber, hides, ores of metals, rice, hemp and manufactured tobacco, were to be admitted free into each country. The St. Lawrence and the Canadian canals were to be as free to the United States people as to British subjects. It remained in force for eleven years and was mutually beneficial, although the United States Government put an end to it by giving the arranged year's notice. The interchange of commodities in the previous eight years averaged $14,230,763; while in the first year under the treaty it rose to $33,492,754, and to $50,339,770 in the third year.

Since this change in Imperial Policy, mentioned above, Canada has arranged its own tariff. Up to the 7th of August, 1858, the duties were not exceedingly high. The highest ad valorem duty was 20 per cent., and this was only on leather and rubber manufactures. The average of the charges on dutiable goods was less than 10 per cent., and there was a large free list. After 7th of August, 1858, there was an increased rate, the ratio of duties collected to total imports being 11.6. Manufactures of leather paid 25 per cent.; a long list, including cashmeres, silks, straw goods, rubber goods, jewelry, hats, caps and bonnets, guns, patent medicines, tools, woollen goods, etc., were taxed 20 per cent., and a specific duty was imposed on coffee, spirits, ale, wine, sugar, tea, tobacco, etc. In 1878 a higher rate of duties was imposed under what is known as the "National Policy." The rate on dutiable goods varied from 20 to 50 per cent., averaging about 31 per cent. The total duties collected amounted, however, to but 16 per cent. on the total imports. The total im-

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ports in 1895 were $110,781,682, of which $42,140,475 were free. On these the duty collected amounted to $17,887,269 or 16.1 per cent. on the total imports. In other words, the duties in 1859 were to the duties of 1895 as 11.6 is to 16.1.

The present year has been marked by a new tariff policy, the effect of which it is too early to estimate. The features of it are a change from specific to ad valorem duties, a reduction of the customs collected on raw materials, an increase in the excise duties, and a reduction of 12½ per cent. on imports from Great Britain. The policy of the present government would seem to be to promote trade within the Empire, and to leave Canadian manufacturing industries to work out their progress under a moderate protective tariff.

A reciprocity treaty with France came into force on the 14th of October, 1895. Several attempts have been made since 1865 to negotiate a new reciprocity treaty with the United States, but without success.

IV.—EXPANSION OF TRADE.

The accompanying tables show the expansion of the imports and exports since 1837. The total trade in 1837

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF EXPORTS.

	1837	1857	1868	1878	1887	1895
Produce of Mine	$ 1,000,000	$ 286,469	$ 1,276,729	$ 2,762,762	$ 3,796,496	$ 6,981,550
" " Fisheries	4,400,000	540,113	3,357,510	6,853,975	6,875,810	10,692,247
" " Forest	6,000,000	11,730,387	5,470,042	5,912,139	3,574,885	5,517,342
Animals and their Products		2,107,240	6,893,167	14,019,857	24,246,937	34,387,770
Agricultural Products	500,000	8,882,825	12,871,055	18,008,754	18,826,235	15,719,128
Manufactures		398,821	15,675,274	17,780,776	19,999,296	26,144,376
Miscellaneous	700,000	121,120		401,871	644,361	85,938
Value of Ships built at Quebec		1,383,444				
Estimate of Unreported Exports		1,556,205				
Coin and Bullion and Short Returns			7,827,890	2,418,655	3,002,458	7,625,409
Foreign Products			4,196,821	11,164,878	8,349,333	6,485,043
Total	*$12,600,000	$27,006,624	$57,567,888	$79,323,667	$89,515,811	$113,638,803

* The figures for 1837 are only approximately correct.

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF IMPORTS.

WHENCE.	1837	1857	1868	1878	1887	1895
Great Britain	$ 11,200,000	$ 17,559,025	$ 36,663,695	$ 37,431,180	$ 44,962,233	$ 31,131,737
North American Colonies		751,888	1,634,414	672,665 Newfoundl'd	354,342	239,850
West Indies	2,000,000	26,823	1,396,553	1,033,849	1,942,182	4,794,020
United States	1,300,000	20,224,651	26,315,052	48,631,739	45,107,066	54,634,521
France			1,365,295	1,385,003	2,073,470	2,585,174
Germany	400,000		485,943	399,326	3,235,449	4,794,159
Other British Provinces	300,000		938	156,540	774,987	692,671
Other Foreign Countries	1,300,000	868,211	1,645,770	1,489,275	7,189,699	5,860,379
Free Goods			2,477,646			
Total	*$16,500,000	$39,430,598	$71,985,306	$91,199,577	$105,639,428	$105,252,511

* The figures for 1837 are only approximately correct.

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF POPULATION.

PROVINCE.	1831	1841	1851	1861	1871	1881	1891
Ontario	236,702	455,688	952,004	1,396,091	1,620,851	1,926,922	2,114,321
Quebec	553,134	697,084†	890,261	1,111,566	1,191,516	1,359,027	1,488,535
Nova Scotia	160,000¶	225,000¶	276,854	330,857	387,800	440,572	450,396
New Brunswick	119,557‡	150,000¶	193,800	252,047	285,594	321,233	321,263
Manitoba					18,995	62,260	152,506
British Columbia			1,500¶	3,420	36,247	49,459	98,173
Prince Edward Island	32,292*	35,000¶	50,000¶	80,857	94,021	108,891	109,078
Territories						56,446	98,967
Total	1,101,685	1,562,772§	2,364,419	3,176,838	3,635,024	4,324,810	4,833,239

† 1844. § Population in 1840, according to Bourinot's "Canada," p. 366, was 1,500,000.
* 1833. ‡ 1834. ¶ Estimated.

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of all the colonies now comprised in the Dominion of Canada was about $29,100,000. In 1895 the total trade was $224,420,485, or an increase of about 671 per cent. in the sixty years. The tables show how gradual and steady has been this expansion. There is nothing exceedingly startling about it, but to us who know the difficulties under which Canada has laboured the result is highly gratifying.

At first the trade was restricted by the trade policy of the Mother Land. After this it was hampered by prejudices caused by Canada's colonial position, by mistaken ideas of Canada's climate and resources, and by the scattered nature of the settlements. Great railroads have been built across the continent, and yet trade is limited in some directions. The world knows Canada better than it ever did, but not so well as it should. At present the prospects for trade expansion are brighter than ever before in the history of the country.

V.—RAILROAD PROGRESS.

Canada was slow in securing railways, and the resultant advantages of improved communications. The canal system was developed early, but a railroad policy was not adopted as soon as it might have been. The first railroad was opened in England in 1825, and the great Liverpool and Manchester road in 1830. By this date there were 23 miles in operation in the United States. The first steam railroad in Canada was not operated until 1837, and it was a very short line of fifteen or sixteen miles, from Laprairie to St John's in the Province of Quebec (then Lower Canada). In the next twelve years we find a very slow growth, Canada having 50 miles in 1849, while the United States had 9,021 miles. After that period the growth was more rapid, there being 850 miles in 1856, 1,880 miles in 1860. The accompanying table shows more fully the growth during the different periods.

Notwithstanding the fact that railroads were more necessary in Canada than in Great Britain, there does not seem to have been the same rush to build them, and the "mania of 1845" did not extend to this colony. The epidemic, however, struck the country later, and 1850 to 1860 was a great railroading decade. In 1851 Montreal and Boston were connected, and on the occasion of the opening of this road a great international celebration was held in Boston. Under large photographs of Lord Elgin and President Fillmore, which were hung across a street, was this inscription:

> Now let us haste those bonds to knit,
> And in the work be handy,
> That we may blend "God Save the Queen"
> With "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

There was a procession three and a half miles long, and a banquet, at which 3,600 people were present.

In 1853 the first locomotives in Upper Canada (Ontario) were run over the Northern Railway from Toronto to Bradford.

In this year the freight tariff of the Grand Trunk Railway (from Montreal to Portland) was one of the first documents published in Canada to use the dollars and cents system instead of the pounds, shillings and pence.

In November, 1856, some 4,400 people gathered at a banquet in Montreal to celebrate the opening of the Grand Trunk Railway from Toronto to Montreal. This railway was the first

RAILWAY PROGRESS.

	1837	1849	1856	1860	1875	1885	1895
Miles	15	54	850	1880	4,856	10,150	15,977
Passengers					5,190,416	9,672,599	13,987,580
Tons of Freights					5,670,836	14,659,271	21,524,421
Earnings				*$6,722,666	$19,470,539	$32,227,469	$46,785,487

* See Dent's "Canada since the Union of 1841," Vol. II., 140.

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great road built in what is now known as the Dominion of Canada. Some of the shorter roads were very primitively conducted in those days. On one Quebec road, it is said, there was but one coach on the train, and it often contained butter, eggs, fish, vegetables, sheep, calves and passengers.

One great difficulty at this time was the crossing of the St. Lawrence at Montreal. The freight and passengers had to be taken across in barges, steamboats and sleighs. Twice a year, when the ice was forming or breaking up, traffic would be delayed one to three weeks. On August 25th, 1860, the Prince of Wales opened the Victoria Tubular Iron Bridge across this river, a structure which is nearly two miles in length, is sixty feet above the water, is borne on twenty-four piers, and cost $7,000,000. The engineer and designer was A. M. Ross, and he was assisted by Robert Stevenson.

From this date forward, transportation through Canada began to grow rapidly. Before 1860, the Hudson Bay Company sent its supplies for the North-West via sailing vessel to York Factory in Hudson's Bay. After that date they were sent *via* steamboat to Montreal, Quebec or Portland, thence by railroad to St. Paul, and then overland to Fort Garry.

Much money was lost by the early railroads being built with the wide gauge, five feet six inches. Two notable exceptions were the Toronto and Nipissing and the Toronto, Grey and Bruce, which were built with a three feet six inch gauge. As the four feet eight and a half inch gauge was used by the United States roads, it became necessary to adopt it in Canada. The change from one width to the other entailed a great expense. Another source of loss was occasioned by trying to use heavy English locomotives on the Canadian roads, with their light ballast, their sharp curves and their winter snowdrifts.

The building of the Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific railroads since Confederation have been large undertakings, which have cost Canada a great deal of money, but which have made possible a genuine confederation of the different provinces. Compared with her population, Canada has greater railroads than any other country in the world.

Canada's latest engineering feat is the construction of the St. Clair Tunnel under the St. Clair River. It is 6,026 feet long, or with approaches, 11,553, and cost $2,700,000.

One feature which strikes the student of recent Canadian history is the fact that the Canadian "upper ten" are, to a great extent, railroad people. A great number of the rich and important men in Canada are men who have made their fame and their wealth in promoting, building or managing railroads. Perhaps this is due to the magnanimity of the municipalities and of the Dominion and Provincial Governments in lavishly and unreasonably bonusing every railroad corporation which comes into existence.

VI.—STREET AND ELECTRIC RAILWAYS.

The first street railway company in Canada was organized in May, 1861, in Toronto. On the 11th of September the horse-cars were run for the first time on Yonge Street in that city. In November, of the same year, the first cars were run in Montreal. The horse-car system extended slowly until within the past seven years they have been superseded by the electric street cars, run on the trolley system. This electric system has also been extended to short suburban lines such as between Grimsby and Hamilton, and between Aylmer and Quebec. The advance to be made along these lines is bound up with the general advance to be made in electricity, an advance which can not at present be estimated or even indicated.

VII.—CANALS.

Canals have played an important part in the commerce of Canada, and especially so in assisting the circulation along the great commercial aorta made up of the St. Lawrence River and the great lakes. Even before the Victorian

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Era a number of canals had been opened for traffic. The Lachine Canal was opened in August, 1825, the Welland Canal in 1829, the Rideau Canal in 1832. In 1843, the Cornwall and Chambly canals were opened, and enlargements, extensions, and new connections have been continually made since that year, until now there are eight canals between Lake Superior and tide-water, besides numerous canals on the tributary streams. The latest of these eight canals is the Sault Ste. Marie, opened in 1895. The total expenditure on canal building in Canada up to June 30th, 1895, was $78,-119,319. Of this amount $20,692,-244 had been expended before Confederation, $4,173,921 having been contributed by the Imperial Government. The total revenue from the canals since Confederation is $10,578,258, or an average of $377,795 a year. In 1894, there passed through these canals 23,-158 vessels, with a tonnage of 4,060,-931 tons.

The original locks of the Lachine Canal had a depth of five feet. In 1871, it was decided to enlarge the canals on the St. Lawrence route to 12 feet, and now the policy is to have a navigable depth of 14 feet. The depth on the sill of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal is 22 feet.

Canada's canal policy, like her railway policy, has lacked unity, and as a consequence much money has been spent, and is yet being spent, with little definiteness of object, and without the surety of a profitable return. Governmental and political exigencies lie at the root of the trouble, and have up to the present time prevented the undertakings being considered and managed from a purely business standpoint.

VIII.—CANADIAN SHIPPING.

Canada has been building ships ever since about 1723, and claims that the *Royal William*, built at Quebec in 1830-1, was the first steam-driven vessel to cross the Atlantic. She has now a fleet of over 7,000 vessels, and comparing her registered tonnage stands fifth among the mercantile marines of the world. Her vessels connect her with Great Britain and Europe on the east, with Asia and Australia on the west, and dot her inland lakes and her large rivers.

On July 1st, 1867, when Confederation came into force, she had 5,693 vessels, with a registration of 764,654 tons. Now the figures are 15,376, and 895,423. There has been a decline in recent years, as in 1879 there were 7,471 vessels, with 1,332,094 tons.

The development of Canadian railways, canals and shipping has had a most wonderful effect on trade and in opening new territory. The cost of transportation has been wonderfully lessened. The cost of living in the interior of the country is not much greater than on the coasts, and products from the interior are conveyed to the coasts at a cost remarkably low as compared with the rates demanded in 1837. Nevertheless, the development of the Canadian North-West depends to a great extent in the possibility of still further lowering the cost of transporting the animal and agricultural produce of that region to and beyond the Canadian coasts. This is one of the greatest problems which the people of this country are now facing.

IX.—SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Scientific progress is cosmopolitan, and no one country can claim particular merit in this branch of knowledge. However, Canada has not been behind other countries in producing or housing scholars and in assisting them in their work. Sir William J. Logan and Sir William Dawson studied the Laurentian system of rocks, which are more prominently situated in Canada than in any other country, and gave to geology much valuable information about these primary rocks. The latter scientist has given to the world many valuable books on this and similar subjects. Sir Daniel Wilson, the late President of the University of Toronto, added to the world's knowledge of archæology, while Horatio Hale was the Max Müller of America. There

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are many others who have passed away, and many who are still with us who have distinguished themselves by their researches, their investigations and their workings. Canada has not been without its inventors, and while it has benefited from the inventions of the citizens of other countries, it has not received without giving in return. The Bell telephone is but one example of many.

The Royal Society of Canada for about thirteen years has been accomplishing a great deal of work of which too little is known even by our best citizens. Besides this body there are numerous associations throughout the country which are doing much for science in an unostentatious but effective manner.

The meeting of the British Science Association in Toronto in August of this year should do much to develop the interest of Canadians in scientific subjects. We have not yet fully realized the truth contained in the words uttered by James Russell Lowell: "Material success is good, but only as the necessary preliminary of better things. . . . . The real value of a country must be weighed in scales more delicate than the balance of trade."

X.—LITERARY DEVELOPMENT.

Canada's literary development has been exhibited in three striking phases: her educational system, her newspapers, and her volumes of poetry. It may hardly be correct to class education as a phase of literary culture, but there is such an intimate relation between the two that one is, in modern times, an adjunct of the other. And it can scarcely be denied that our superb and extravagant (in some ways) system of high schools, colleges and universities is an evidence of something more than business or even moral culture. Canada's claim is that she has the grandest educational system in the world, and some people aver that because the statement is true Canada is handicapped.

As to the Canadian newspaper, it has developed wonderfully since 1837. There were very few papers then, and they were small, ugly and high-priced; now they are as numerous as in any other country in the world, maintain a higher standard than in most countries, are beautifully printed, and ably edited. They have one grave fault, and that is they are content to look at foreign events through United States spectacles; they receive all their foreign news *via* New York instead of setting up a cable service of their own.

The third phase mentioned above is our volumes of poetry. No country on the face of the globe has produced, proportionately, so many volumes of verse as Canada. Many of these are of minor importance; some of them contain valuable productions—poems which have been read with pleasure and delight by the best people of other countries. But the numerical strength of our poets, past and present, indicates the strong hold which literature has in the affections of the people of Canada.

Canadian literature, generally, is something of which Canada should be proud. It had its beginning when Champlain and Lescarbot and Charlevoix wrote historical works on "La Nouvelle France;" and it is interesting to note in this connection that the first Canadian edition of Champlain's works appeared in 1830. But though our literature has such early beginnings it was, in 1837, of little importance. There was some intellectual activity in the dozen larger towns, but there was little publishing. There was no public school system, and the people had little time for general reading. But about this date there was born a greater activity which is linked with the names of Howe, Haliburton, Brown, Mackenzie, McGee, Wilmot, Cartier, Galt, and other public men. The leading Canadian poets of the early part of the Victorian Era were Cremazie, Chauveau, Howe, Sangster, McLachlan and Heavysege, while Christie and Garneau were the leading historians. Since Confederation there have been new and worthy names, such as Dent, Todd, and Sir Daniel Wilson, together

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with many who are now living and still adding to their already enviable reputation. Some of these have gone abroad and, to their local reputation, added that won among competitors in the United States and Great Britain.

Not only is our literary progress evidenced by the larger number of persons who have done permanent and valuable work, but also by the increased yearly output of Canadian books and by the development of Canadian libraries. There were less than half-a-dozen public libraries in 1837, and now there are hundreds. All these things indicate progress, the nature and extent of which need not here be further discussed.

XI—CONCLUSION.

Much might be written concerning the progress of agriculture, lumbering, mining, fishing and manufacturing, concerning the advance made in education, banking, postal facilities, and other similar departments of national life, but this cannot be done within the limits of a magazine article. Enough has been said to show, it is hoped, that Canada has not been behind the rest of the world in taking advantage of the opportunities which the Victorian era have offered. Though handicapped by difficulties peculiarly native, her people have been conservatively progressive. They have not become demented in their desire to possess wealth, nor have they ever evidenced a tendency to fold their hands and say "It is enough." They have evinced a faith in their ability to build up on the northern part of this continent, a nation which shall some day stand second to none among the nations of the earth.

John A. Cooper.

TO BEAUTY.

BECAUSE of this sweet lady of my dream,
Whose servant I am and must be evermore,
My soul to all of shame shall bar the door,
When me this body of mine would disesteem.
And though I may not meet her face to face,
Where flowers fade and die the birds that sing,
A subtle thread is woven in everything,
To guide me through the mazes of her grace.

Sister of love and truth and purity,
One here with life, one with the ultimate star,
As constant as the recurring tides of sea,
Elusive as all winds and waters are,
Accept, sweet lady, all that is best of me—
The least of those who follow thee afar!

Keppell Strange.

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A WOMAN OF THE NORTH.

A Canadian Tale.

"GOOD-BYE!" cried little Lizette, standing out in the open door, with her breath turning white in the cold air.

It was not often, in that lonely bush-land, that she saw a woman. She had never seen one with cheeks so clear and crimson—like the last sunlight over the western pine-trees, she said afterwards, and eyes as deep and brown as the little pools in the rock-clefts, where the frogs croak and gurgle in the spring when the last snow is gone. "Good-bye! Adieu!" cried the child once more, waving her little red hand, while the woman turned from the clearing into the white roadway.

"Adieu!" called back Jeanne Bourdeau, as her moccasins crunched on the hard snow of the roadway. Her clear voice echoed and re-echoed across the clearing. Then the child standing in the doorway shivered with the cold. She took a last look, and went in and closed the door. She put another huge piece of wood in the box-stove, though its sides were already a dull red from the mass of glowing coals within it, and then warmed her hands in the cloud of steam that spurted from the kettle. She went quietly over to the side of the little bed where her mother lay, still weak from child-birth. Both mother and child were sleeping, so little Lizette turned to the window, and watched the stranger, who had come into her life for one momentous hour, as she passed down the snow-covered road and disappeared over the hill-crest, towards the pine-lands.

But Jeanne Bourdeau herself was not thinking of little Lizette; for she paused when she came to the little hollow at the eastern edge of the lonely pine-lands, and gazed long and thoughtfully down the road that wound through the forest, already growing dim with the afternoon twilight of a Canadian mid-winter.

The sun was low, and the glow of the white snow made her eyes ache. For a moment she thought it would be better to turn back; for it was a long way to Pierre's log-cabin. She knew it would be a bitterly cold night. Far to the east she could already see the twinkling lights of the village of Silver Rapids; and she knew this lonely little hollow would be the rubicon of her woman's life. In the west, above the dark fringe of the pine-tops, burned a long line of clear, wintry crimson. Higher up in the sky it turned to tawny gold, and then to a tranquil, brooding opal. But its seeming quiet serenity made it none the less austere and pitiless. Far over the hills on the north the quiver of a little, indistinct halo showed where the Northern Lights, later in the night, would come and gleam. Jeanne remembered that Little Crow, the old half-breed, had told her they were the spirits of dead chiefs fighting their enemies. The child Lizette had seen the first glimmer of the

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Lights from the window, and said they were the angels who come away from Heaven every winter-time to gather handsful of snow to throw down to the wicked spirits who were burning forever and forever and forever in hell. The old Curé had told her so. Jeanne wondered which was true.

It was very quiet and lonely. The only sound was the crunching of her feet on the dry, crisp snow. The early twilight seemed tinged with the strangeness, the mystery, of the silent North. To one who had not learned to know it the silence might have seemed like the silence of death. To the heart of Jeanne it seemed holy. An old, half-remembered line was running through her mind again and again:

"Dark and true and tender is the North."

She walked on, still half-irresolute, taking in the scene before her with no gesture or expression, for she was a daughter of that legendary, mysterious Northland which teaches one to feel but never to express. So the silence touched her wondering heart with a strange, indefinite awe. She could not help fervently crossing herself, and muttering the *pater noster* which old Father Sebastian had taught her when she was a little child in the village of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, the little town where the pilgrims come to drink of the wondrous waters of the Holy Spring, down where the blue St. Lawrence widens into the bluer lake that nurses the Isle of Orleans.

Perhaps Jeanne was touched by some reminiscent influence of the silent twilight, for as she walked along she began to muse on the memories that clustered about that little prayer. In those old days, she remembered, she often used to repeat it, for that was before she had drifted away from the faith, and long before she had come with Pierre Delorme, her old-time *paramour*, from Beaupré into this wild country.

Pierre had been a bad man, she knew, and a scoffer at the faith, and a hater of the church; and she had heard bad things said of him. Yet when he was a brown-eyed boy at old Beaupré they had played together on the rafts down by the river. And one's heart often plays one strange tricks. She had loved him all her life; and long ago she had prayed in secret before the shrine of Ste. Anne, and kissed the sacred finger-bone of the mother of the Virgin, so that Pierre's heart might be made pure. She had even climbed, again and again, the Scala Sonata at Beaupré, on her knees, muttering a prayer on every step that she might in time lead him back to the faith. She had never told Pierre. He would have laughed with his merry laugh—and she did not like to hear him scoff.

But when Pierre had broken the arm of the young Englishman with one blow of his fork-handle as he was working in the hay fields at the river-side, for calling her a wicked name because Pierre had lived with her before they were married, she went with him from Beaupré, and came across the Maurice into this lonely land where few men ventured, except the lumbermen and the *voyageurs*, and where no one would know of their old life. The pine-lands were thick with timber, waiting for the woodman's axe, but the summers were short, and the winters long and lonely. But, at last, just before the child was born, Pierre sent to the mission at Silver-Rapids for the minister, and on just such a night as this, two years ago, they were married; for Pierre had said it would be better for the child's sake. As for Pierre himself, he did not care, for was he not always a scoffer?

Then after 'Tite Pierre had come to them, Pierre had done her the great wrong. He had left her and stolen away with Ninon Baby, the woman who was known by every lumberman who frequented Silver-Rapids, when his winter's work was done and his pockets were heavy with money.

It was the old blood coming out, she had said. So when the two ran away together, just as the snows were coming on, she followed after them; and the child died. Then she cursed him with her own lips, and soon after she met

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him face to face in the streets of Notre Dame des Anges, and there he told her he was tired of her. That had touched her pride; and she said no more, but turned and left him.

Then she recalled how she went back through the snow to Silver-Rapids, and how the minister at the mission had taken her into his own house to nurse his wife with the terrible cough.

Later, when they told her Ninon Baby had died in the heart of the winter, and Pierre had gone back to live alone in his own home among the pine-lands, she had said nothing. The minister said it was the judgment of God. But Jeanne knew better. It was simply because the woman had been born across the sea in sunny France, where the winter does not creep into one's bones and give one a cough, and then it is all over.

Jeanne remembered how she used to sing, at that time, the boat songs of the Canadian *voyageurs* and snatches of old French folk songs, to show them she was happy. But she had often broken off in the middle of her verse to look from the window towards the west, where the pine-lands were. Yet she had stayed on through the brief but golden summer and the fragrant, dreamy norland autumn and deep into the long, silent winter, until the wife of the minister had died. Then he came and told her he was going back to his old home in England. And she herself stood long at the window that looked out on the sun going down over the pine-lands, and at last said that she, too, was going back to Pierre.

. . . . . .

The woman was aroused from her reverie by the sound of footsteps echoing along the quiet road, and she looked back over her shoulder. It seemed to her she knew that tall, spare figure that came swinging down the road with its slouching Indian tread. She stopped and looked back once more. Yes: it was Little Crow, as he was ironically called, the half-breed. She stopped and waited for him.

The dark, stolid face betrayed no surprise. "Ah! Jeanne Bourdeau," he said as he came up to her. "Where do you go?"

Jeanne hesitated a moment, and then said: "Back to my husband."

"Good!" half-grunted the half-breed. Little Crow, like most people about Silver-Rapids, had picked up her story. Jeanne had no heart to talk, so the strange pair walked on in silence, until the half-breed stopped and looked towards the north, where a straggling path stretched away from the roadway through the bush.

He pointed to the north. "I must go here," he said. "Pierre is a bad man. But these women, they twist you round their fingers like prairie grass. It is good. You have the red lights of the north in your cheeks. Pierre is no fool!" And saying this the half-breed turned into the deep snow that lay upon the forest path, and plodded away. He seemed a strange figure, moving across the blank, white background. Jeanne stopped and looked after him. She thought of little Lizette, and then of the half-breed, and it seemed strange to her that people should come together for a little while, and then pass away again for ever. The world was so big! And beyond Quebec there was Manitoba, and beyond that the Great West, and then, she had heard, was the sea. If one had only a little home somewhere, that one might not think about this big world!

But night was coming on, the night of a northern Canadian winter, and Jeanne knew what that meant. The thought of a little log-house she knew of between two hills among the pines came into her mind, and caused her to quicken her steps.

The sleigh-tracks grew fainter and fainter, and the crunching of the snow-crust under her feet echoed and re-echoed along the desolate little road between the gloomy trees. At one time it sounded like the crying of children; then again it sounded like wolf-barks to her. Again, she thought it seemed like the crying of her baby on the night that—but she banished the thought.

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She trilled a French-Canadian song Pierre used to sing when he wooed her long ago down on the blue St. Lawrence. A reverberating chorus of antiphonal notes came echoing back to her along the tree-lined road, so mellowed and sweetened that she marvelled at the richness of her own voice. The keen, cold air, exhilarating as the wine they used to make down at Beaupré in the early autumns, made her strong heart beat light and quick. So she went on, calling out a few notes of her song at a time, and then waiting for the echo to die out along the road.

Again and again she did this, as she crunched along, and stopped to listen half-childishly to one long, clear echo. Yet, as she listened, another sound came from among the pines. It was a low cry, like the groan of a thing in pain. A tingle of fear ran along her limbs. She was not a coward, yet she was feminine. She was a woman who had been made brave by solitude, and courageous by suffering. She listened again,—still the cry, low, despairing, terrible. It was the second time that night Jeanne crossed herself.

Then she floundered into the loose snow, and pushed through the drifted banks among the pines. She stopped and called. There was no reply; and she pierced still deeper into the dark forest twilight. She was on the point of calling out again, when she suddenly came upon it. And it was Pierre, her husband, pinned down on his back by a fallen pine-tree that lay across his thighs, crushing him down in the snow and frozen earth.

Jeanne understood it all in one moment. As soon as her quick eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, she saw his axe lying near him, just beyond his reach. It was the old trick,—a falling tree striking on a smaller one, and swerving. The entrapped man had beaten the snow with his arms, in his frenzied despair, to keep out the cold a little longer. But now he was lying exhausted, quietly moaning. And the winter night was stealing on.

Jeanne's first thought was to take the axe and cut through that part of the tree-trunk which pinned him down. She was a daughter of the wilderness, and had been taught to handle an axe, even before she had learned the use of a needle. Yet she was only a woman. On second thoughts she determined otherwise.

She went over to him and dropped on her knees beside him in the snow. Her wife's heart ached for him.

"Pierre!" she said, bending low over him; "Pierre!"

To the half-conscious Pierre it sounded like the voice of an angel. He slowly opened his eyes.

"Jeanne! *Mon Dieu!* is it you, Jeanne?" he cried feebly, for the cold had crept into his poor body.

"Yes; it is Jeanne." Then, after a pause; "Pierre, you will die."

Pierre's only reply was a groan.

"Is it well with you, Pierre? Are you all ready to die now?" said the woman bending over him.

"Mother of Christ, I cannot die!" groaned the man, as he tore the crust of the snow until blood oozed from his finger-ends and stained the white ground.

"But you must, Pierre," said Jeanne quietly and solemnly. Then she went on: "You have been a bad husband to me, Pierre, in your time; and you did me a wrong; but that is all over now. And I think I love you more than ever. So, after you are gone, I will go and live in your log-house; and I will put the cross over your grave; and I will pray for you,—and perhaps you will wake up in heaven. And after you die to-night, if the mother of Christ brought one angel to you, and her name was Jeanne, would you still curse her, and say you were tired of her?"

"Ah, Jeanne! I was mad to do it then! *Mon Dieu!* you see I pay for it; I thought it all out to-night. I have been a bad man; and now I pay for it, and so did *she*. I was coming to you, Jeanne, on the day of the New Year; I swear I was coming to you, but I waited because I was afraid. But now it is too late—too late. *Voila*, the pain is going, and I—I will sleep."

"But remember, Pierre! You will

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promise to be good to me in heaven, after you die? Will you promise me?" said Jeanne, shaking him to keep him awake.

"Yes—yes—in heaven—after I die," the man repeated wearily.

"Then say this prayer after me, Pierre, for your soul!" And she bent still lower over him and repeated her *pater noster*. The only reply was the falling of his arm and the sinking of his head back in the snow. He was sleeping the frozen sleep that has taken the pain from many a northern heart.

Jeanne had played her part. When she saw the state he was in she started up in alarm from the snow. She ran across the small clearing out into the roadway towards the little house between the hills, a long half-mile away. She was surprised at her own calm cruelty. It might be already too late to save him. She was panting when she reached the house and broke open the door with a stick of cordwood. Inside everything was drearily cold and dark. But it did not take Jeanne's deft hand long to make a fire in the box-stove. She ransacked the little cupboards and found a huge flask of brandy. Then she gathered together the blankets and buffalo-robes and skins, and spread them out before the fire. From one of the out-houses she took a light hand-sleigh and a keen-toothed cross-cut saw. She knew she would need them both before her work was finished. She flung a couple of robes over the sleigh, and in twenty minutes from the time she had been quietly praying for the soul of the freezing man, there rang out on the clear night air the music of an axe clanging against the pine-trunk that lay across her husband's body. She had forced some brandy down his throat, and had thrust a robe partially under his body, and flung one over him. The thought that she had wasted precious time in her woman's whim made her work with a desperate energy. She took the saw, when she could chop no more, and watched with a strange pleasure how the sharp teeth bit into the green wood.

At last she was through; the last stroke was given, and she sat back in the snow, panting and trembling. The long end of the pine-tree settled scarcely an inch or two, so she knew no bones would be broken or crushed, for all the weight of the tree had not rested on the man's body. The short pieces of bole over Pierre's legs was not difficult to roll away. . . Jeanne almost laughed when she saw what a sadly hacked-up stump it was; and yet there came a time, years afterwards, when she, and Pierre, and 'Tite Pierre, their second boy, stood by a certain pine-log in the clearing, while Pierre laughingly showed the child what an axe-woman his mother had been in the old days.

But Jeanne had to swallow a scalding draught of brandy before she could lift the rigid Pierre upon the sleigh, and after that she dragged him slowly and wearily across the snow-covered hills to his home. She could scarcely lift him on the bed. She thawed out his frozen feet with snow, and gave him brandy mixed with boiling water from the kettle singing on the stove, and rolled him up in hot blankets, and when everything was done she sat down and waited. Then she went over nearer to him, and sat on the bedside, listening to his heavy breathing. And as she watched, sleep crept over her, the tired head fell wearily forward, and she remembered no more.

When Jeanne awoke the wintry morning sunlight was streaming hazily through the little frosted window panes. The fire in the stove had sunk down to a mass of gray ashes. But in its heart Jeanne still found a bed of coals; and Pierre still slept. She bent over him and felt his brow. As she expected, it was hot and feverish; but his breathing was deep and regular. She knew it would take a few days to bring him round. But she felt that all was well, for she had nursed Father Ignace back to life when they had found him in the snow after the great blizzard of the winter before she left Ste. Anne de Beaupré. And Pierre was to Father Ignace what an iron bar is to a little candle.

Jeanne's arms were stiff, and her

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shoulders were sore, but there was a happiness lurking about her red lips as she arranged her thick brown hair before the little cracked looking-glass. She set about her household duties with a light heart. She examined the blankets and robes that covered Pierre, and tucked him up again and again, with needless care. She prepared gruels and broths for him, and when she could do nothing more sat and watched his face. All that was woman in her brooded over him tenderly, even maternally. And her heart seemed so light she might have carolled a song, but that she feared to awaken him. She remembered how the wife of the minister at Silver Rapids had called her a strange woman. Jeanne knew her secret was not a deep one, and she blushed half-girlishly as she looked down at the slumbering man.

At last the sleeper moved uneasily and sighed. She went over to him, her heart beating tumultuously. She touched his forehead lightly, and found it cooler. The touch had been as soft as a falling snowflake, but it awakened Pierre.

He opened his eyes and looked up at her with a vague, wondering gaze. One faint cry broke from his lips: "Jeanne!"

"Hush! hush! Pierre," said Jeanne, smiling over him, "you are in heaven now, and the mother of Christ might hear you."

Pierre was silent. At first he could not think; but slowly, deliciously, it all dawned on him. The kettle was singing on the stove, the winter sunlight was streaming through the window. There was a pain in his bruised limbs, and an ache in his poor frost-bitten feet that he knew too well was in no wise celestial. And Jeanne still stood smiling over him with her sorrowful, reproving, tender face and her loving, saintly eyes.

"Remember your promise, Pierre. You swore to love me in heaven, after you died. And the old Pierre died last night out in the cold; and so, Pierre, can we not both be in heaven now, and leave the old sins behind?" And she bent over him and said little love-speeches to him in French, lapsing back into the language of their childhood, just as a happy lover falls into baby-talk.

Pierre did not reply. But the little snow-birds that hopped and twittered on the window-sill that mid-winter morning looked in and saw a strange thing. They saw a man reach up with his arms and draw a smiling woman down on his breast. And if they had listened at the window later in the day, they might have heard the woman singing a quaint old French-Canadian love-song, but they would scarcely know it was the song her lover used to sing when he wooed her in the little village of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, down on the blue St. Lawrence.

Arthur J. Stringer.

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FAY HALIFAX.

(A Tale.)

A YOUNG man and his very prim and pretty lady-love were looking at the specimens of art that adorned the fancy-work table at a country fair. "What fearful vases," said Miss Lucy Bliss with a sigh—she would have preferred to yawn, but she was too polite. "Don't you think people should be told that that sort of thing is not painting at all?"

"Oh, well!" replied the young man, who was more disposed to make the best of things, "I suppose they think it's all right. It is not everyone who can paint like you, of course,"—he smiled with gentle pride—"but, see, here is something that looks like reasonable work."

He lifted a small water-colour landscape and scrutinized it carefully, then put it down and took up another.

"See, Lucy, there is a set of these, all by the same hand, I believe." Miss Lucy glanced over the pictures and pronounced them technically good.

"Yes, but what I like is the thought in them," continued the young man. "See the sky in this one. The landscape below is all calm and happy as if those clouds were sheltering it, don't you know. I've seen a cloud like that, long and feathery, and putting two of them together seems to suggest an angel's wings. What'll you bet the artist didn't mean that?"

"Yes, that is pretty."

"And here's one with the moon, and a white bird flying over the sea. Perhaps it looks a little too much as if the bird were coming straight from the moon."

"Yes, I like the others better."

Hamilton Jones still stood examining the paintings. "Would you say these were a man's work, or a woman's?" he asked. "The name is Fay Halifax."

"It sounds like a girl's name," said Lucy. She was very tired of the exhibition as a whole, and felt heartily glad when Hamilton—he really was such a dear fellow—began to think it about time to be driving home. In three months they would be married, and then, she thought, she would not mind telling him when she was tired.

* * * * * * *

Miss Lucy Bliss was to have a grand wedding. Mrs. Bliss considered it essential to the happiness of married life, and Lucy seldom objected to anything that her mother wished. Mrs. Bliss loved the bustle and importance of the preliminaries, especially as it kept her from brooding over the thought that she must lose her gentle daughter. So "Sister Maria" was invited for a few weeks to help with the preparation of an elaborate trousseau, and she brought her daughter Phyllis, who had not seen Aunt Bliss or Cousin Lucy for a long time. Phyllis was a dark-eyed, slightly-built girl, childish and simple in many of her ways. "You would never think she was sixteen," her friends said.

"But Phyllis paints very, very well," announced Mrs. Bliss at the tea-table. "Didn't you say, Maria, she sent some of her pictures to the county fair? Now that was doing well for a schoolgirl."

"We saw a good many pictures at the fair," said Lucy kindly, "which were yours?"

"Mine were landscapes," replied Phyllis. "I signed them 'Fay Halifax.'"

Hamilton looked up with a sudden movement of surprise. Lucy answered, "Why, we liked those very much, they were much the best there; didn't you think so, Hamilton?"

"Why yes—I rather thought it was a lady's work, but I had no idea so young

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a lady could paint like that," said Hamilton cheerfully. He felt, however, a trifle confused. He was not used to "little girls," and it appeared that this one must be classed as an artist. Had some children more thoughtfulness than others behind their curls and dimples?

Hamilton was a good deal at the Bliss house, as he only boarded in the village, and on Sunday he found time to ask Phyllis, with a friendly curiosity, whether she had studied painting long.

"No, I only had a few lessons," said she, "but, of course, I've learned drawing all my life."

"I liked your pictures," he said condescendingly. That one of the sea was partly taken, I suppose, from Nature?"

"And partly made up out of my own head. Yes, the bird, you see, was bringing a message from the moon, and that's why it was white like the moon."

"Then there was one with clouds like wings in the sky; you meant them to be like wings, of course?"

"Yes."

"There was another that I thought might mean something, but I couldn't tell what. The one with flowers."

"Oh, the lily talking to all the littler flowers in the garden. No, that didn't mean anything. I only painted it because it came into my head. That was when," she blushed and looked at him, and then thinking herself foolish for stopping, continued, "when I heard that Cousin Lucy was going to be married."

Hamilton Jones could hardly conceal his amusement. He was delighted, too, with the fresh and intelligent mind of his "little cousin," as he chose to call her, and several times during the conversation at the tea-table that evening, and succeeding ones, he looked to see what thoughts showed in Phyllis's face, to find out, in fact, what "Fay Halifax" was thinking of. Phyllis grew quickly to feel that he appreciated things which most people did not. No one also called her Fay Halifax.

One afternoon Hamilton came up earlier than usual and asked Mrs. Bliss if there was anything he could do for her. Mrs. Bliss did not require his services immediately, and what was worse, he did not see Lucy, who was just then in the hands of her aunt and Miss Pettigrew, the most stylish dressmaker in Hunterstown. So he wandered discontented and yet light-hearted toward the riverside, and wished that since he could not have Lucy with him he might meet that bright spirit, Fay Halifax.

There she stood with her face toward the sunlight, her hands clasped behind her, thinking gentle thoughts with no fear of disturbance. Hamilton was more struck with her beauty than he had been before. He came up quietly, and said, "The water is very calm to-day."

It was the great St. Lawrence, whose moods are as the moods of the sea. She answered, "Yes, and it was so wild only yesterday."

"Are you going to make a picture of it?"

"No, not just like this."

"You like things best that seem to suggest a meaning?"

"Yes, don't you know how it seems worth doing if the picture seems to have something to say."

"I think you are quite right, though some artists like to paint just for the sake of making pretty pictures, or ugly ones even."

"Real artists don't, do they?"

"Well, yes, some people that are called great artists."

"I saw an ugly picture once that was nice—at least I liked it in a way. It was a great big snake, but strong, you know, and not very snaky."

Her eyes flashed with the effort to explain her point of view. Hamilton's interest stimulated her. She climbed up on a rock and sat with her head turned away, evidently thinking deeply, but quite ready to tell her thoughts as soon as they were formed. The young man watched her with growing pleasure. "I must get Lucy to sketch her in that position," he thought. But what we think is not always what we feel.

Presently he swung himself on to the

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rock beside her, and looked out over the water too. "The sky has been a different thing to me since I saw that cloud picture," he said gravely. Then he went on more impulsively, "All your work gave me an idea of your individuality, but I never thought I should meet"—he touched one of her curls and sighed a little, - "Fay Halifax."

With a swift instinct she turned and looked at him. Under her inquiring gaze he put on the half-mocking smile of a disconcerted school-boy. She slid down from the rock, and turning again to the sunset stood with her head slightly bent over her clasped hands. She wondered what effect her attitude would have on Hamilton. He might go away if he liked.

He did go away.

She listened to his footsteps till she could no longer hear a sound. Then the stern force of her womanhood rose in her for the first time. It might be some day a better trained force for work and endurance—never stronger for fighting than at this moment. She raised clenched hands in a solemn prayer to heaven,—

"Kill Fay Halifax."

* * * * * * * *

"Isn't Mr. Jones very handsome and clever?" said Miss Pettigrew. "I do think there never was a young man so taking." Phyllis bent low over her seam, while her mother answered Miss Pettigrew a little impatiently, "I think he is a very ordinary kind of young man."

Phyllis felt so conscious now she thought they must be noticing her, but she would have been shocked if she had realized how plainly they read her blushes. Her mother looked at her and decided to send her next winter to study at the conservatory, which had long been her ambition. Miss Pettigrew looked and was about to make some comment, when she caught the commanding glance of the mother's eye and contented herself with a significant "humph." She then departed on some pretext to find someone who would let her talk, and mother and daughter were alone for a moment. The mother closed the door as if by accident. Phyllis looked up. Ought she to tell her mother what an uncommon young man Mr. Jones really was —uncommonly wicked or foolish, she thought, as well as uncommonly attractive.

"Mother," she said, "I'm tired of being here." And her mother stooped and kissed her.

* * * * * * * * *

It was five months afterwards that Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Jones drove over to Cedarville to call on Aunt Maria. Phyllis came into the room as in duty bound, kissed Lucy and sat down beside her, just bending her head to Hamilton, who nodded stiffly in return. Presently, while the others were talking and Phyllis was wondering how soon she could get away, Hamilton's eyes fell curiously on her for a moment, then lifted solemnly and sought their home in his wife's face.

Fay Halifax was dead.

It is not every young person who has the privilege of conducting her own funeral services. Phyllis wandered to the pine-shaded beach that afternoon and told the breeze and the wavelets that it is sweet and appropriate to die for one's country, or in any other good cause. She also reminded her hearers that the deceased was a well-meaning creature, and that it is rather sad to die and be quite forgotten, even if one does not care a straw for the person who forgets.

She turned homeward in the joy of a strange youthful exaltation. She ran and danced along the woodland path where there was no one to see her. As she reached the open road she realized that she was fairly walking to the tune of the noble words that sang themselves over and over in her brain:

Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
I cannot yield to fear.

She checked herself with a little laugh, crossed the road and walked sedately into the house in time to help her mother get the tea ready.

Anstance Rede.

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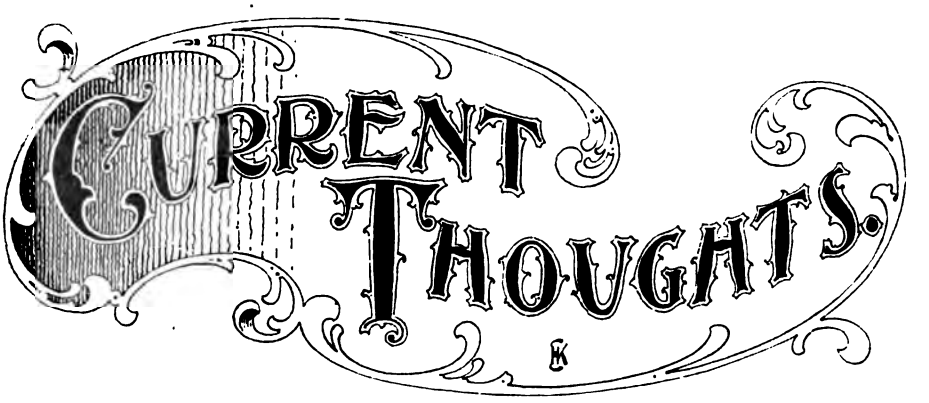

BY THE EDITOR.

AN AMALGAMATION.

CANADIAN book publishers are highly protected, but Canadian magazines are apparently beyond the care or concern of the Government of this country. The paper on which this magazine is printed, if brought in from the United States, would pay from 25 to 35 per cent. duty; the type and presses from which it is printed paid 10 per cent. duty; but on the finished product there is no protection. Canada is flooded with foreign newspapers and magazines which pay no duty Perhaps this is just, but if it is just, then the book duties and a hundred others are unjust.

Yet, in spite of this unfavourable situation, some Canadian magazines have flourished, although none have become very profitable to their founders. That they have not been revenue-giving undertakings has been due to the fact that their founders desired more to see Canadian sentiment and literature stimulated than to fill their pockets with gold. Thus much more than the profits of these undertakings have gone to benefit the people who write and the people who read. Whether these have appreciated the advantage is another thing.

During the past year and a half there have been two strong magazines in this country, both of which have been doing good work, *The Canadian Magazine* and *Massey's Magazine*. Both these publications have been successful because strongly supported by Canadian advertisers and Canadian readers, but, recognizing that the field for magazines in Canada is exceedingly limited, and that one strong and purely Canadian monthly is desirable, the publishers of *Massey's* have amalgamated with this publication, and beginning with the July issue but one magazine will be published. *The Canadian Magazine* should gain by the amalgamation and be enabled still better to represent the best thought and to present the best literary work of our common country. Already improvements have been planned and arrangements made which will render much more pronounced the excellence of this publication.

The Canadian has certainly scored a wonderful success as the national publication of this country, and has also won an acknowledged place among the magazines of the English-speaking world. With the new conditions and the new arrangements which will be introduced this month, Canadians may look forward with confidence to a magazine which will be always worthy of their confidence and support.

A BLOT ON PROGRESS.

Ontario's educational system needs serious attention from those people in that Province who have not yet investigated its deplorable features. Its praiseworthy features are numerous and have been sufficiently worshipped;

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it is time now that the other side of the system be investigated. Up to the present time the criticisms have been few and far between, the politicians finding the system too complicated for their desultory efforts, the leading teachers being kept under the Department by a system of "division of the spoils," and the general public being deluded by clever speeches, brilliant utilization of the good effects and general political covering.

The defects of Ontario's educational system are: first, the teachers of the public schools are too young and improperly qualified; second, the system is permeated with villainous examinations which are made the sole object of a student's ambition; and third, that the Department, being under a political head, is made to serve the vote-making purposes of party government.

On the first point, *The Canadian Teacher*, of May 15th, says:

"It seems a very strange thing that while the statutes of our Province declare it unlawful for a veterinary surgeon, a dentist, druggist, doctor, or lawyer to pursue his vocation before the age of twenty-one years, that it should be considered legal for boys and girls of eighteen years to try their 'prentice hands' on the formation of the future men and women of our country. If a boy of eighteen is not fit to bleed a horse, pull a tooth, or sell a pill, surely he is not fit to take in charge the educational training of our future citizens. If the age limit were raised to twenty-one years, only those who intended to remained permanently in the profession would wait until that age to qualify for it; and all those who wish to teach for a year or two in order to secure a little money to aid them in further pursuing the studies of their chosen calling, whatever that might be, would be compelled to look elsewhere than to the teaching profession for a chance of so doing. This would give permanency to the profession, secure our children from the experimenting of inexperienced boys and girls, and thus raise the status of our schools."

As to the system of examinations it is pernicious in its tendency. Scholars are trained for the special purpose of passing examinations, and teachers are really, though not nominally, paid by the results. Students are not taught to study because of the pleasure it will bring, but because it is necessary to pass one or other of the numerous departmental examinations. They are forced by the superior will of their teachers to study intensely and earnestly until, in many cases, they break down under the strain, or acquire a dislike for books which dwarfs their after-life. Those who are strong enough to bear the strain are forced along into the teaching profession or into the university, and thence into some one of the professions. Farmers' sons, being more rugged, thus become the lawyers, doctors, professors and teachers of the day; agriculture is neglected, and the basis of the prosperity of the Province is injured. Besides being pernicious in this tendency, the useless examinations of this system cost the Province $100,000 a year in hard cash.

The third defect of the system is its subjection to a political head. No matter how honest or honourable a Minister of the Crown in Canada may be, he is forced by the exigencies of our party system to favour the party's friends, and to do a great deal of his work in the light of the probable effect on the voters in the constituencies. He is not a free-will agent, and there is always the temptation to use the machinery and connections of the department in such a way that the Government as a whole will benefit. Hence, the education department should be under a commission, or a permanent non-political head.

Ontario's educational system as worked out at present is drawing the boys from the farms, filling them with false ideas of life and of society, is overcrowding the professions, and is drinking up in a most alarming way the hard-earned wealth of the people. It was founded on broad and magnificent principles, but has been developed along lines the mere prospect of which would have made its founders shudder.

ABSOLUTISM VS. THE PEOPLE.

Previous to the seventeenth century the sovereigns of the world were almost unmenaced in the absolutism which the feudal system had built up or maintained. But with the spread

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of knowledge through the advent of the printing press, with the onward march of civilization and the accumulation of knowledge, came new ideas.

In England absolutism in sovereignty was swept away during several centuries of broken agitation, which reached its goal in the recognition of the Parliament's right to control the advisers and the revenues of the Crown. The Reform Bill made the British Parliament representative of the nation, and since that measure the British people have ruled the British realm. The sovereign is a British subject, the greatest of British subjects, and has an influence as such. In France the Revolution broke down one absolutism, which was speedily replaced by a greater. But the people had learned their rights and their powers, and though they have made many mistakes in their use, the French people to-day rule the dominions of France. In some of the smaller countries of Europe similar and more or less acute changes have taken place during the last three centuries. Italy, especially, made great progress in the direction of giving the people their proper share of power during the events which made the name of Garibaldi immortal.

On the other hand, absolutism has maintained, to a great extent, its foothold in Russia, Germany, Austria and Turkey. In these countries, by means of a subtle and far-reaching militism, by means of the approved ignorance of the masses, the absolute monarch has maintained his supremacy.

This is the reason why to-day we find Europe in the throes of the greatest struggle of modern times. A war is taking place which is being waged ostensibly by Turkey and Greece ; but behind Turkey stand the three Emperors of the other three barbarian countries of that continent. Behind or in sympathy with Greece are Great Britain, France, Italy, and, though more remotely and more vaguely, the United States. The first skirmish of the great struggle is proceeding. Great Britain does not desire to precipitate a great war, because she knows that every day that she can save for the progress of civilization, the spread of knowledge, makes for the cause which she represents. The peoples of Russia and Austria and Germany are becoming slowly but surely educated against the militism and the absolutism which now oppress them. Could the great struggle be delayed another twenty-five years, absolutism would be speedily subdued. Should it come on now, it is possible that absolutism might temporarily win, and the final triumph of the people and of universal peace be delayed a hundred years.

That "The People's Party" is not yet quite ready for the struggle is shown by the action of the United States Senate in rejecting the Arbitration Treaty arranged by the diplomatic representatives of the United States and Great Britain. The people of the Great Republic do not yet recognize the important part that they are to be called upon to play in the world's history. But that will come in due time, and they will be found standing side by side with the people of Great Britain, France, Italy and Greece, ready and anxious to fight the battles of the people, to overthrow the absolute monarchism which has outlived its usefulness, and which is a dead-weight on the progress of civilization.

COLONIAL NEWS IN LONDON.

Every intelligent Canadian will be pleased to know that *The National Review* has initiated a department to be known as "A Colonial Chronicle," and " which will be exclusively devoted to a chronicle of the chief political events occurring in different parts of the British Empire." This is a straw which indicates the direction of the wind. Little Britain is beginning to realize that there is a greater Britain, that the people who live in the colonies are beings with souls, and senses, and intelligence, and culture, and feeling, and breeding and brains—just as other Britishers have. The people "at home" are coming to realize—slowly, yet

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surely—that a man doesn't lose all his intelligence if he happens to move to some part of the British Empire which is south of the English Channel or west of Ireland.

The *National Review* remarks: "What our fellow-countrymen in Canada, Australia, and South Africa feel, is that in spite of our perpetual affirmations that 'We are all Imperialists now,' and that our fellow-subjects in Ontaria, Victoria, or Natal, are as near to us as the people of Yorkshire or Surrey, we, in the old country, do not take a very serious or intelligent interest in their affairs, unless some theatrical episode, to wit, a raid, attracts unwholesome prominence. The Canadian visitor to London can hardly talk with any comfort about his political affairs, even with an educated Englishman, so grossly ignorant are they of Canadian questions, and the same awkward constraint is felt by the Australian or Cape Colonist."

This is perfectly correct; Canadians have felt this and suffered from the feeling. It is refreshing to know, however, that at least one London periodical has undertaken to present colonial events in regular and readable form. Canada may yet be a part of the British Empire in reality, as she is now in name, and an Imperial Federation based on sentiment, nationality and knowledge may soon find a tangible existence. And when the bonds of sympathy which will bind the colonies to the motherland are fully forged, there will be no power, or union of powers, which will be able to sever them. Great Britain has lost enough by secession; she cannot afford to have historical events repeated; hence it is supremely necessary that these bonds be strengthened at once. Such work as Editor Maxse has undertaken is of the desired character.

INSURANCE A NECESSITY.

Several of the larger manufacturing establishments in this country will employ no man unless he has some insurance on his life. The old method of passing round the hat among fellow-employees to defray the funeral expenses of a deceased workman is being discouraged, and properly so. Every man, without exception, should carry life insurance. Those who have influence in the community should encourage the more ignorant and less provident of our fellow-citizens to make this provision for their wives and children. Life insurance companies are huge concerns with exceptional opportunities for making judicious investments, and a man cannot do better than to place his money with them for safe keeping and for profit-making.

Just the other day I heard of the misfortunes of an old man whom I, as a boy, had known well. Though earning but $1.25 a day and having raised a fairly large family, he had managed to save a few hundred dollars which he had deposited in the Government savings bank. When the Government reduced the rate of interest over a year ago, he drew out his small savings and placed them with a private banker, who was to pay him six per cent. Within three months the banker failed.

Hundreds of small investors throughout the country have invested $10, $25, $50 and $100 in mining stocks They will never see a cent of their investments again. If they had bought a small paid-up life insurance policy they would have had something which would have brought lasting satisfaction.

The better educated people are already carrying insurance, and do not need to learn these lessons, but they should in turn encourage the wage-earners to take on insurance.

THE MONTH.

In Dominion politics the past month has been important because of the inauguration of a new tariff, the most remarkable feature of which is the adoption of preferential trade with Great Britain. It was expected, when the Liberal Government under Mr. Laurier succeeded to power last July, that the session of 1897 would witness the

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introduction of a considerable measure of free trade. The duties, as a whole, have not been considerably modified, because of the attitude of the United States Government. But a preference of 12 1-2 per cent. to British imports, with this increased to 25 per cent. after June 30th, 1898, does introduce freer trade than Canada has hitherto possessed. Whether the favoured nation clause in the Belgium and German treaties with Great Britain will be interpreted to mean that Canada can extend no privilege to Great Britain in which these two countries do not share, remains to be seen. The present aspect of the matter is that Great Britain will not force such an interpretation on her colonies, and that even if she does, Canada would resist to the utmost extent of diplomatic correspondence.

In Provincial politics, the general elections in Nova Scotia and Quebec have indicated that the Liberal Party has secured a strong place in the affections of the people. A wave of public opinion in favour of this party has swept over the country, and the Conservative Party has for the moment been utterly routed. That party can afford to remain in opposition for some time, as it has had, since Confederation, more than its share of governing power. So soon as it develops its power of criticism and a new policy, it will be able to present a favourable aspect to the people. This, however, will require time, and present appearances point to a considerable period of Liberal rule.

One of the results of the Quebec General Election is the killing of any remaining agitation to change the Manitoba School Settlement. The clerical influence which was making for further agitation in this matter has received a set-back which may prove permanent, but which, at any rate, is effective for the present.

On the 28th of April the British Empire Trade League in Canada held its annual meeting in Ottawa, and both political parties were fully represented, The primary object of the League is to secure the permanent unity of the Empire, and preferential trade is one of the means considered necessary to this end. A resolution, which carried, was introduced by Sir Charles Tupper to the effect that the Canadian Government be urged to take action upon the suggestion made by the Right-Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, for a Colonial Conference to further consider the matter of inter-Imperial trade. A resolution favouring a Fast Atlantic Steamship Service was also passed. Lt.-Col. G. T. Denison, a man who has done magnificent work in promoting Imperial interests in this country, was re-elected President.

Senator Macdonald, of British Columbia, introduced into the Canadian Senate a Bill to make the 24th of May a permanent holiday. This, according to suggestions made in this Magazine by Mr. G. E. McCraney, of Milton, was amended so as to have the day called "Victoria Day." The Bill has passed the Senate and, it is expected, will experience little opposition in the Lower House.

The rejection by the United States Senate of the proposed Arbitration Treaty between Great Britain and the United States was an important and lamentable event. If it will convince the British people that the United States has nothing for them but the most bitter hatred, then it cannot be regretted. As Chauncey Depew pointed out in a recent newspaper interview, the British nation has always refused to admit the existence of this national hatred; but a few rebuffs of this kind may cast a reflection which cannot fail to be apparent, even to the most sluggish British observer.

John A. Cooper.

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A NEW VOLUME OF VERSE.

THERE is much Canadian poetry abroad, and very little of it is read by the masses. Hundreds of people in this country can quote from Tennyson, Burns, Longfellow, and others of the older schools, but there are few who can quote from Roberts, Carman, Lampman and those of similar style. Of Campbell's poetry, the best known is "The Mother," and I have met many who can quote parts of it, and many more who can tell you the story in it. To my mind, one test of true poetry is that it finds a lodgment in the human heart, that it embodies some thought which the people can carry with them through life. But many poets do not try to reach the people in this way; they do not write popular verse, do not attempt it. Kipling does, but in Canada we have no Kipling.

We are thus forced to the conclusion that there are two classes of poets, just as there are two classes of artists. There are pictures which touch the heart of the multitude: "The Blacksmith," "Mortgaging the Farm," and such like. There are others that are all yellow and purple, with clouds and hazes and nymphs and uncommon grace and beauty. Similarly there are poems which are dreams, musical musings in eight or more lines, under some name; there may be a central idea, or merely an unworked-out plot. Then there are others which are written in simple, everyday language; some contain a tale which rouses thought concerning one particular phase of human action, while others are based upon an emotion which everyone has experienced or—may understand.

Let us take examples of these two classes: of the latter we have such homely poems as "Enoch Arden," "The Lord of Burleigh," "Dora," "Hiawatha," etc., but here is a good example, a fugitive piece, which I found the other day in *Public Opinion* (English):

AS THE SUN WENT DOWN.

Two soldiers lay on the battlefield
  At night when the sun went down;
One held a lock of thin grey hair
  And one held a lock of brown.

One thought of his sweetheart back at home,
  Happy and young and gay,
And one of his mother left alone,
  Feeble and old and grey.

Each in the thought that a woman cared,
  Murmured a prayer to God,
Lifting his gaze to the blue above
  There on the battle sod.

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Each in the joy of a woman's love
  Smiled through the pain of death,
Murmured the sound of a woman's name,
  Though with his parting breath.

Pale grew the dying lips of each,
  Then as the sun went down,
One kissed a lock of thin grey hair,
  And one kissed a lock of brown.

Now, this is a poem in simple language, yet with a sentiment which every man and every woman can understand and appreciate. It is not a poem of one locality or of one country; it is cosmopolitan. Its simplicity and its homeliness constitute its charm.

Then there is the kind which resembles the impressionist pictures, and of this class I wish to quote one or two examples from Professor Rand's new volume* entitled "At Minas Basin":

OF BEAUTY.

The convoluted wave, God's first sea-shell,
  Upgathers now the deep's great harmonies;
From the far blue an alp-like cloud doth well,
  Baring its azured peaks to the heavenlies.
My spirit's outward bound, hath liberty!
  Earnest as rising flame its young love burns
To catch the awesome gladness glowing free
  O'er earth and sky as Beauty's face upturns.

O, naught is great without thy effluence!
  In curving billow's culminating sweep,
    In mountain heights, the grace of strength is seen.
Essence divine, of God-like competence,—
  Reposeful in the heart of things as sleep!
    Robed in purple, sceptred, throned a queen!

FAIRY GLEN.

Hid in the virgin wilderness,
  The fretted Conway's Fairy Glen,
This summer day reveals its charms
  For painter's brush or poet's pen.

The air is flecked with night and day,
  The ground is tiger-dusk and-gold,
The rocks and trees, empearled in haze,
  A soft and far enchantment hold.

The place is peopled with shy winds,
  Whose fitful plumes waft dewy balm
From all the wildwood, and let fall
  An incommunicable calm.

. . . . . .

Shuttles of show and of light
  In-gleam and gloom the watery woof,
As rolls the endless stream away
  Beneath the wind-swayed leafy roof.

(So life's swift shuttles dart and play,
  As ceaseless speeds its flashing loom;
Our day is woven of sun and cloud,
  A figured web of gold and gloom.)

God's arbor, this Enchanted Glen!
  The air is sentient with His name;
Put off thy shoes from off thy feet,
  The trees are bursting into flame!

These two poems can be appreciated only by expert students of language, by men and women who have spent years in studying artistic verse. They can never be popular with the masses, though pregnant with thought and grace and music. It requires a trained imagination to understand what the great poet means when he says, "the air is flecked with night and day," or to translate into the concrete "the fitful plumes of the shy winds." Such phrases as "awesome gladness," "of God-like competence," "convoluted wave," "the deep's great harmonies," "opulent day," "twisted rain," "breathing hills," "trampling seas," "swart-winged hurricane," "raucous tides," are artistic and full of compressed thought, but they bear no message, except to the cultivated mind.

The question then arises for discussion, "Which of these two kinds of poetry is the true poetry, or are both?" If the aim of poetry is to please, then what pleases the mass of the people cannot always satisfy those whose tastes have been specially educated, and hence both kinds of poetry are necessary. If, however, poetry is a unity and possesses only one standard, then one of these two

*At Minas Basin, and Other Poems, by Theodore H. Rand, D.C.L. Toronto: William Briggs.

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classes is not true poetry. Perhaps it would be safe to say that some of our poets, such as Carman, Roberts, and the particular one now under discussion, have erred by straining too much after artistic and high-sounding phrases, after an uncommon and over-fanciful method of expressing their thoughts. Hence they have removed their work from the range of "the people" and have contented themselves with being "the poets' poets."

This volume of Prof. Rand's must, however, be accorded a great deal of praise. His verse has an enormous and impressive strength, is permeated with a love of nature and nature's God, and with an intense belief in divine control of man's destiny. His thoughts are never trivial, and always worthy of the magnificent language in which they are clothed. His poetry as a whole is not so delicate in touch as that of Francis Sherman or Ethelwyn Wetherald or Archibald Lampman, but is animated by the spirit embodied in the first four lines of the opening sonnet:

> About the buried feet of Blomidon,
> Red-breasted sphinx with crown of grey and green,
> The tides of Mina's swirl—their veiled queen,
> Fleet-waved from far by galleys of the sun.

The ruggedness of the natural scenery in and about the Bay of Fundy seems to be accurately embodied in the spirit and form of Prof. Rand's poetry.

THE FORGE IN THE FOREST.

A writer who signs himself or herself "T.T.M." has a charming review, of Prof. Roberts' new book, in the Toronto *Globe* of May 1st, and claims for this work that it embodies the personality of the writer. Proceeding, the reviewer says:

"That chastity of style, that sympathetic purity of mind which we find in most of Daudet's books; that vigorous patriotism, that muscular British tone which breathes through Conan Doyle's; that mystical mode of viewing life, that epigrammatic terseness of statement which illuminates George Meredith's—are parts of the writer's being. So with 'The Forge in the Forest,' the lyrical glow, the kinship with nature, the love of nobility in life and thought, are a part of the author, whose individual presence is felt in every page of his book. The man is indeed greater than his book, and may he have strength and encouragement to continue his studies on a theme which Evangeline did much to falsify, and which in this prelude to his Acadian studies bids fair to have a just and adequate treatment."

The following paragraph is apparently a reply to a remark in the May "Canadian Magazine," and is worth reading:

"Canadian critics, in their reviews of this work, are taking the very unwise course of drawing comparisons between Parker and Roberts as creative geniuses. Both have their qualities and defects, and no true comparison can be instituted between them; certainly no critic should venture to say which is the greater, because they are absolutely unlike. Roberts has a fineness of style and chastity of word and phrase, a prose rhythm and a colour sense that the reader will look for in vain in Parker: but the latter has seen more of life—his view is larger and surer, his characters are more skilfully drawn and more human. It would be futile to search in 'The Forge in the Forest' for a character with the dramatic force of Dolitaire, or a familiar life-study with the brain and heart of Gabord. Roberts, too, can give a single incident with fine lyrical insight and exactness, but Parker seems to have the power to give, in a few master strokes, a great complex action, such as the battle on the Plains of Abraham. Both novelists are young men, and no one can predict what either may do; both are students, and open to criticism, and if Parker should deem it worth his while he may yet become as great a stylist as Roberts; and from touches here and there in 'The Forge in the Forest' it may be that Roberts will yet attain that dramatic skill that makes 'The Seats of the Mighty' a great book, despite its theatrical scenes and melodramatic chapters."

THE UNION JACK.

Under the Red Cross of St. George there were, between 1340 and 1706, such famous victories as Sluys, Cressy, Blenheim and Ramilies. Then on the union

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of England and Scotland there was a new "Union Flag," and under it, between 1707 and 1801, were such glorious battles as Oudenarde, Plassey, Louisburg, Quebec and Camperdown. During the present century the new "Union Jack" made of the three crosses has floated over many a hard fought engagement. All this information and much more is to be found in "A Short History of the Union Jack,"* which comprises a chronological list of its important victories with well-written notes on the principal battles. There are several important appendices, one being entitled "Canadian Battle Fields" and another "Lundy's Lane." This book, which is cleverly designed and magnificently printed, should be in the hands of every Canadian youth, although it is not exclusively a youth's book. It shows much more painstaking work than is usually found in Canadian books, and has a charm exclusively its own.

A LIFE OF THE QUEEN.

Books on Queen Victoria are very valuable just now. The best exclusively Canadian book on Britain's illustrious sovereign, is "Victoria, Sixty Years a Queen; A Sketch of Her Life and Times," by Richard T. Lancefield.† The Hon. G. W. Ross furnishes an excellent introduction, and the illustrations are numerous and presentable. Mr. Lancefield has compiled a vast amount of material which has been placed in the form most suitable for Canadian readers. Two chapters are devoted to "Britain and Her Colonies," and four to showing the progress during the Victorian Era. Every Canadian should have a copy of this work, as it is pre-eminently "a family book."

AN ALBUM OF CARTOONS.

"La Crete devant L'Image" is the title of a quarto album‡ of cartoons dealing with the Eastern Question. These caricatures have been collected by John Grand-Carteret, a Parisian, from Grecian, French, German, English, Spanish, Italian and American periodicals, and they are accompanied by an excellent historical and philosophical introduction by the author of the book. The text is in French.

SOME COLONIAL ISSUES.

Colonial libraries will be much more in demand now that United States reprints are prohibited under the new tariff. These books are very satisfactory. They can be bought in paper at 75 cents, and cloth at $1.25, and there is much less likelihood of a volume turning out unworthy. British publishers are, as a general rule, much more discriminating in their publications than United States publishers, and hence it is good policy for our Government to encourage the reading of British books.

In Bell's Colonial Library§ there are two recent books worthy of mention, "Zoraida," by William Le Queux, and "Christine of the Hills," by Max Pemberton. I read both books clear through simply because I found them interesting—not because I had time to waste. The former is a tale of Arabian life in the Great Sahara, full of mystery and the roll and din of battle. The latter is a pastoral tale of a sweet young musician, who lived near the Dalmatian coast, on one of the beautiful islands in the Adriatic. The story of her life is partly true, the author tells us; but the charm of this well-known writer creeps smil-

*By William Henry Holmes, B.C.L., Truro, N.S. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.
†Published by G. M. Rose & Sons, Toronto. Cloth, gold embossed, 500 pp., 150 illustrations. $2.50.
‡Paris: Societe francaise d' Editions d'art (L.—Henry May), 9 et 11 Rue Saint Benoit. Prix, 2 francs.
§Canadian Agents: The Copp, Clark Co.

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ingly from every chapter, and one does not care to know which is fact and which is fiction.

In Macmillan's Colonial Library, a very long but readable novel is "The Queen of the Moor," by Frederic Adye. The plot is excellent and the interest of the reader is well maintained, but the author displays, at times, a rawness of style which lessens the literary value of his work.

ROYAL SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS.

The Royal Society of Canada have begun to issue the second volume of the Second Series of their Transactions. Section I. is a reproduction of a very rare book, entitled "Pierre Boucher et son Livre," par M. Benjamin Sulte. Boucher was the author of "Histoire véritable et naturelle des Mœurs et Productions du Pays de la Nouvelle France," a most important contribution to Canadian history. Section II. is "A Monograph of the Place-nomenclature of the Province of New Brunswick," by William F. Ganong, M.A., Ph. D. In his introduction, this learned writer laments that place-nomenclature as a study is not in greater esteem, as "it surely deserves a leading place among those antiquarian studies whose function it is to throw side-lights upon history and supply it with details, but which, at the same time, constitute to most men the greatest charm of historical study."

These transactions may be purchased from Durie & Son, Ottawa; The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto; or Bernard Quaritch, London, England.

"THE SELKIRK SETTLERS."

A page of Canadian history hitherto unwritten is that describing the inner life of the Scottish emigrants who were settled along the Red River at Kildonan and other points, by Lord Selkirk. The descendants of these sturdy men will be pleased to learn that the Rev. R. G. Macbeth, of Winnipeg, son of the late Hon. Robt. Macbeth, one of the original settlers, yielding to many urgent requests, has prepared and placed in the press of William Briggs, of Toronto, a volume describing, in a most interesting way, the peculiar phase of life that existed in the early settlement. Sir Donald Smith, the Canadian High Commissioner to England, in consenting to write an introduction to the book, wrote the author: "Your father . . . was one of my most esteemed friends, and it is indeed well that his life work and that of other Kildonan men, who so materially aided in the opening up of the great Northwest, should be given to the public, and it is certainly appropriate this should be done by one so fully conversant with the whole subject as yourself. This book will be a most interesting one, and I have no doubt will be much sought after in Europe as well as in America."

CANADA'S MINERAL WEALTH.

William Briggs, the Toronto publisher, has in press a small volume on the "Mineral Wealth of Canada," by Professor Willmott, M.A., B.Sc., of McMaster University. The work is designed as a guide for those desirous of knowing something of the mineral resources of the Dominion. It is written, as far as possible, in an untechnical way, so that it will be easily understood by the general reader. At the same time numerous references to more detailed works will make it a useful guide to those seeking fuller information. The origin, occurrence and uses of the various minerals are clearly stated. Tables are given showing the mineral production and importations, and comparing Canada with other nations. The work is very opportune and should prove valuable to teachers of chemistry and geography and to all interested in the resources of this country.

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JULY, 1897.

PUBLISHED BY
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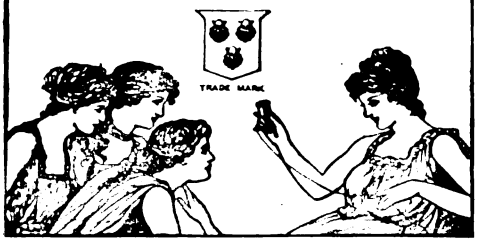

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PHOTO. OF BROCK'S MONUMENT. FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

TO THE MEMORY OF A CANADIAN HERO.

Major-General Sir Isaac Brock with 382 British, 362 Canadian, and 650 Indian soldiers, captured a force of more than 2,500 United States soldiers at Detroit, on 16th of August, 1812, and that after firing but a few rounds of artillery ammunition. On October 13th, while leading an attack on a party of United States soldiers who had gained Queenston Heights on the Niagara frontier, he was shot through the breast and passed away with a cheer on his lips. His troops were repulsed, but later on in the day the invaders were defeated and some 900 prisoners and a stand of colours were captured. This monument, the tribute of a grateful country, stands on Queenston Heights, not far from the spot where this noble soldier fell.

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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COMPLAINING OF OUR TOOLS.

FIFTY years hence the historian of the events of to-day will note few things more significant than our love of change—unless, indeed, that love of change will in that half century have developed into a veritable obsession—which is not improbable. Facility of change—of scene, of domicile, of country, of allegiance, of opinion, of creed, of constitution—has made change seem almost the normal condition of humanity; all the more so as a change in the last can be brought about almost as easily as a change in the first, instead of being, as it was in the last century, the result of revolution, and in the century before, of civil war. Even fifty years ago, to remove an impost on corn required a national clamour continued for years. To-day, to lay a prohibitive tariff on five hundred commodities requires but a general election. Given a parliament for every province, and a council for every parish, naturally legislation marches apace—whether its path be progressive, that the historian of 1947 must decide—if he can.

Not much more than one hundred years ago the key-stone of the old fabric of society fell, and of the ruins society has been trying ever since to build itself a new edifice. Of the ruins; that is what so many forget: the old masonry does not fit the new mansion. Yet other material there is none. America, ever rushing in where others feared to tread, set the fashion, and did her best with her astounding specification anent the equality of man. France followed, and succeeded in substituting for the rule of a tyrannical monarch the rule of a tyrannical mob. England, always hastening slowly, brought up the rear with the gift of votes to those unlearned in voting. Doubtless by all three changes much was gained; but nothing so much as the knowledge that demolition was easy. There are who think we are now beginning to learn that edification is difficult. Here, at all events, began the era of change and of that dissatisfaction with the means at our command proverbially attributed to the unworthy workman.

We quarrel too much with our tools It is so easy to try new tools that we are too much tempted to try them—with the result that no tools satisfy us, and we clamour for those never yet made by man—and perhaps unmakable. For example:

The socialistic demagogue, wearied with his daily toil, exasperated per-

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haps by the sight of riches as wastefully squandered as dishonestly gained, clamours for confiscation of property, vainly imagining that new wealth—new tools—will confer new powers. My dear sir, were the millionaires impoverished by act of parliament to-morrow, who would be the wealthy the day after, or the few days after? The millionaires. They know the trick; you do not. No tools would ever enrich you or me. To make money requires perhaps as great a talent as to make a name. May not those who have it use it? Besides, if you insist on confiscation of property, must not your own be thrown into the pot? You say you have none. Surely then you have no say in the matter. First make your fortune, then enforce your tenet, and we will listen to you. But, after all, what his capital is to the millionaire your skill and your labour are to you. On your own showing you should be mulcted in these. Wherefore, thou, be wise, and, instead of clamouring for new tools, new systems and new institutions,—the nationalization of land, the confiscation of rent, a single tax, state-proprietorship of plant and products, universal suffrage, old-age pensions, total prohibition, female franchise, the payment of members, an eight-hours' day, inconvertible currency, legalized repudiation, a fixed rate of wages, and what not, see that your tools are sharp and go about your business. "Courage, brother!" as Carlyle says, "grow honest and times will mend!" I warrant you your honesty will prove a better whetstone than your clamour. Surely good workmanship is a thing to-day sadly lacking, if even our politicians think it incumbent on them every session to manufacture new tools for the fabrication of the State. Is no one to be allowed to work for more than so many hours a day, if his strength permits it and his family requires it? And is the weak but willing worker to be turned off because he cannot do in eight hours what his more stalwart fellow-workman can?—which would be the inevitable result of such measure. Are you and I and our next-door neighbour to pay the pensions of our friends the day-labourers across the street, in order that these may be relieved of the necessity of prevision and thrift? If so, it strikes me that we shall cut down our friends' daily wages out of which to pay them—a retaliatory scheme perhaps our friends did not think of. And what about pensions for you and me? Will the day-labourers return the compliment? I trow not. Because Smith takes a glass too much, is Jones to have none? If male voters can hardly steer the ship aright, would women at the helm be a help? If unpaid membership scarcely preserves the House from rowdies, would a sessional allowance purge it? If five hundred thousand electors do not know their own minds, would a million know it better? Does any sane man think a tax on land-values would enrich the indolent, or state-proprietorship of products do away with dishonesty?

There is a lesson that has still to be learned, to be learned by heart, as much by the day-labourer over the way as by the millionaire that employs him, and it is this: The happiness of a nation is not necessarily the outcome of its material prosperity. As a matter of fact, so far is national greatness from being identical with material prosperity, that only the sturdiest nations can safely stand much of the latter without losing something of the former. Greece fell when by Alexander she was brought into too close contact with the sensuous luxury of the East. Rome declined when her tributary provinces poured their wealth into her lap. It is when the mob get their *panis* free that nothing will satisfy them but *circenses*. When Jeshurun waxed fat, he kicked. Opulence is no spur to effort. The opulent live at home at ease, satisfied with their two and three-quarters per cent.; the needy emigrate and make sixty or an hundred-fold. That prayer of Socrates for only "so much gold as the temperate can bear and carry," should be graven in every guild. Who have been the conquerors of the world? Rarely the potentate

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rolling in wealth. It is the hungry and homeless horde that devours all before it: the Aryan excursionists; the Huns and Vandals and Goths; the Saxons, the Danes, and the Jutes; lastly the Anglo-Saxons and Kelts, who are making new nations over sea.

If the healthiest bodies and the happiest minds are those working hardest, does not the same hold good with regard to nations? Perhaps the sanest man was that indefatigable athlete who walked his five thousand miles in five thousand hours, or performed some such astonishing feat. Certainly he was medically examined, and the doctors declared him well as well could be; every organ, they said, was working to its fullest extent, and, *therefore*, was in perfect health—a medical opinion that carries with it a magnificent maxim. Perhaps not work only, but struggle, is the law of life; if indeed work is anything else but struggle. Evolution, they tell us, is the outcome of the struggle for existence. To obtain food, where there are more eaters than products, the eaters must fight. They must fight, too, against nature for very life. And they must fight for their mates. It seems to be one long contest of the individual *versus* the race. The result, up to the present, is Man. Suppose the Protozoa had not toiled? Man would not have been—plainly, according to the evolutionists. But quite plainly, too, the toil is not yet at an end. Some creature may ask that same question of Man some time hence within the ten million years that Professor Langley gives our planet to live.

This fight of the individual against the race is a sore problem. The individual, apparently, must be sacrificed that the race may advance. But what of the individual? Is it just that the weakest should go to the wall, if the weakness is not due to individual delinquency? The orthodox, positing an All-Wise and All-Good, and feeling with Plato that the idea of "God being the author of evil to any one is to be strenuously denied," think they are bound to explain the aspersion, and they do it by saying that all suffering is merited. That surely would be difficult to prove. Brutes are not under the ban of original sin, even if babies are. Theirs is an escape from pessimism by a pessimism still more deep, from a worst of all possible worlds to a worst of all possible gods. We must acquiesce in ignorance. Either our ideas of justice are wrong, and human reason is finite and fallible, or the individual counts for little or nothing. Certainly in mundane matters many enough, the individual counts for little enough. A single Napoleonic brain will sacrifice half a million Frenchmen for a single idea. If the individual's interests were always and wholly to be considered, what could be achieved? Nothing. And yet, too, on the other hand, if the individual's interests were never to be considered, what could be achieved? Nothing also. In other words, if no individual life were to be endangered, no enterprise could be undertaken; if individual lives were valueless, ambition would outrun itself. The former course would land us in absolute immobility; the latter in infinite velocity. Social progress, then, it seems, must be governed by a compromise between the unit and the multitude. The curve is a cross between a straight line and a circle; like so many of its analogues in the external world the path is a conic section—perhaps in the case of humanity at present a parabola, ever midway between the *focus* of the individual and the *directrix* of the race. The ideal path is probably rectilinear. That will be when all the fixed points are coincident with the infinite line, when, in Mr. Herbert Spencer's words, man will be "so constituted that while fulfilling his own desires he fulfils also the social needs."* This, the history of society seems to prove. In antiquity the masses were, and to-day in savagedom they are, nothing and less than nothing: human life was held but as a pawn, whole towns were put to the sword, the slave was the chattel of his master. The path of rule then was

* "The Principles of Sociology," Vol. III., ch. xxiv.

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the circle of the chief. In the Middle Age the masses were little better; whole peoples were serfs, and regarded as little else than mechanical tillers of the soil, veritable agricultural implements, to be utilized for the aggrandizement of the lord of the manor. The path of rule then might be described as elliptical (a conic section still), the two *foci* being the king and the barons. To-day . . . . what a change. To-day the masses rule, and every individual among them either has or wants a say in that rule. Broadly speaking, the history of government has been this: First, chief *versus* chief; which was settled by intertribal war. Second, chief *versus* people; which was settled by revolution. Third, collections of people *versus* collections of people, *i.e.*, party *versus* party; which was settled by majorities. The fourth stage is that upon which we are now entering, and it seems to be that of individual *versus* individual; for everybody possesses the right of private judgment; everybody has an opinion on the affairs of the country; and everybody demands a right to record it at the polls. How this stage is going to be settled, who can tell? The chief is helpless, the people are divided, parties are split up, and majorities are merely temporary coalitions of faction. Perhaps we have nearly attained full cycle, and shall again begin with chief *versus* chief, which, after all, may not mean retrogression. In a multitude of counsellors there may be safety; in a multitude of leaders there certainly is not guidance. The State, we used to think, was a thing stable. Where it is merely a heap of fluctuating molecules it should change its name.

But this is a long enough digression from tools, workmanship, and work. To go back. Good workmanship is the result of hard work, of work pushed to the verge of suffering, of effort, of struggle. It is not a world of beauty and harmony, this; or rather, the beauty and harmony of the world are the outcome, as all beauty and harmony are, of conflicting elements. Not a thing exists that is not the result of conflict. Inertia means non-existence. Absolute repose is inconceivable. Rest is merely recuperation, an active regeneration of exhausted material. The rock grows by crystallic accretion; the soil by the detritus of the rock; the plant by absorption from the soil; the animal by assimilation from plant or other animal; and, if we go a step higher, the mind of man by that battle with circumstance which we call experience, and that clash with other minds — whether contemporaneous (through converse) or antiquated (through books)—which we call knowledge; the soul, the moral nature of man, by its fight with the senses, its trampling on self, and also by its sympathy with others, its sharing of others' interests, its bearing of others' burthens. And if the crystal stops growing, it crumbles away; if the tree, it withers; if the animal, it ages; if the mind, it atrophies; if the soul, it dwindles, becomes hard and miserly. A spiritual law runs through the natural world. We are accustomed to think rest is the law, motion the exception. On the contrary, it is immobility that is the impossibility. Solar systems are kept in place by planets speeding round their suns; and according to the physicists there is a similar whirligig going on in every molecule of matter—a myriad in the full-stop at the end of this sentence. But this doctrine of continuous motion and conflict is old as the hills; its first seed, in its purely physical aspect, was sown at Ephesus by Heraclitus, who clearly saw not only that "All things are in a flux," but also that "Strife is the father of all;" it blossomed in Palestine in its deeply moral aspect, in the sentence, "He that loseth his life shall find it."

The mistake common to all the bad socialistic workmen who complain so loudly of their tools is that they think conflict and effort—with their concomitant, suffering—are due to the system, and that if we could alter the system we should eliminate the evil. Has our system, then, been thrust upon us by outsiders? On the contrary, it is of our own making, the outcome of our

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history, our climate, our ethnical character. It is an organic growth, and could no more be changed by Act of Parliament than could our oaks. Oaks may be sown or felled; never constructed. Who really thinks we could to-morrow appropriate all the land, all the stock, all the manufactories, and make the State the sole owner of productive property? What nonsense it sounds! What is the State but the people? Or if by "The State" is meant the people's representatives, I should like to ask what sort of managing directors our squabbling members of Parliament would make. Or fancy the delegates to last year's Chicago convention "running," as they would say, the entire industries of a nation! But really as to what is meant by the State being the universal landlord it is madness to try even to conceive. Think of the insecurity of title with a fresh government every few years. And if universal landlord, I suppose universal manufacturer, purveyor, distributer, feeder. It would be a small matter to throw in a universal *crêche* also. This last would solve not a few matrimonial and other problems; and, if woman suffrage some day adds a maternal side to the present paternal government to which democracy seems so addicted, may be quite within the bounds of measurable probability.

No! the sooner we face the fact that outward and systematic reform in society is of little practical avail so long as the methods and aims of the individuals composing society remain unsound, the better. This is the grand beauty of religion—of true religion as distinct from mere ecclesiastical creed—as compared with false socialism. Religion tries to reform the inner man by giving him new springs of action; socialism tries to reform the outer man by giving him new surroundings. Religion, true religion, thinks man can be good and moderately happy, whatever his surroundings; socialism bends all its efforts to the surroundings, and pays no attention to morality. Religion regards his spiritual welfare, knowing that if the soul is sane, all things work together for his good; socialism regards only his material welfare, and fondly thinks that if the pocket is full the man will be happy. Religion urges upon him a change of heart; socialism recommends him a change of landlord. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God," says religion; "Seek ye first the confiscation of unearned increment," says socialism. What sublime folly. Has Christianity flourished for some two thousand years with no other effect than that people may go about preaching the doctrine that man's greed and avarice and indolence and improvidence and thriftlessness and shiftlessness can be remedied, eliminated, actually expugnated, by a change in the incidence of a tax or a new theory of rent?

You think I am romancing? Listen to this:

"What I, therefore, propose, as the simple yet sovereign remedy, which will raise wages, increase the earnings of capital, extirpate pauperism, abolish poverty, give remunerative employment to whosoever wishes it, afford free scope to human powers, lessen crime, elevate morals and taste and intelligence, purify government, and carry civilization to yet nobler heights, is—*to appropriate rent by taxation.*"*

And this:

"It is within the power of the people of Great Britain, in a few short hours, to make so great a change that poverty as we know it to-day shall be banished from the land forever."†

I am quite aware that there is an important *caveat* to be entered here. What, doubtless, both Mr. Henry George and Tom Mann have in their minds is the enforced idleness, the depression of trade, the exigencies of unnaturally keen competition, which are some, and some of the most pressing, causes of hardship and poverty. If so, let them set their minds to devising some practical and practicable measures for the amelioration of this condition of things, not shout meaningless and misleading rodomontade. The farmer, for example, is to-day in really dire distress, and likely to be in direr still unless

*Henry George, "Progress and Poverty," Bk. VIII., Ch. ii. The italics are Mr. George's.

†Tom Mann, in a public speech, quoted by Mr. Charles Ford in the "Westminster Review" for September, 1895.

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something is done, and done quickly, for his good. Have they any remedy for him? For they may rest assured that the "appropriation of rent by taxation" will not save him from the competition of the immense wheat-growing areas of the United States, Russia, India, and the Argentine.

To so enormous an extent has the output of extravagant political theories of this sort recently increased, that not a few signs are wanting of a reaction. Not many months ago, in the very home of what has been called "triumphant democracy," there appeared a notable article in a well-known periodical with the straightforward title "Will Government by the People Endure?"* In England, too, we have a little sect calling itself "Voluntaryist," which not only repudiates the idea that government has any other function but that of protecting person and property, but repudiates also all compulsory taxation to pay for that protection. This is a swing of the pendulum which is highly significant. It signifies, indeed, not another form of complaint of tools, but a sort of resolve to do without tools, a casting away of all tools, and a relying upon individual effort only. In its way, perhaps, this fancy is as extravagant as any that it tries to controvert; for how much taxation would be raised by voluntary payments solicited on hospital Saturdays and hospital Sundays, as Mr. Auberon Herbert proposes, it would be difficult—or perhaps it would not be difficult—to conjecture. Policemen, in such a "voluntary State," I take it, would be irregularly, if not poorly, paid.

There has been recently another complaint of our tools, this time in the region of ethics rather than of politics. Restive, apparently, under the restraints of religion, the "New Hedonists" have rebelled against the Christian doctrine of the praise-worthiness of self-restraint, and put forward the theory that "self-development is greater than self-sacrifice." One regrets to have to disagree with courageous outspokenness; but where, in all conscience, would such a maxim land us weak men and women? Such self-development would lead to utter selfishness —the core and procreative germ of all crime. True self-development is impossible without true self-sacrifice. Self-sacrifice, surely, so long as it is not fanatical, is self-development, the highest self-development, at least among reasonable creatures. If all mankind were bent solely on self-development, we should soon enough sink to the level of the beasts of the field. In fact lower, for even the beasts of the field practice self-sacrifice and subordinate individual safety to the safety of progeny or herd. Besides, how could all mankind practice self-development? Self-development in the case of M means —nay, entails—self-sacrifice on the part of N; otherwise it means an internecine war between M and N for the means of that self-development; and the whole conflicting round of mutual rights and duties, which, presumably, the theory is intended to abolish, begins again.

It is, however, in the multiform disquisitions, essays, tales, novels, short stories, and what-not to-day thrust upon us on that threadbare theme, the marriage-tie, that naturally enough this doctrine of the rightfulness of untrammelled self-development finds its extremest aspect and its staunchest devotees. Monogamy, to these votaries, is a very antiquated tool indeed for any such thing as self-development; it requires, perhaps, rather too much of self-sacrifice. That a woman who, in this self-developmental process, thinks herself fettered by the side of the husband of her choice should not be allowed to make the experiment with another husband, or, for that matter, with relays of other husbands, this, to these votaries, seems shocking. What may happen to the home in the figures of this matrimonial quadrille, and what is to become of the progeny of such temporary unions are two little points of which the votaries fight very shy. This is playing with edged tools with a vengeance. What the contemporary historian of 1947 may have to

*"The Forum," December, 1896.

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record on this subject, if the theory is pushed to its utmost, if legislators are chosen by universal ignorance, if women vote, and stultiloquence reigns, it would be highly interesting to know.

What is astonishing is that such "prophets of unrest" should command such a following. I am afraid to conjecture how many editions of "Progress and Poverty" have been sold in America, and I am afraid to conjecture how many have received Mann's asseverations with acclaim in England, and certainly, to judge from contemporary light literature, the apostles of the New Hedonism and its cognate cults are not few. It really looks very much as if the mental sanity of the age were in the balance. Periods there have been in the history of Europe when it certainly would appear as if whole communities were suffering from moral mania. What an extraordinary movement was the Children's Crusade! What a speculating fever raged at the time of the South Sea Bubble! Has anyone explained the tulip mania of Holland? The French Revolution and the Reign of Terror—what frightful periods were they! What an epidemic of political revolutions in 1848 ravaged Europe! The currency crisis in the United States last year—what a curious cataclysm was that! And today, has moral given place to social mania? . . . How rampant around us are theories trying to prove that people can grow rich without toil, happy by act of parliament, and good by following their own bent!

There is one, and only one, thesis at the bottom of all these socialistic schemes for the saltatory regeneration of society, and that thesis is a falsehood. It is this: Human nature is perfectible. It is not. Not, at all events, by "a simple remedy" nor "in a few short hours." It has taken thousands, probably millions of years for man to travel as far as his present meagre state of civilization and morality; it is hardly likely that he will travel the whole of the rest of the journey towards perfection at a bound. Besides, what sort of a thing a perfected humanity may be we cannot possibly conjecture—with all due deference to Mr. Bellamy and his fellow-utopians be it said. A world without effort, we have seen, is a world inconceivable. Presumably, to the socialistic mind, a perfected humanity is a humanity in which everybody has enough. But here we are reminded that enough means, according to a shrewd Scot, "a little more than ye hae." When that sentiment is eradicated it will be time enough to complain of our tools.

Arnold Haultain.

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THE METAMORPHOSIS OF MARY ANN.

The Tale of a Foreign Waif.

MARY ANN was plain, and she knew it. A small, wavy, green looking-glass told her so every morning, and added insult to injury in the telling. The smart house-maids and the smarter parlour-maid, in their befrilled aprons and beribboned caps, conveyed the same idea to her by ingenious ways and means, while Phyllis, the stout old cook she served under, insisted that her abundant hair—which was of a shade of red that has no redeeming lights through it—be combed straight and unbecomingly back from her brow, thereby making matters worse than was necessary.

But it was Tom, a butcher boy who called for the morning orders, that made her life a burden, for that sprightly youth claimed her for his legitimate prey. No one smallest imperfection escaped him; he teased her about her lanky "pink" hair, her eyes—which he said "toe'd in"—her wretched little elbows and shoulders, and the freckles which her soul abhorred.

In truth, these were her worst points, for her nose was small and straight enough, and when she smiled her teeth showed even and white, while something like a dimple would flicker wanly on one pale cheek. Tom invented nicknames for the child, which fairly exhausted the resources of his mind, and he sharpened his wits continually at her expense, but she bore the tormenting with a resignation that was, in its way, pathetic. Still, now and again during the ten minutes Phyllis allowed him about, the high-spirited lad would go a little too far in his personal remarks, and then the girl's face would flame suddenly crimson, and her hands tremble over their work. Sometimes she would shrug her shoulders in a way that was quite unlike any other gesture common among the servants.

"I say, my scarlet-topped flower, you ain't French; you're English; so what do you mean by that shrug?" Tom once asked her, then as she answered nothing but went on polishing a glittering brass kettle—

"Ah!" he said, "Ye can keep cam, but I believe you're a little tigress in yer heart."

"Well, look out then as she don't turn and rend you, Tom," said the old cook laughing. But Mary Ann did not seem to hear.

She had one, though, who was her friend, and he was the Italian orange man who came with his great basket of golden fruit down to the basement door. During the long, hot summer, when the family were all away in the mountains, and only Phyllis and Mary Ann keeping the big city house, this Italian used to come every Saturday and stand for a while parleying with them over his wares. Mary Ann enjoyed looking at him, although she was far from realizing that he made a picture, framed by the rough doorway

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and with his oranges gleaming warm against the grey stonework, that many a Royal Academician would have been grateful to see; for he was a handsome young fellow, with splendidly knit frame, soft golden brown eyes, and wavy black hair that the sunlight caught and turned to bronze. Round his throat he wore a gay handkerchief, and his trousers were of corduroy that the weather had shaded.

But it was the smile of him that charmed Phyllis and the little maid; for that was a thing like the sun on a dark day.

O, he made a very nice picture did young Marco Carreno, and perhaps he was aware of it.

But the way he and Mary Ann came to be friends was this: often when she was alone, quite alone in the great shadowy kitchen, she would sing, and she sang like a bird, with high notes sweet, rounded and perfect, and low ones rich and full. She knew only the simple songs they had sung at the Charity School where she had been reared—just those, and one other. It was an Italian lullaby—how she remembered it, where she had learned it, was a mystery.

But one late summer afternoon when the house was very still, she sat in the kitchen sewing and singing low to herself the little cradle song. Suddenly she looked up and saw the orange man at the window; he was leaning far over the sill, the basket beside him; his soft Southern eyes were full of tears.

"Ah! Mariana. Where learned you the melody?" he said breathlessly. "Sing it again, sing it again; it is the lullaby of my home—of Florence, Mariana."

But she could answer him nothing—only sometimes in the still evenings when the work was all done and old Phyllis sitting reading, the Italian would appear at the window as before.

"See, Mariana," he would call softly, "I have the little violin; come, sing me the lullaby." And while she sang he would follow her wonderful voice with a sweet accompaniment. Truly if those who passed along the street above stopped to listen, they must have thought their ears deceived them, and that the sounds came from overhead.

But that was in the summer, and now the winter had come. It was a February morning that Mary Ann was sent upstairs to the beautiful region, lying like a—to her—undiscovered country between the place where she worked and the little attic where she slept. She had been despatched with pails and brushes to clean and polish one of the bath-rooms, as the girl whose work it was had been called home. Softly the child stole along the vast carpeted halls on her way.

"It's Master Herbert's bath I'm to do," said she to herself. "That's the army one; I saw him once crossing the 'alls in his red coat. O! he looked like an angel."

So thinking she reached the room, and as she knocked, the subject of her thoughts suddenly opened a door on the left.

"Hello!" he cried, "where do they keep *you*; you are not a housemaid surely!

"O, no sir!" she cried, dropping her humble old world curtsey. "I'm Mary Ann."

"You're Mary Ann, are you," laughed the merry lad, who was home on a furlough. "Well, Mary Ann, don't they give you enough to eat? You really seem to me most unaccountably thin; or else you were originally intended to stand in a corner, being built that way, you understand, Mary Ann, at right angles?

"Yes, sir, thank you," she answered shyly, giving another of the funny bobs that had been instilled into her at the home where her youth had passed its spring.

"Well," said he, looking her all over, "I hardly think you are a credit to the establishment; either they train you too hard, as it were, which is awfully unlike the Mater, or you haven't much appetite, or something, Mary Ann, and I must look into your case. You should take care not to go out on windy days, anyway."

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"Thank you, sir," she answered, bobbing, "but please it's only the way I'm made. I think this is a nice place, and I'm very 'appy in the kitchen, sir."

"O," said he laughing and starting down the hall, "You are like little Dorrit's Maggie, are you? And find it 'eavingly' although this isn't exactly a 'ospital.' I say, do they give you chicking of a Sunday, Mary Ann?" She didn't understand him of course, but the bantering voice was kind, and the nonsense of the handsome cadet so different in order from that of her enemy Tom, that she scarcely minded it at all.

Herbert Carlton did not forget to ask his mother about the girl, although it was some weeks after their interview that she suddenly came into his mind. They were all at breakfast when he thought of her, in the strange way that thoughts will come to one without apparent reason.

"I say, mother dear," he said to the beautiful woman, busy over her tea cups, "I ran across the queerest little specimen upstairs the other day—a little English girl. I thought I knew the staff by sight, but she seemed to be a fresh importation. She said she was Mary Ann. She was awfully thin, funny looking too, red hair, big brown eyes all at sea—crossed I suppose, lots of bones, elbows, shoulders, sharp little chin.

"I see you have met her, Bertie dear," she answered, smiling. "Yes, she is Mary Ann. She was sent here to Canada from an English school, and has been with me two years. She helps old Phyllis, dear. I am bound to keep her till she is eighteen—if she is good—and she is nearly seventeen, I believe. But she is not here at present; she is ill, poor child.

"Where is she?" asked the young fellow, "I feel a sort of interest in her. By Jove! never saw anyone so thin."

"O, I suppose that is constitutional; she has typhoid fever now, so I've sent her to the hospital. They nursed her here for a week, but the doctors said it was likely to be a very long, serious case."

"Where are her people?" he asked, following the subject up, to his mother's surprise.

"Her people!" she replied smiling. "O, she hasn't any, Bertie; those girls never do have, you know. Wait, dear, let me see," reflectively. "I believe they did tell me some odd story about her—the woman who brought her it was that told me, rather a sensational story too, if I remember right. O, yes; it seems that Mary Ann's father and mother lodged with some person in London. They were singing in a small opera troupe—her mother was not English—I've forgotten what she was. But she fell ill—that is, Mary Ann's mother, you understand, and died, and her father shot himself. Afterwards the lodging-house keeper, who was poor, just took the little child to a charity home, as she could not find out any of their friends. The person who brought her here said that the girl spoke with quite a foreign accent at first and called herself "Mariana," but, of course, they do not allow fancy names in such places. "That," said Mrs. Carlton, rising and throwing out her pretty white hands, "is the tale; very sad isn't it?"

"Very sad," he responded, then absently, "What hospital did you say?"

"O, I don't think I mentioned the name, but she is at St. Mary's, and if you pass when you are riding you might go up and ask the porter how the poor girl is."

The spring went by dressed in green and gold. Then came summer when the days grew long and sultry, and the dust lay white upon the city streets. Often the orange man would carry his basket of fruit down the grey steps to the basement and look through the stone doorway, about which clung a Boston creeper with its fairy fingers.

"Is not the little Mariana come home yet?" he would ask of old Phyllis.

"No, Marco, not yet; she is away somewhere by the sea in one of them hospitals for converlescences. She come mighty near droppin' out, did Mary Ann."

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"So?" he would answer, shaking his curly head. "She had the voice, Signorina Phyllis, ah! like the angels."

"She had a cross eye and red hair, and there was no good of puttin' nonsense into her head, makin' her think she could sing." Then the young fellow would shoulder his basket and laugh softly as he went up the steps.

"She could sing like the angels," he would say, "Addio! Signorina Phyllis, goodabye."

So the summer went, and the fall came. The leaves upon the vine around the door turned to loveliest reds and then fell upon the flagging in crimson splashes. Still old Phyllis worked on alone.

About that time the doctors in the hospital by the sea sent word to Mrs. Carlton that the little maid suffered from a weak heart after the long fever, and would not be able to work at all till nearly Christmas. So she, being kind, told them to keep the girl till all danger was over, and promised that when she returned her work should be made very easy.

It was the evening of the New Year that Mary Ann walked down the steps to the kitchen—she had been away ten months and felt a little strange about entering without a knock or some slight signal. She looked through the window, and as the blind was up saw Phyllis and one of the maids talking over a cup of tea at the table.

It seemed very cosy, she thought. The firelight shone on the white floor and made the copper boiler and silver covers glitter a sort of welcome. But tears rolled down her face even as she gazed in. They had been so kind at the hospital—one nurse had taught her so much and read to her. When they had said good-bye, this nurse had put a blue ribbon with a little gold heart on it, round her throat. The girl raised it now to her lips. O, she quite understood what Master Her-Herbert meant when he said it was heavenly at the hospital, although it sounded odd at the time. So thinking, she pushed the door open and entered.

The two at the table turned astonished faces towards her.

"Why gracious goodness! if it ain't Mary Ann!" exclaimed the cook.

"Mary Ann!" cried the maid, "Mary! Why, no,—yes—, why what's the matter with your eyes!"

"O," answered she smiling, "the doctors fixed them straight, Jennie; it didn't hurt, really."

"But," cried Jennie, "You've changed somehow, you're *quite* changed, you're not a bit like yourself!"

"I weigh such a lot more," answered the girl, "perhaps that's it."

Jennie sat down, apparently overcome.

"Well, you've give me a turn," said old Phyllis, "an' I think you'd better take your hat off, maybe then you'll look more natural like."

But it was rather the reverse; for when she lifted off her hat, they saw, in place of the straight red hair of awful memory, that her head was covered with soft tiny curls of the most lovely auburn, that glittered yellow in the light.

That was too much—they simply gasped, and discovered no words to express their feelings. Even exclamations that they were usually rich in evaporated into thin air.

Mary Ann smiled and nodded at them in turn, while enjoying the situation.

"Do you really like my new hair? she asked sweetly. "It every bit grew on in the last three months—before that I was bald. O dreadfully, dreadfully bald and ugly, but I've improved ever so much, haven't I?"

And they could only solemnly answer that she had.

When Mrs. Carlton saw the girl her usual calm was also severely tried. But she simply congratulated her upon her recovery, and then remarked upon the decided alteration in her eyes.

She thought to herself that she had never noticed before how lovely they were, how thickly fringed. She had only seen that they were crooked.

"I think, Mary Ann, you will make a nice little parlour-maid." she said, "at least for six months—we are going

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to England then, and besides, you will be quite free to take any place you like and are able to fill; for you will be eighteen by that time."

"Thank you, Mrs. Carlton," she answered, but, strange to say, omitted the ancient curtsey. Her mistress waited, but as it did not appear, raised her eyebrows slightly.

"Ah!" she said, "I see you are becoming Americanized."

The girl smiled. "They were very kind to me, the nurses," she answered. "One of them taught me sometimes, and told me about my 'h's,'; I used to do all sorts of things with my 'h's,'" she said.

"That was very kind of her, but never mind about your 'h's,' Mary Ann; I have concluded to let you take Jennie's place, as she is leaving me, and I hope you will be, as before, a good, faithful little maid. Now you may go."

After that, the new parlour-maid might have been seen any morning busy in the long beautiful rooms above stairs. She was as pretty herself as any piece of bric-a-brac that stood upon the carven tables or behind cabinet doors. So round and softly coloured she was, with such lovely curved shoulders and elbows, which before had been only corners. Her dainty cap rested like a white butterfly on top of those golden red curls, and her snowy apron fluttered as she stepped airily around. Once she saw the orange man. It was on a spring evening, and she had gone to the kitchen; then he came and leaned as of old against the doorway, his figure a silhouette upon the square of deep blue behind.

"Ah!" he cried, seeing her. "It is Mariana! I too have been away."

"I am changed, Marco, am I not?" she said sweetly.

"Yes, yes," he answered, but eagerly, "Thou hast not lost thy voice in exchange for all this, so lovely to see?"

"O, no, I can sing; I have my voice the same as ever."

"Ah, then," he cried, taking her hand, "sing me the lullaby, the lullaby of Florence."

She put her curly head on one side and shook it gently.

"I hear the bell, I must go," she said. "Anyway, that was only nonsense, Marco," then she danced away, and he slowly and sadly turned and went up the steps.

One day, when it came near the time that she should be her own mistress to go as it pleased her from one place to another, she was in the drawing-room dusting the shining glass drops on the chandelier—beyond was the music-room, that at this time of day was usually empty; indeed, she thought her mistress and the young ladies were all out. So, as her heart was happy, she sang, first an old school song and then the lullaby. The glass drops jingled sweetly together and chimed in with her voice—on she sang with an abandonment of enjoyment, but stopped suddenly, for she saw the reflection of a man in a long mirror opposite.

She was startled for the moment, and then recognized him as the master who gave Miss Carlton singing lessons. Signor Donatello, his name was.

He came swiftly in, closing the door behind, and as she stepped down from the little ladder where she had been standing, he took her hands.

"Who taught you the lullaby?" he asked. "Who taught you to sing?"

"O, I do not know," she said, "only I love to sing. Sometimes I think perhaps it was my mother who sang the lullaby to me. Do you think it could have been?" looking at him wistfully.

"Perhaps," he answered, "maybe so; but come to me, I will teach you; for you have the voice I have long been waiting to find.

"Say you will let me teach you, my child."

"But I am only a parlour-maid," she said shyly. "I must work."

"Come to my house then," he said eagerly. "My wife will need a little parlour-maid, and I, I will teach you to sing. Then, by and by, you will teach the people what music is."

And that is how Mary Ann came to

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leave Mrs. Carlton when that lady went abroad.

* * * *

It was five years later that a new prima donna took the hearts of Europe captive ; afterwards she came to America, and one night sang in the city that had years before been her home. The opera house was filled with music-loving people. It was a first night to be remembered. In one of the boxes near the stage sat Mrs. Carlton and her pretty daughters. Behind them, and well in shadow, stood one of her sons, a man of soldierly bearing. When the beautiful singer finished her first aria and the liquid notes still lingered with them, this man leaned over and spoke to his mother.

"She reminds me of some one, can you help me to remember?"

"No, dear, I really cannot. I'm sure she is not in the least like anyone I ever saw ; I believe her voice did seem a little familiar, some tones of it—wonderful wasn't it?"

"Yes," he said, "yes, wonderful! Ah, I know, she reminded me of —" then he laughed softly, "my memory scores a point—of a little maid you once had, called Mary Ann, who underwent a metamorphosis, by the way." a

"O, Bertie dear, you are such queer fellow," answered his mother, smiling.

"Let me see, though, mother dear, didn't she go to old Signor Donatello? and, by Jove! he's leading to-night."

But Mrs. Carlton failed to reply. It was a very fashionable house and she was watching it—possibly she did not hear.

Away in the upper gallery was a man with a dark, Italian face, a handsome fellow he was, with a brilliant handkerchief knotted round his brown throat. He had leaned far over and listened breathlessly while the notes of that perfect voice floated upward, heavenly sweet.

"It *is* Mariana," he said to himself. "It is Mariana. She will not have forgotten Marco Carreno. Ah! no ; I will go afterwards and find her, and perhaps, perhaps she will sing me the lullaby once again."

Virna Sheard.

LOVE BY THE SEA.

WHERE are the smiles that held me listless
In a dream of love by the summer sea?
Where is the voice that rippled resistless
Mid the mutt'rings morose from the restless sea?
For love is a spell, a shimmer
Exhaled from the evening dew.
'Tis felt in the moonlight's glimmer:
'Tis gone when the day breaks through.

Where are the vows, oh! thou who spoke of them
By the murmuring side of the summer sea?
Where is the maiden heart that broke them,
And buried my hopes in the restless sea?
Yet why should I sigh for pleasures?
'Tis folly on which to dwell;
But love, when 'tis lost, one treasures:
And, maiden, I loved thee well.

Samuel Maber.

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PICTURESQUE ST. PIERRE.

(*With Five Special Photographs.*)

WE boarded the steamer at North Sydney, Cape Breton, and in twenty hours after leaving that place St. Pierre loomed up before us bathed in the light of the afternoon sun. Our first impression was of desolation. A huge bare rock was before us on which no sign of life was visible ; not even a tree to relieve the appearance of barrenness.

Where were the seven thousand inhabitants, their habitations and the fleets of fishing vessels we had been expecting to see? In wonder and consternation we waited until we rounded a sharp point and glided into the beautiful harbour. Then, indeed, the scene was a changed one and the evidences of life and activity reassured us.

Nestling on the hillside lies the little French town, and on the quay, assembled to enjoy the fortnightly excitement of the arrival of the *Pro Patria* were crowds of French people, chattering gaily, full of interest and curiosity in the strangers from the outside world. And were there not boxes and parcels innumerable aboard, not to mention letters? I have heard it said that the ordinary business of the place is almost entirely suspended during the sixty hours of the stay of the *Pro Patria*.

As we stepped upon the wharf two striking figures met our gaze. The first was a gorgeous creature in uniform of red and blue, trimmed with gold lace, and with a sword dangling at his side ; this we thought must be he "gendarme." The other was in sharp contrast, in his long black robe and broad-brimmed hat. We had evidently been greeted by both Church and State.

The quay and stone wharves are very fine and substantial ; they were built, we afterwards learned, by "deciplinaires," who used to perform all manner of public work. These men were not of the lowest criminal class, but military offenders sent from France to undergo military discipline ; about four years ago, however, a law was passed abolishing the custom, and the "deciplinaires" were all sent home to France.

From the windows of our apartments we could see the quay and part of the beautiful harbour, with the masts and rigging of many vessels outlined against the sky. Occasionally a Basque peasant marched solemnly along the quay in front of his ox team and queer little Normandy cart. His garb of blue blouse and beretta, scarlet sash and gaily embroidered footwear lent a dash of colour to the scene.

But whether hanging out of a casement window or out promenading the sights are always picturesque ; and we never weary of the quaint, narrow streets where not even a sidewalk intervenes between the doorstep and the road. The little French windows, opening out like doors (our doors they call *guillotine* windows), are all ablaze with flowers of every hue ; one almost forgets in looking on them that the island is for the most part a barren rock with scarcely a tree and only a few tiny vegetable gardens.

As we gain entrance into the houses we see how closely these people have clung to the traditions of their Normandy homes ; here are the same "low-raftered interiors" beautifully white, and the same high canopied beds and down coverlets in green and red, and, as if to further emphasize the old time French accent with which our surroundings speak to us, we hear, as we drowsily prepare for bed, the roll of a drum ; nearer and nearer it comes, until it thunders beneath our window, passes and grows faint in the distance.

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It is the "Tambour" on his nightly round, giving us to understand that it is ten o clock, and time for lights to be put out.

Walking down from the town on the old "Savoyard" road, built partly by shipwrecked sailors, in token of their gratitude to the people of St. Pierre, and finished by the "deciplinaires," one sees picture after picture. There are women washing at the brooks which run continually down the hillsides. They wear white head-dresses and kneel in little box-like contrivances on the edge of the stream; each is armed with a wooden mallet with which she hammers the wet garments. When the clothes are cleansed the white-capped women carry them up the mountain side and spread them out to dry, as one of them naively explained, "that they might have a sweet odour." Here the sun and the dew and the sea-breeze complete the whitening process.

As we near the top of the hill about which the road winds we see coming towards us the dark, bent figures of "faggot gatherers"; had these women stepped from some canvas while we were exploring the art galleries, we could not have been more startled, so picturesque were they in their white caps and rather short, full skirts, and bearing the bundles of faggots on their backs.

On our return we met dogs, three abreast, drawing little carts which were loaded with barrels of flour, etc., and at once it became the ambition of our lives to be drawn by dogs.

Very soon after this an opportunity presented itself for the gratification of our wishes; we found the experience full of excitement and conducive to hilarity, as the dogs are very independent and full of moods, and will turn and rend each other, or suddenly flop down for a nap, as the spirit may happen to move them; the remedy for these notions, we learned by observation, is to flourish your whip fiercely, and shout "Allez! Allez!"

Not one dull moment did we pass on this little island. If the day was damp and misty we enveloped ourselves in mackintoshes and went a-shopping, the wonder of the sun-loving women who peeped at us from behind their brilliant window blossoms; or if the tide were low we went down on the beach and watched the bare-legged fishermen wading after crabs, or stood by and saw the codfish being washed by yellow-tarpaulined, long-booted figures. The codfish cleaned at sea is here thrown in deep crates, through which the sea water flows back and forth; the fish are then stirred by the tarpaulined men with long poles until considered clean, then thrown on to the wharf with pitchforks and carted away to be piled in neat stacks.

On a bright day we return and see the cod spread out on the fields of round stones to dry, and watch them carefully turned by bands of laughing, chattering French peasants, who are happy now the sun is shining once more. We learn that the fishermen for the most part come from Normandy every spring, and return thither every autumn after the fishing is over.

One Sunday afternoon we discovered one of the most beautiful walks in St. Pierre; it is the "Route de Gueydon." To the right, as we left the town, lay the harbour filled with fishing vessels, sailors in bright blue blouses and red sashes were singing gaily at their work; just across the harbour, not more than half a mile away, is the "Isle des Chiens," with its large church in the middle, from which, across the water, came the chime of bells ringing for vespers. Towering high above us were jagged cliffs, and down at the foot of them at the edge of the road quaint dwellings and tiny cafes, with an occasional square of round, white stones where fish were spread to dry on the steep banks, and at intervals there were little wharves about which fishermen were busy with their boats. The view, as we progressed, gained in beauty, for Nature was in one of her rarest moods, flinging sunshine with a lavish hand over the sparkling waters. Never, it seemed to us, was water so blue or cliffs so red; this lovely spot

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arose with cameo-like beauty, sharply cut out against a back-ground of blue sea. Well might the sailors sing and the fisher-lads rejoice, for rarely indeed do such perfect days come to this northern coast; more often it is wrapped in mists, but even then it is beautiful, and sometimes the atmospheric effects when the sun does battle with the fog are so wonderful that one longs for the power to paint. Especially would this place appeal to a marine artist.

As we neared the end of the "Route de Gueydon," the cliffs to our left became more precipitous and magnificent of outline; goats were grazing in the most impossible places. Turning, we looked upon the compact city of St. Pierre lying on the hillside and surmounted by a huge crucifix. In a niche between the cliffs above us, and looking out over the harbour, is a large image of the Virgin Mary. Peak after peak rises majestically against the sky; at the end of the road are many sharp cliffs whose shape is that of an eagle's beak; this is the "Cape d'Eagle." Among some rocks beneath, we found a seat and looked out on the "roads." The lighthouse, which warns vessels of a dangerous rock, rose a white column before us; on the other side of the "roads," and yet quite near, is the series of small islands which landlock the harbour; while off in the distance we could see quite clearly the Newfoundland coast. The harbour at our feet was gay with pleasure-boats, in which were laughing maids and their lovers taking their Sunday outing.

On the following day the little steam tug *Progress* made a trip to Newfoundland, affording us a much-desired opportunity to touch that blue coast, which looks so lovely from St. Pierre. The day was sunny and calm, and we had the pleasure of seeing "Langlade," one of the three islands of Miquelon, with its beautiful natural arch in the rocks. After a four hours' sail, during which we skirted the irregular coast line in Fortune Bay, we touched the fishing village of Grand Bank, Newfoundland.

The return trip was made in three hours and a half. As we entered the harbour of St. Pierre the scene was one of enchantment. The hour of twilight on a calm, summer night will glorify the most indifferent landscape, but to this place, picturesque under any condition, it lent an indescribable charm. The sun had just set behind the jagged cliffs, leaving a silvery light which caused them to stand out with wonderful distinctness, while over the waters of the harbour the soft light cast a pearly shimmering. Golden columns supported the shore; it was hard to believe that these were but the reflection of the lamps along the edge of the "Route de Gueydon." On the hillside twinkled the lighted windows of innumerable homes, while the illumined streets appeared like strings of gold beads hanging in the air. Our little steamer threaded its way in the gathering darkness among the sailing vessels anchored in the harbour, and soon we stepped on the wharf, our delightful jaunt ended.

St. Pierre has three times been almost destroyed by fire. On the last occasion the disaster came in the autumn, and was followed by great distress to many of the people who were unable to erect suitable homes before the severe winter set in. In their trouble they turned, as their faith teaches them, to the Virgin Mary—the ever compassionate "Mother of God." After a solemn procession to the Cathedral, they recorded a vow, prostrate upon their knees, that if in future she would protect them from further visitation of this dreadful scourge, virgins would carry her image around the town on each anniversary of the last fire, and they would also erect on the cliff overlooking the town an immense crucifix to be always before their eyes, to remind them of their vow.

All this we learned from various sources, and we were further informed that there were to be ceremonies and a procession on the 15th of August, which would be similar in almost every respect to what were to be witnessed on the anniversary of the fire.

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PICTURESQUE ST. PIERRE—TRANSPORT A BEUFS.

The 15th of August, the "fete of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin," arose brilliant and cloudless. At 1 o'clock p.m. we made our way to the Cathedral, which is a large building with tasteful decorations on the interior, and dedicated to St. Peter, the fisherman saint. Between the immense chandeliers is suspended a fishing craft, significant of the life led by those bronzed sons of the sea, who come always to the Cathedral before starting out on their expeditions to receive the blessing of the priest and to pray for a safe voyage.

The Cathedral was filling rapidly, and we made haste to secure chairs, for which we were required to pay one sou each, and took our places with the congregation. Every type of the French race was represented, from the uncorseted peasant with short, full

PICTURESQUE ST. PIERRE—THE DOG CARTS.

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"The cod spread out to dry on the fields of round stones."

skirt and white cap, to the gay Parisian in elegant toilet.

The master of the ceremonies, in the person of the beadle in blue suit trimmed with brass buttons and epaulets, marched slowly up and down the aisle, occasionally giving orders to the congregation to move their chairs forward, in order to make room for the newcomers who crowded in behind.

The altars (four) were profusely decorated with flowers, the contributions of the people. At the end of the middle aisle, near the chancel, stood the image of the Virgin and Child (modelled after the painting by Murillo), which was afterwards carried in the procession. At each side of the altar, in the chancel, stood seven choir boys in scarlet cassocks and caps and white lace surplices, over which again were scarlet stoles. Two altar boys in purple stoles assisted the officiating dignitary, who was arrayed in a robe which glistened like unto a cloth of gold.

A large group of white-robed maidens knelt on the chancel steps. Occasionally during the solemn chanting of the service a misty white veiled figure would glide softly past us up the aisle; these were belated virgins, who crossed themselves hurriedly before the image of the Madonna and Child, and took their places with their sisters.

After the impressive service was ended the procession went forth from the Cathedral; first in order marched the beadle, mace in hand; after him a priest, bearing aloft a crucifix, and on each side of the priest the two little altar boys in their purple robes and white lace surplices, carrying tall candles; after these, walking two by two in two long columns, came the rest of the procession, beginning with the children from the schools, the boys kept in file by monks; after them the girls, beside whom walked the nuns, who looked very beautiful, habited in blue gowns, with black about the head and shoulders, a white band about the brow, and a silver cross gleaming on each breast; next came the young girls from the orphan asylum, whom we judged were from eight to sixteen years of age. They were clad in the uniform of the asylum, namely, grey

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alpaca dresses, and the hair drawn close to the head in nets; this sombre dress, however, was transformed for the occasion by the long white veils which enveloped each one from head to foot.

After these came the virgins arrayed in pure white, from their long tulle veils, fastened to their hair with white flowers, to their dainty white kid slippers; these were the maidens elected to carry the image of the Virgin Mary; two by two they walked in two long columns, and between these columns there was a group of eight young girls bearing the image, while four more held the golden ropes attached to the burden. After a few paces these were relieved by others from the ranks, and these in turn by others, until each of these white-robed ones had borne the weight upon her shoulders; next in order came the choir boys in their scarlet cassocks and white surplices, who, with the monks and officiating dignitaries, were chanting as they slowly wound their way along the quay and up through the narrow streets.

Other processions we saw, of a very different nature; one, a few days later, was the funeral procession of a young sailor, who was drowned near the coast. A sailor led the melancholy line, bearing a crucifix draped in black crepe, the ship comrades of the dead man followed, and little choir boys in black cassocks and white surplices, and monks and priests chanting their solemn litany for the dead; all heedless of the pouring rain and thick mists, as they toiled up the steep street to the cemetery on the hill. The French people looking on the sad sight from the street, or from their windows, showed none of that idle, gaping curiosity so often seen in the same rank of people of other nations. It was as though each woman saw in imagination the young wife at home in France, happy with her babe, and all unconscious of the tragedy of her husband's death.

Another funeral procession we met one sunny afternoon was that of a baby girl, and the sight this time was not sad, but made one feel as though in a dream, so strangely bright and beautiful a company it was.

The little white satin coffin was carried by four little girls, dressed in

LANGLADE, ONE OF THE THREE ISLANDS OF MIQUELON, AND ITS NATURAL ARCH.

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"Chanting as they slowly wound their way along the quay and up through the narrow streets."

white; young girls in long, white veils followed, then a number of choir boys in scarlet robes, with the priest in their midst, and the haunting monotone of the singing was still with us after the singers had disappeared within the Cathedral with their little white burden.

Altogether there is a charm about the place hard to define; perhaps it is a dramatic, spectacular element, which makes it seem like a stage on which a mediæval play is being enacted, and whether the act be of a sad or joyous nature it is tinged with a degree of sentiment unknown to our colder and more reserved English blood.

One seems to have returned to an earlier stage of the world's history, before the time of trains and trams, and were it not for the fortnightly reminder, in the shape of the steamship *Pro Patria*, one might almost forget that steam is a factor in the industrial life of our century, or that it is now possible to send a written message by means of a postage stamp.

The arrival and departure of the *Pro Patria* keeps the people in touch with the outside world, and furnished an unusual interest while we were there, as we saw the Procurer, or Attorney-General of this colony of the French Republic, depart for Martinique, the scene of his new appointment. This was a grand opportunity to see the gay toilets of the *élite*, who came to wave a last farewell from the wharf, and furnished us also with the novel spectacle of the distinguished Government official dispensing a parting embrace to his intimate friends, by kissing them, men and women alike, on both cheeks, in true French fashion; and then to see the steamer fade away in the mists, followed by salutes from every vessel in the harbour, from the immense French man-of-war to the smallest fishing craft.

As we returned to our rooms we almost regretted that so shortly we must return to our own shores and enter again on the ordinary routine of our lives.

Mrs. E. A. Randall.

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CHILDREN OF THE TOWN.

*I.—The Baby Rachael.**

SHE was a little mite, with big, brown eyes and straggling, black hair. On the sixth day of the week the straggling mane was transformed into corkscrew curls and the child's heart became gloriously happy.

It is well to be at an age when corkscrew curls will make one happy.

When I first saw the child Rachael she was scarce four years old, but she had the precocity of a dozen years. Her father was a Russian Jew whose occupation was that of Inspector of Public Highways and Inns, with an occasional Jail thrown in. He was the employee of no municipal body, but acted solely on his own behalf. There are innumerable gentlemen holding the same office, and their occupation is scripturally known as that of Cumberer of the Earth.

The mystery of the man's life was what led to his discovery of and settlement in Canada. There is a possibility of his having been an escaped Siberian convict, which may have been the reason for his interest in our mode of imprisonment.

The bread-winning was done by the woman Rachael, his wife, who was a delicate young creature with a girlish figure.

When I looked into the woman's face I knew from what source came the child's wondrous dark orbs. But the woman's eyes were full of a quiet sorrow, while the child's had looked only toward the golden dawn of day, and the day was yet too young for the mind to take any thought of what the afternoon and night might bring. But the woman had looked far and often into the child's future, and while she looked her face grew hard. At such times she would clasp the little one in her arms and smother it with kisses, smiling the while. The smile came when she remembered that the child's night brings sleep with it, and beyond sleep there is a Heaven somewhere, and in that Heaven there is a God, who is glad when the gates are opened for tired children—most of all child-waifs who have stumbled along a weary road.

When there was washing to be done the woman Rachael washed. When there was none she begged, so that the light might still shine in the child's face. When begging became obnoxious to the civic authorities she was invited to spend a night in jail in order that respectable citizens might not be disturbed. And so she had slept through several weary nights in a common Police Station; but her heart was not sad, for the child Rachael was still at her side, warm and not hungry, and the light of babyhood was even yet shining in the little one's eyes, for it was still the sunrise of life.

I have often wondered how the woman had the heart to still struggle, to still live. Some one has told us that life is sweet at any cost. He was a dreamer who knew not the pangs of humiliation and hunger. To her, death would have been sweet at any cost. Her big, weary eyes often told me so. Life held nothing but the child Rachael, and it would have been so easy to take the little one in her arms and on some summer night quietly end it all.

Now, if Rachael had been a boy; but no, the child was sweeter as a wee girl, and the great God was good to send her. So soliloquized the woman. Nevertheless she knew that when she was sleeping—as soon she would sleep—in some lonely churchyard the little one would be alone. This was the one nightmare of the woman's life, for even the most simple-minded must know that the world is not kind to a

* A companion sketch to this will appear in the August number.

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little street arab whose nearest home is in Northern Russia.

We are a careless, selfish mass of humanity, who gather our cloaks about us and wander aimlessly through the church doors of the world thinking we are on a tolerably safe path to Heaven. Rachael Lazarus, washerwoman and beggar, was nearer God in her Christ-like life than we may ever hope to be, and in that future, of which all dream, it is my conviction that the light of purity surrounding her will be too strong for the vision of our tarnished souls.

The child Rachael loved her mother. She feared her father with a wholesome dread. I saw the man but once, and my heart ached because of the fact that the Creator had sent him into the world. However, these are mysteries, full of doubt. Perhaps the doubt is alone what preserves faith in many of us.

They lived, when they possessed a dwelling-place, in a small shanty in the heart of the city. The entrance was a long lane in which were several dilapidated coal carts. I have several times piloted my way through the narrow alley in search of the woman Lazarus, fearing each time that I would find her asleep, and baby Rachael guarding her mother's bedside, as Grizel guarded the dead body of the unhappy Painted Lady.

It was rather more of curiosity than of the missionary spirit that directed my feet to the shanty of the Russian Jew, for we are after all unfortunately much alike in our skirt-gathering propensity. It is a sad fact that with all our material progress we are advancing but slowly towards that universality which is the practical living of the brotherhood of man. We build a wall about ourselves and consider a life well lived so long as we rob no man.

The woman interested me, and I loved to watch the child Rachael as her bright baby nature unfolded new mysteries to me each time I saw her.

Upon a certain day I told the little one a fable. It was about a remarkable princess who possessed silver hair and rainbow wings, and who lived and died in an impossible castle. Henceforth it was Rachael's pleasure, clad in rags, to play castle amongst the broken-down coal carts of the alley. She was a symbol of a life that is lived every day in the outside world. I have several times peeped over the edge of the castle-cart to see the little one lying with closed eyes, motionless, in a corner. It was the princess dead and awaiting the funeral! Afterwards she transformed herself into the grave-digger and chief mourner, and marched with solemn little steps back to the cottage, where she suddenly burst into ringing peals of laughter. It was her chief form of enjoyment.

One morning I called at the house. The woman stood in the doorway with the child in her arms. She was a picture of dejection. "They give me work," she said sorrowfully, "but I may not bring the child. They put the crust to baby Rachael's mouth and they say she may not eat. O, it is hard, it is hard!"

It was the summer season. The sun was laughing in the bluest of heavens, and even the dusty tree of the neighbourhood looked brighter and fresher than usual. I went into the house and took the woman's head-scarf from the nail. Then I found the baby's sun-bonnet. The child's big eyes had followed my every movement.

"Give me a fresh pinafore," I said quickly, "And then hurry off. Baby Rachael and I shall go home where the black pussy is, and we shall have wheat cakes to eat and sweet milk to drink, and green grass to play on, and a picture-book with a princess and a real castle in it. Come along."

The woman smiled and hurried off. The little one willingly came with me. She had a vision of the black pussy, which she dearly loved. As we passed out of the gloomy alley the child blew a kiss over her shoulder and cried with a strange note of warning in her voice—"Good bye, lane,—be good."

She laughed and chattered on the way home, made friends with the stray dogs that chanced to cross our path, insisting upon embracing them about the neck, talked to the horses we pass-

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ed, and invented extraordinary answers to her own questions. It was only when we reached the better streets that she crept back to my side and clung nervously to my skirts. She had left the region of waifs and strays behind and was now in a strange country. There was no fellow-feeling between her and the stately dog with the leather collar and steel locket who sat on his doorstep and guarded the house. He belonged to another world and rolled his eyes contemptuously at her while she clung to my skirts. Poor little mite! The world holds but little sunshine for stray Rachaels!

DRAWN BY TOM WILKINSON.

"She had left the region of waifs and strays behind."

The black cat met us at the gate and purred a most gratifying welcome. Baby Rachael took her in her arms and whispered to her the whereabouts of a number of homeless mice who ate what did not belong to them. Dinah purred louder and, no doubt, committed the news to her memory. Now, sceptical people will try to convince you that cats do not understand our mode of conversation. That may be so with regard to some cats, but Dinah understood everything. She would have very often talked to us, but recognized the fact that we would not have understood her. Such reasoning was almost human! We are convinced that Dinah possesses conversational powers and reserves them for her more educated and intelligent friends, because we have repeatedly overheard interviews in the moonlight —somewhere in the region of the brick wall over which the grape-vines creep. . . . . .

We three sat on the veranda steps, Rachael, Dinah and I. We were wonderfully happy. I expressed it in my heart. Baby Rachael expressed it in her merry young laugh; and no one could mistake the happiness of Dinah's quiet dignity. It is a way cats have of expressing intense happiness, at least well-bred cats. They remain perfectly motionless except for an occasional wink.

Presently Rachael became interested in a small urchin who had crept up to the fence and was pressing his chubby round face eagerly between the bars. I beckoned to him. He shook his head when I spoke.

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"Come and play with Rachael and Dinah, won't you?" He opened his eyes very wide and stared up into my face, ignoring my invitation.

Presently he began to chatter through the bars: "Has you seen our baby?—in the hospital—with a big stone tied to its leg 'cause its crooked. An' if you touch it you'll get licked. There!" The little chap became so earnest that he crept a step nearer. Rachael began to rub Dinah the wrong way. She was thinking of the crooked leg.

"Come and tell us about it," I said coaxingly.

"No," he answered decidedly. "I must go, 'caus that cat 'ill bite."

Dinah winked scornfully and looked the other way.

"Do not be afraid," I said. "She is very good. Besides, dear, cats don't bite." He looked up indignantly. "Yes they do. We—we has a cat and—it has pins in its feet, and if you're not good he will stick them in you. An' when you're good he sings. An'—an' did they take that baby to the hospital and tie a stone to her leg?"

Rachael looked solemnly at both feet. Dinah watched her to see the result of the investigation. Then they embraced each other, at least Rachael embraced and Dinah objected.

The little boy had stolen up the steps and sat close to Rachael. When he did so the cat walked proudly away. Dinah has never cared particularly for small boys. When I questioned her about it she told me that their affection for dogs was almost too transparent. I agree with her partly; boys invariably make their affections too transparent; and so they have lost a good friend by being demonstrative. Now, it would have been so easy to use a little tact and pull the wool over Dinah's eyes. However, it is their own lookout. . . . .

The boy looked at Rachael and Rachael looked at the boy, and there began a series of telegraphic communication known only to the child world. Rachael stretched out both her little feet, and the boy saw that there was no immediate necessity for stones and hospitals. Then he looked disdainfully at Rachael's straight black hair, whereupon the child turned her big dark eyes sorrowfully to me. Her little face grew sad because it was not the sixth day of the week, consequently there were no corkscrew curls. And as she sorrowed the sun crept under a cloud and the rain drops trickled down her cheeks. But it was the April age of the little one's life, and, even while the tears dropped, the sun crept out again and her face was bright with smiles.

"Where is your mama?" she asked suddenly, brushing away the tears, and peering earnestly into the little boy's face.

"She's away, an' when she comes home we will go and look at the baby. She is two, an' she can walk soon as they take the stone away."

"Has you got a papa?" inquired the girl child, exercising the dawning feminine curiosity.

"No," said the boy.

"Has you got a little brother?"

"No."

"Well, has you got a lane—and a castle?"

I turned away to look for Dinah. She would so much have enjoyed the humour of this peculiar conversation. I fancy I hear her repeating it, with variations, to friends, when the moon is shining behind the vine-clad, brick wall.

What had passed, however, was completely lost on her ladyship, for I found her some time afterwards on the back veranda blinking idly in the sunshine while she washed her face. Upon her refusing to look at me I left her, knowing well that she had not yet recovered her equanimity. Dinah is foolishly sensitive. She still worried over the unpleasant interview with the boy whose baby sister possessed a crooked leg. When Dinah's dignity is wounded she is silent for twenty-four hours, and her face plainly says, "I shall neither forgive nor forget."

When the sun was sinking in the clear heavens, Rachael's mother called to take the little one home. The poor

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DRAWN BY TOM WILKINSON.

"The boy looked at Rachel and Rachel looked at the boy."

creature was worn and tired after the day's work, but it was worth much to see the expression of yearning and love creep into her young face when she crossed the garden path and first caught sight of baby Rachael. Somehow I felt compelled to turn and walk away when she gathered the little girl in her arms and covered her with kisses, her eyes filling with tears the while. It was for this she had been living through the long hours of the day—it was this that made the struggle of life easy to bear; that made living worth while. And was it not this little baby face that made the sinking sun to-night so golden, and the blue sky so clear? Aye, that made the very light of heaven fall over that dusky garden, for the baby Rachael was a gift of God to a lonely heart.

And then we gave the little one a cup of warm milk and a wheat cake, and a couple to carry home in her wee pocket. Dinah came down from her pinnacle of dignity and graciously consented to a series of hugging performances. We told her to be polite and invite baby Rachael to come soon again, which she truly did most hospitably, purring an accompaniment and rubbing her soft coat against the child.

We escorted the pair to the gate and Dinah ran on as an advance guard. The last I saw of her she was sitting on the boulevard at the street corner waiting to see the baby out of sight. Dinah never does things by halves.

Esther Talbot Kingsmill.

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STAVANGER—A TYPICAL NORWEGIAN VILLAGE.

A GLIMPSE OF NORWAY.

The account of a Canadian Woman's Summer Trip through Norway, to be completed in four numbers and to be illustrated from special photographs and sketches.

I.—STAVANGER, SULEDAL LAKE, ROLDA, THE HORRABRAKHEN, THE LOTOFOS FALLS, AND ODDE.

I CROSSED from Aberdeen with a party of English, Irish and Scotch, all as anxious as myself to see the much-talked-of beauties of the Norwegian scenery. I was the only Canadian in the party, and was under the chaperonage of some Scotch friends.

Looking back in fancy I see the blue waters rolling among the brown rocks, while in the distance is a wee house with white foundation, pink body and red roof—the first Norwegian house seen by our party as the steamer glided into the harbour of Stavanger.

Soon the boats were lowered, and in a few minutes we found ourselves ashore amid frame houses, green arches and countless banners hung along the streets. Over all floated unfamiliar music from a brass band. All this gaiety on a Sabbath evening aroused our curiosity, as we felt certain that it was not all assumed in our honour. So we went up one street and down another, vainly enquiring the cause of it all. Later on, as rockets lightened the peculiar Norwegian twilight, our enquiries were rewarded by the information that just across the bay lay the king's yacht, and it was in their sovereign's honour, not ours, that all this gorgeous display had been arranged.

But in our wandering through the streets we remarked many things. In the first place the buildings looked so ordinary, all painted yellow; in fact, we concluded that Norwegians must let contracts for the painting of their towns, and the economy of it was the only feature that we much admired. Then there were the shops full of furs, the gray old cathedral with the customary "very fine window," and national costumes which were beyond my powers of description. Imagine our feelings as we saw lovers arm in arm! I don't know what the rest expected, but for my part I thought Norwegian

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lovers would have a more romantic way of conducting themselves. Poor things! We left them to their bliss. In our desire to see something we followed the crowd to the water's edge, where the people were pouring into steamers just about to sail. As it had grown dusk we hunted about for our own small boats and were soon on board once more.

After so much excitement we willingly sank into dreamland, only to be awakened next morning bright and early by the bells announcing breakfast. What a hurried meal that was, as every one was to go ashore. Our ship had gone up the Fiord while we slept and soon we were on the small wharf at San, where oddlooking two-wheeled sulkeys awaited us. The names for these conveyances, we found, were "stolkjaerre" and "carriole." Into a carriole it was my lot to get, whence I surveyed the fun of the others choosing ponies and drivers. "Where ignorance is bliss," etc., I had heard, so rested contented till we began the climb. All in a string, we went up, up, up, till the steamer looked a speck on the green waters below. Soon the folly of wisdom became mine, for the carriole, though cute to look upon, proved jolty to ride in. As we were lost in admiration of the beauty of a foaming river, and all interest was centered on it, suddenly one of my reins broke, turning the pony's head straight for the precipice. On he went, one step after another. Oh, the horror of that moment as I swayed above the rushing torrent hundreds of feet below! How I called "Whoa! whoa! whoa!" but all in vain; that pony's accomplishments did not include a knowledge of the English tongue. So, too, my driver. "Jump!" was Greek to him; but just in time he saw the peril; leaping from his stand behind, he buzzed like a bee. Down went the pony's feet, and not one second too soon; I was turned toward the great rocks which towered above us. How the thoughts rushed madly through my mind in that moment of peril, with a

"OUR STEAMER AT SAN."

Photographed specially for the writer of this article.

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A TYPICAL NORWEGIAN ROAD, AND A STOLKJAERRE.

sickening longing to be saved to die in my own Canada.

The excitement of a hair-breadth escape over, while the reins, which, by the way, were woven of blue, black, white and red threads, were being tied, injunctions were given to keep close to the rocks. All these orders were pure waste of breath, as my after experience showed me. But soon we were by the edge of a lovely lake where a tiny steamer awaited us, and the joys of the carriole were exchanged for a sail.

Up this beautiful Suledal Lake, which lay like an emerald amid the sombre pine-clad mountains, we sailed, while at every angle of the mountain, fresh beauty burst upon us. All too soon we left that wee steamer, to partake of our first luncheon inland, but though speculated upon in jest and earnest it was a relief to find the dining-room as spotlessly white as heart or any other organ could desire. When seated we hesitated, but one noble soul was brave and tasted the soup. Breathless suspense held us for the moment, until "Good!" echoed along the table, when, at the sound of the welcome word, all heaved a sigh of relief and began the first meal in Norway. Salmon, with small, yellow potatoes, venison and black bread followed the delicious soup in due order, while all was crowned by a pudding of delicious taste but indescribable appearance.

Added to the charm of the scenes without were the dainty waitresses, in black skirts, bright red, sleeveless bodices cut to a V in front, and bound with black velvet, while the waist was confined by a belt of vari-coloured beads. The white, full sleeves and vest of lawn or cotton added their bit of charm, but the oddest ornament was the brooch of immense size, whose numerous pendants reached half way to the waist. Above that odd dress were the fairest of fair faces, crowned by the golden hair. To our last day in that far-off land the waitresses never lost their charm nor their dignity. Any girl more sedate, gentle, yet grave and dignified, could not have been found. How hard we tried to win a smile, or gain an extra word or two, but all in vain, no words were lost in Norway, at least by the natives.

New conveyances with fresh ponies soon claimed our attention and off we went once more, up steeper hills, down deeper dales, till night found us at Roldal in an hotel from whose veranda the green lake below, the winding road and the towering snow-capped mountains above, were all a fascinating picture.

Our spotless white rooms and the cosy veranda were soon left behind in

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the desire to reach the end of the green lake. There, far away, the great mountain descended to the ordinary level of man, meeting in a quaint white-washed village. Soon we found that fair village was a long, long way off, so seated ourselves on the grassy roadside overlooking the lake. Here a group of children gathered, and after much consultation in low, sweet tones, a brown-eyed lassie with the shiest of shy looks stepped close to us with the one word "change?" as she held toward us an English penny. What a picture that small maiden was! Fair hair, oval face, brown eyes and a sweet wee rosebud mouth—any artist might have been captivated by the study. Doubtless that very penny had won many an ore for the fair owner, but we too added our little to her treasures, leaving the penny to work upon the soft hearts that followed along the lake's edge.

By the following morning, and especially after breakfast, at which was offered half-a-dozen varieties of cheese with biscuits that both looked and tasted like brown paper, my mind was settled fast in the decree that no more carrioles should carry me through this strange land, so a jolly Scotch companion that day shared my fate in a stolkjaerre. For hours we climbed amid the flowers that covered the mountain side singing and comparing notes on yesterday's novel events, till the summit of the Horrabrakhen (zig-zag road) was reached. As we gazed into the valley, far below was seen the yellow hotel, with the green lake close beside it, while beyond all were seen the sparkling snow fields of the Folgefonde glacier. How grand a scene it was no pen can picture, as over all rested Nature's unbroken calm. There we were 3,400 feet above the sea, with our good ship waiting for us; so the descent began.

We thought the mountain-top grand, but words failed to express our feelings as a few good-sized stones were all that kept us from a headlong career into the valley below. That valley was a gem of beauty, but we preferred scrambling from one road to a ledge of

THE LOTOFOS FALLS, NORWAY.

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THE ODDE VALLEY AND A TYPICAL NORWEGIAN DWELLING-HOUSE.

rock below in the hopes of reaching the bottom in one piece instead of in fragments.

Suddenly a great angle of rock was rounded, and we stood speechless. There before us were the Lotofos Falls, which leaped in two great streams into one common basin, only to take a second plunge into the valley below. The rocks, foliage, in fact the whole surroundings, were romantically lovely, while over all swayed a veil of spray where the rainbow wavered. Enquiries came from all sides, "Is not that ahead of Niagara?" and truth to tell I thought it lovelier; but my country must not suffer by comparison with the fairest land (or water), so Niagara was proclaimed vastly superior in volume, etc., etc., etc.; (but we all know its beauties). The caravan followed the succession of rapids until they were lost in a lake of royal blue. Here again a halt was called to admire the lake guarded by immense rocks close to us, but on the further side by great mountains, which parted to show the Buarbrae glacier, whose snows descended to the edge of the lake, close to the green fields. The blue lake, dark pines, and sparkling snows were rounded off by a small yellow steamer that was crossing the blue expanse. It all left a glowing picture on our minds, as the fiord of deep green came into view with the white walls of Odde in the valley.

The party exasperated me, as they were mostly stolid Scotch who never used adjectives, but could (*on occasion*) pronounce a scene "no' bad!" "good!" or (even at a stretch) "fine!" The adjectives in our language seemed adequate for all my needs until that day, but they failed me so utterly then that silence reigned as the beautiful Odde valley, with its foaming river, winding road, meadows and white houses were left behind.

How bonnie the steamer looked as she waited for us, and how fresh and home-like the dainty white state-room, with its pink curtains, seemed as we found ourselves once more on board.

Winnifred Wilton.

(To be continued.)

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THE PREMIERS OF NEW BRUNSWICK SINCE CONFEDERATION.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE ST. JOHN TELEGRAPH.

NO province of the Dominion suffered a greater loss of its public men, as a result of Confederation, than New Brunswick. The impression prevailed among the politicians that the provincial legislatures, under the new order of things, would be so greatly reduced in importance and authority that they would afford no scope for a man of ability, so every public man in the province made up his mind to get to Ottawa, if possible, and push his political fortunes there. The solitary exception to this general rule was the Hon. Edward B. Chandler, of Dorchester, a member of the Legislative Council, who was called to the Senate of Canada and refused that much sought-for honour. Mr. Chandler did not believe that the provincial legislatures would be reduced to the rank of mere municipal councils, and so he preferred to remain the first man in the Legislative Council of his native province, rather than the last in the Senate which had been created by the new constitution of Canada. Mr. Chandler would undoubtedly have been the first premier of New Brunswick after confederation if he had been a member of the House of Assembly. As it was he became a member of the government and the President of the Council, and his long experience in public life was of great use to his colleagues in the government, most of whom were new men.

At the time of Confederation the Executive Council or Government of New Brunswick consisted of nine members, all of whom, with the exception of Hon. John McAdam, retired from provincial politics. One of them, the Hon. Edward Williston, who was Solicitor-General, became a judge; the other seven went to Ottawa as Senators or members of the House of Commons. The mere mention of their names will serve to show the great loss of political ability and experience which the province thus sustained, for they comprised S. L. Tilley, Charles Fisher, Peter Mitchell, A. R. McClelan, R. D. Wilmot, John McMillan aud Charles Connell, all of whom had held departmental offices in the government of the province. Besides these the province lost many others who had been prominent in her public life, for Ottawa demanded of her twelve Senators and fifteen members of the House of Commons, a large contingent for one small province to supply at once to the new nation which the British North America Act had created. It was under such apparently adverse conditions that the first government of New Brunswick after Confederation was formed.

As the Hon. John McAdam was the only one left of the government which had carried Confederation, the premiership would have naturally fallen to him if he had been ambitious to obtain it, or had possessed the requisite qualifications. But Mr. McAdam was well aware of his own limitations, he had no ambition to be premier, and "honest John," as he was called, was very well content to serve as Chief Commissioner of Public Works under another leader. The chosen leader of the new government, the first premier of New Brunswick after Confederation, was the

HON. ANDREW RAINSFORD WETMORE,

who had been Mr. Tilley's colleague in the representation of the city of St. John. Mr. Wetmore was not a politician either by training or by inclination, but he was a man of striking and vigorous personality, who found himself in political life without quite knowing how he came there. His great-grandfather was a prominent loyalist

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HON. A. R. WETMORE.
First Premier of New Brunswick.

of Westchester county, New York, who came to New Brunswick at the close of the war of the Revolution in 1783. His grandfather was Attorney-General of the province for nineteen years, and died while holding that important office. His father had been clerk of the House of Assembly for five years at the time of his early death in 1822, when the future premier of New Brunswick was but a little child. Mr. Wetmore studied law in the office of Hon. E. B. Chandler, who was afterwards a member of his government, and was in due course admitted to the bar. He soon acquired a large practice and was in the front rank of his profession when an accident threw him into political life. The great question of Confederation was before the electors of New Brunswick in the autumn of 1864, and early in 1865 a general election took place to decide whether or not the people of the province would accept the Quebec Scheme. The Anti-confederates of St. John were looking for a candidate to oppose the Hon. S. L. Tilley, and their choice fell upon Mr. Wetmore. He accepted the nomination and was elected to the Legislature on a tidal wave of anti-union sentiment which swept over the country, and overwhelmed the confederation party so completely that they were able to elect only six members out of the forty-one which made up the House of Assembly.

Mr. Wetmore, like a great many others in New Brunswick at that time, appears to have had no particular convictions in regard to the question of Confederation. Chance has made him a member of the Legislature, and the supporter of a number of politicians with whom he had never before been associated, but he soon found himself very ill at ease among his new associates, and his views of Confederation began to experience a decided change. At the Second Session of the Legislature, elected in 1865, Mr. Whetmore was found in opposition, and when that Legislature was dissolved, two weeks later, he became one of the candidates of the Confederation Party for the city of St. John and was again elected, the Hon. S. L. Tilley being his colleague. Some men would have been perturbed by such a sudden change of opinion, but it did not affect Mr. Wetmore in the least degree. He said very frankly that as he had been on both sides of the Confederation question, he was certain to have been right at least once It was quite possible that he was right on both occasions, for the plan of union embodied in the British North America Act is a great improvement on the Quebec Scheme, and much more favourable to New Brunswick in a financial sense.

Mr. Wetmore's adhesion to Confed-

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eration gave him strong claims on the party by which it was carried, and, as he was beyond all comparison the most eminent lawyer left in the House of Assembly, it was fitting that he should become Attorney-General and Leader of the new Government, the first formed after Confederation. No one questioned the propriety of his appointment, and during the three years that he was Premier he showed himself equal to every demand that was made upon him. But his mind was not inclined to politics except as a means to an end, and he embraced the earliest opportunity of going on the Bench, becoming a Judge of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick in 1870. He attained to this dignified and honourable position soon after he had reached the age of fifty years.

Mr. Wetmore was a man of striking appearance, upwards of six feet in height, with strong features and an air of confidence and resolution which his conduct did not belie. He had won his way to be a leader of the bar by sheer force of character and ability, and in conducting the trial of a case at nisi prius he had few equals. He was an excellent speaker, cool and self-possessed under all circumstances, with a cynical, sarcastic and imperturbable manner that was very exasperating to those who were opposed to him. In New Brunswick the Attorney-General still does a good deal of the criminal business, and so Mr. Wetmore's elevation to the leadership of the Government did not remove him from that sphere in which his abilities shone most conspicuously, the bar. While Attorney-General he conducted with success one great criminal prosecution, the trial of John Munroe for murder, one of the most remarkable cases in the annals of crime, and worthy to take rank with the great Webster-Parkman murder case of Massachusetts. The evidence on which the conviction of the murderer was secured was wholly circumstantial, and the manner in which it was presented by Attorney-General Wetmore furnished an excellent test of his great legal ability.

The Hon. George E. King, in June, 1870, succeeded Mr. Wetmore as Attorney-General and Premier of New Brunswick. Mr. King held the office of Attorney-General for eight years, but he was not Premier during the whole of that period, there being an interval of seventeen months from February, 1871, to July, 1872, when the Hon. George L. Hatheway held that position. I shall, therefore, dispose of Mr. Hatheway's premiership, which was ended by his death in July, 1872, before going on to speak more fully of Mr. King's career.

MR. HATHEWAY

enjoyed the distinction of being the only Premier of the Province since Confederation who was not a lawyer. Mr. Hatheway was a farmer and country merchant, but he was a born politician, and he was the very type of man who was likely to be accepted as the representative of a rural constituency. He was a gigantic man in stature,

HON. GEO. L. HATHEWAY.

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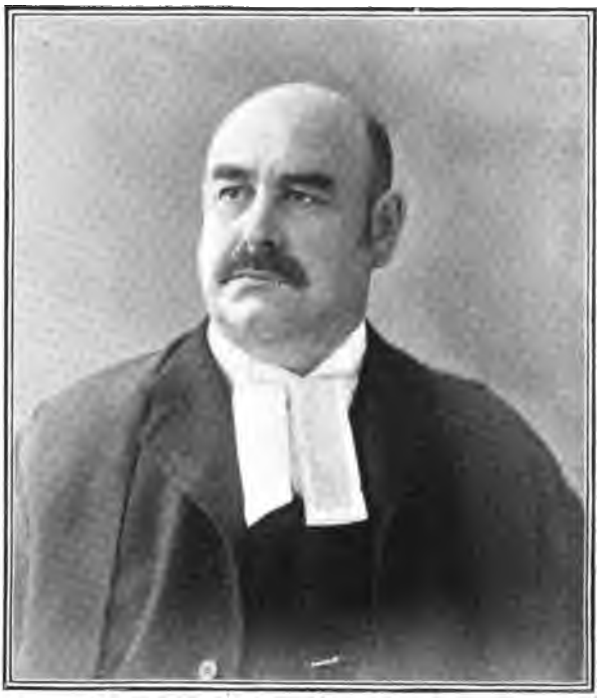

HON. GEO. E. KING.

On the Supreme Court of Canada.

massive in his proportions, with great lung power and a rough and ready eloquence which suited his purpose far better than the most polished oratory would have done. He had been a member of the legislature as the representative of the County of York for a dozen years prior to Confederation, and for several years he had filled the important office of Chief Commissioner of Public Works, the great spending department of the Provincial Government. Mr. Hatheway held that office in Mr. Tilley's government in 1864, but he differed from his colleagues on the question of Confederation, and when the general elections took place in the early part of 1865, he was found in opposition and carried the County of York against the Government by an overwhelming majority. He became a member of the Smith-Anglin government which was formed on the basis of opposition to Confederation, and he went out of office with it when it resigned in April, 1866. He was one of the Anti-Confederate candidates for the County of York at the general elections of that year, but between nomination day and polling day he withdrew from the contest, taking another candidate with him, thereby utterly ruining the chances of his party in that county. For this act, which some attributed to treachery and some to cowardice, he was execrated by those whom he had betrayed, yet he offered himself as a candidate for the representation of the county at the next general election and was returned. The electors of York were ready to forgive his occasional lapses from a high standard of political virtue because he was one of themselves, a resident of the country districts and not a lawyer. Indeed, the Honourable George L. Hatheway could do things with perfect impunity that would utterly ruin a politician in these days. I have seen him in the midst of his hustings speech on nomination day dispatch a messenger across the street to a tavern for a tumbler of brandy, which he would forthwith proceed to drink with great relish in full view of such of the electors of the County of York as happened to be present. A hustings speech of his would have to be very short which did not demand three or four exhibitions of this kind, and yet his popularity, instead of being impaired, rather seemed to be increased by this display of his liking for good liquor. There was a certain rough appearance of honesty about Mr. Hatheway which was very taking, and had his life been spared he might have continued leader of the Government for many years. Many good stories are told of his rough and ready ways, nearly all of them being of such

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a character as to increase his popularity with his constituents. One that is worth recalling did much to re-establish his reputation for piety at a time when it was greatly in need of such a prop. One Sunday morning, on looking out of the door of his residence on the Nashwaak, he saw a circus marching along the road on its way from Newcastle to Fredericton. Here was a chance to vindicate the majesty of the law that was not to be neglected. Mr. Hatheway placed his stalwart form in the middle of the road and in tones of thunder commanded the procession to halt. He declared that as a magistrate of the County of York he could not permit the sanctity of the Sabbath to be so shamefully violated, and he compelled the circus men to remain where they were until after midnight, when he allowed them to proceed. The news of this vindication of the law was carried to every farmhouse in the County of York, and their truly pious occupants declared that whatever people might say of "George L's" way of living and his fondness for brandy, he was a staunch advocate of the sanctity of the Lord's day. The end of Mr. Hatheway was very sudden and very sad. A slight injury to one of his fingers due to a fall resulted in blood poisoning and caused his death. He was not a model politician. His views of public life and the responsibilities attaching to it were not high, yet there was something attractive in his personality, and when he died there were sincere regrets from many who had neither admired nor loved him when he was in his health and vigour.

THE HON. GEO. E. KING

who had been a member of Mr. Hatheway's government, succeeded him as Premier. Mr. King was only thirty years old when he became Attorney-General of the province, and he had not attained the age of thirty-nine when he retired from provincial politics to become a candidate for the House of Commons. Mr. King's career in provincial politics is therefore that of a comparatively young man who went out of office at a time when his powers were reaching their maturity. His aspirations to become a member of the House of Commons were not destined to be gratified; but it may be safely affirmed that if he had entered Parliament in 1878, and had remained a member until the present time some persons who have made quite a figure in the politics of Canada would never have been heard of; it would not have been necessary for Sir John A. Macdonald to go to the bench of Nova Scotia to find a Minister of Justice, and Sir John Thompson would never have been Premier of Canada.

It has been sometimes said of the late John Bright that if he had not been by birth and education a man of peace

HON. JOHN J. FRASER.

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HON. D. L. HANINGTON.

and an enemy of all wars, he would have been a prize-fighter. Something like this might be said of Mr. King, who now adorns the bench of the Supreme Court of Canada. There was a pugnacity and aggressiveness in Mr. King's make-up which stamped him as a leader of men, and he is so many-sided in his views and sympathies that he can take an interest in a horse race or a boat race as well as in some problem of legislation or in a great moral movement. The great glory of Mr. King's administration was the passage of the law for the establishment of common schools in the province. It is true that the Act was passed at the legislative session of 1871, when Mr. Hatheway was Premier; but Mr. King himself was the author of the law and its foremost advocate and supporter, and he continued to maintain it long after Mr. Hatheway was laid in his grave. Prior to the passage of the New Brunswick Common Schools Act, the education of the province was conducted wholly on the voluntary principle, the teachers being paid by fees received from the parents of the scholars, and the Government contributing a certain sum out of the general revenues, this payment being based on the class of certificate which the teacher held. Mr. King's Act introduced the assessment principle which is now universal in Canada and the United States. The measure provoked a vigourous opposition, not only from property owners, who objected to be taxed for the education of the children of other people, but also from the Roman Catholics of the province, who demanded separate schools and denounced the schools created under the Act as "Godless." The general election of 1874 was fought out on the school issue and resulted in the triumph of free schools. The Act was attacked in the Parliament of Canada and great efforts were made to obtain its disallowance. Its constitutionality was called into question before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, on the ground that it interfered with rights guaranteed to the Catholics of New Brunswick by the British North America Act; but all attempts to defeat it failed and it went into operation. It has proved a blessing to the Province, for it has more than doubled the attendance of children at the public schools, and this result was mainly achieved by the vigour and determination of Mr. King, who successfully fought the battles of the school law in the Legislature, on the hustings, and before the Privy Council. The excellent public school system of New Brunswick will always remain Mr. King's best monument.

HON. JOHN JAMES FRASER,

was Mr. King's successor in the Premiership. For the seven years pre-

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vious he had been a member of the Government and for six years Provincial Secretary. Mr. Fraser accepted the office of Attorney-General and the responsibilities of the Premiership in May, 1878, and he held these positions for four years, resigning in May, 1882, for the purpose of running as the Conservative candidate for the House of Commons for the County of York. Mr. Fraser was defeated, as his predecessor, Mr. King, had been four years before, but he was soon afterwards appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick, and he became Lieutenant-Governor of the Province on the death of the Hon. John Boyd in December, 1893. Mr. Fraser died a few months ago in Italy, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health.

Few men who have ever been in political life have enjoyed the regard and confidence of their fellow-men to the same extent as Mr. Fraser. The reason of this was to be found in the nature of the man, which was genial and kindly, wide in its sympathies, and full of loveable qualities. Mr. Fraser was not a great politician, nor was he a natural leader of men, but he gathered around him a strong support for his Government in the Legislature and in the country, mainly because he was John James Fraser whom no one could help liking. Mr. Fraser was an excellent lawyer, and had built up an extensive practice long before he entered political life. He was opposed to the Quebec scheme of Confederation, and was elected for the County of York on the Anti-Confederation ticket as a colleague of the Hon. George L. Hatheway in 1865. He was defeated at the general elections of 1866 and did not again become a member of the Legislature for several years. He co-operated heartily with his leader, Mr. King, in the defence of the Common Schools Act, and although his own Premiership was not distinguished by any such notable piece of legislation, it was on the whole successful. A Provincial Premiership does not offer many opportunities for great legislative achievements, so that Mr. Fraser had no chance, even if he had been so disposed, to effect much in the way of important legislation. What rank he would have taken in the Parliament of Canada, if he had succeeded in being elected, can now only be conjectured, nor is the question an important one. His name and memory are securely enshrined in the hearts of his friends, who loved him tenderly, and of whose love he was in every way worthy.

From Confederation down to the close of Mr. Fraser's Premiership there had been no attempt to run the Provincial Government on Dominion party

HON. ANDREW G. BLAIR.

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lines. It was not thought that because a man called himself a Liberal or a Conservative in Canadian politics he should be deemed worthy to hold high office in a Provincial Government. Mr. King and Mr. Fraser were both Conservatives, but several of their colleagues in the Government were Liberals, and they were neither supported nor opposed because of the views they held in Dominion politics. But when Mr. Fraser retired from the Government an attempt was made to change the system which had worked so well, and to make it wholly Conservative. The person selected for the Premiership was the

HON. DANIEL L. HANINGTON,

a representative of the County of Westmorland, who had been a member of the Government without office for four years. Mr. Hanington had been a vigourous opponent of the free school system, and was, therefore, an opponent of Mr. King's Government; but the school question being settled, and Mr. King having retired from public life, Mr. Hanington found no difficulty in becoming a member of Mr. Fraser's Government. His succession to the Premiership was a great surprise to many of Mr. Fraser's strongest supporters and caused some unfavourable comment. What Mr. Hanington might have achieved in the way of legislation can never be known because he had no opportunity of carrying out his programme, whatever it may have been. His Government was formed in May, 1882, after the legislature had been prorogued and it was defeated in the following February, a few days after the new House met. Mr. Hanington's Premiership, therefore, lasted only nine months. He went into opposition and continued to be the leader of the opponents of Mr. Blair's Government in the Legislature for several years, finally becoming a Judge of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick. Mr. Hanington never was a great success as a political leader, and this, perhaps, may be due to the fact that he was always so desperately in earnest. He overwhelmed his enemies with such torrents of invective that words seemed to lose their ordinary significance, and to weigh only one-half or one-third as much as if they had been said by another. It was the same fault which Goldsmith discerned in Dr. Johnson when he said to him : "Doctor, if you wrote a book about little fishes you would make all your little fishes talk like whales." It is clear that if a political leader denounces the unwarranted expenditure of ten dollars on a by-road as "the most infamous outrage that ever was perpetrated by any government," he has rendered himself bankrupt in the use of words for any greater occasion. If some of our public men would give their attention to this feature of political oratory they would greatly strengthen their hold on the people. As for Mr. Hanington, he is now in a sphere of usefulness and duty in which words have to be measured and weighed, and where language has an exact meaning. The only occasions on which he can indulge himself in flights of oratory are the meetings of the Synod of the Church of England, of which he is a constant attendant, to the great edification of the clergy and laity who assemble at these ecclesiastical gatherings.

THE HON. ANDREW G. BLAIR

moved the vote of want of confidence which defeated Mr. Hanington's Government in 1883, and he succeeded him as Premier. Mr. Blair had sat in the previous Legislature as a representative of the County of York, and had been chosen to lead the Opposition, which was not at that time a very strong body. The defeat of the Government was secured in 1883 by a very narrow majority, and when he became Premier his opponents predicted, with great confidence, that his Government would not last long. No one then believed that the Government which Mr. Blair formed was destined to live for more than thirteen years. Yet so it was ; Mr. Blair held the Premiership of the province longer than any of his

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predecessors, and he left the Government at a time when it was stronger in the Legislature and in the country than it had ever been before.

Mr. Blair is now Minister of Railways and Canals in the Dominion Government, and the people of Canada are likely to have many opportunities of estimating his ability as a leader in a larger field than that he occupied when merely a provincial premier. This makes it unnecessary to say much in regard to his abilities, for, like all great leaders, his grasp of a political situation increases at every fresh demand that is made upon him. As Premier of New Brunswick he was a real leader, and his was the guiding mind which dominated and directed every movement. To keep a government together for so long a term of years without the aid of party discipline was surely a task of no common magnitude, but to so manage it that its strength became greater in each successive Legislature was the highest test of political ability. This achievement stands to the credit of Mr. Blair. It was Mr. Blair's great success as leader of a provincial government that induced Mr. Laurier to ask him to become a member of the new Government of Canada. Up to the present time Mr. Blair's work at Ottawa has been mainly that of a hard-worked head of a great department, but already his great ability is beginning to be recognized by those who have been watching him closely, and should he remain in public life there is no position in the Government which he may not hope to attain. Mr. Blair is an excellent speaker and a man of striking appearance, and although prematurely grey is still in the full vigour of his powers. No one can doubt that his career as a Cabinet Minister of Canada will be brilliant and successful. Contrasted with some of those who have occupied similar positions in the Government, Mr. Blair must appear a giant indeed.

Mr. Blair's successor as Premier of New Brunswick was the

HON. JAMES MITCHELL,

who had been a member of his government from the beginning. Mr. Mitchell, who is a lawyer and a representative of the County of Charlotte, has held successively the offices of Surveyor-General, Provincial Secretary and Attorney-General, and has proved himself a careful and efficient departmental officer. Unfortunately, since he became premier the condition of his health has been such as to prevent him from taking an active part in the work of the Legislature, so that his opportunities of showing his qualities of leadership have been greatly restricted.

New Brunswick has had seven premiers since confederation, and three of them at least have been men of marked ability. Two of them have been men who were fit for any position in the government of Canada, even to the premiership, and none of them have been deficient in talent. All have been natives of the province which they governed, and animated with a sincere desire to promote its welfare. Four of them became judges of the Supreme Court of the province, one of them afterwards rising to be a judge of the Supreme Court of Canada, and another attaining to the position of Lieutenant-Governor. One of them now holds an important portfolio in the Government of Canada, while another remains the incumbent of the office to which he succeeded a few months ago, and it is the hope of all his friends, and they are many, that he may continue to fill it with renewed health and vigour.

James Hannay.

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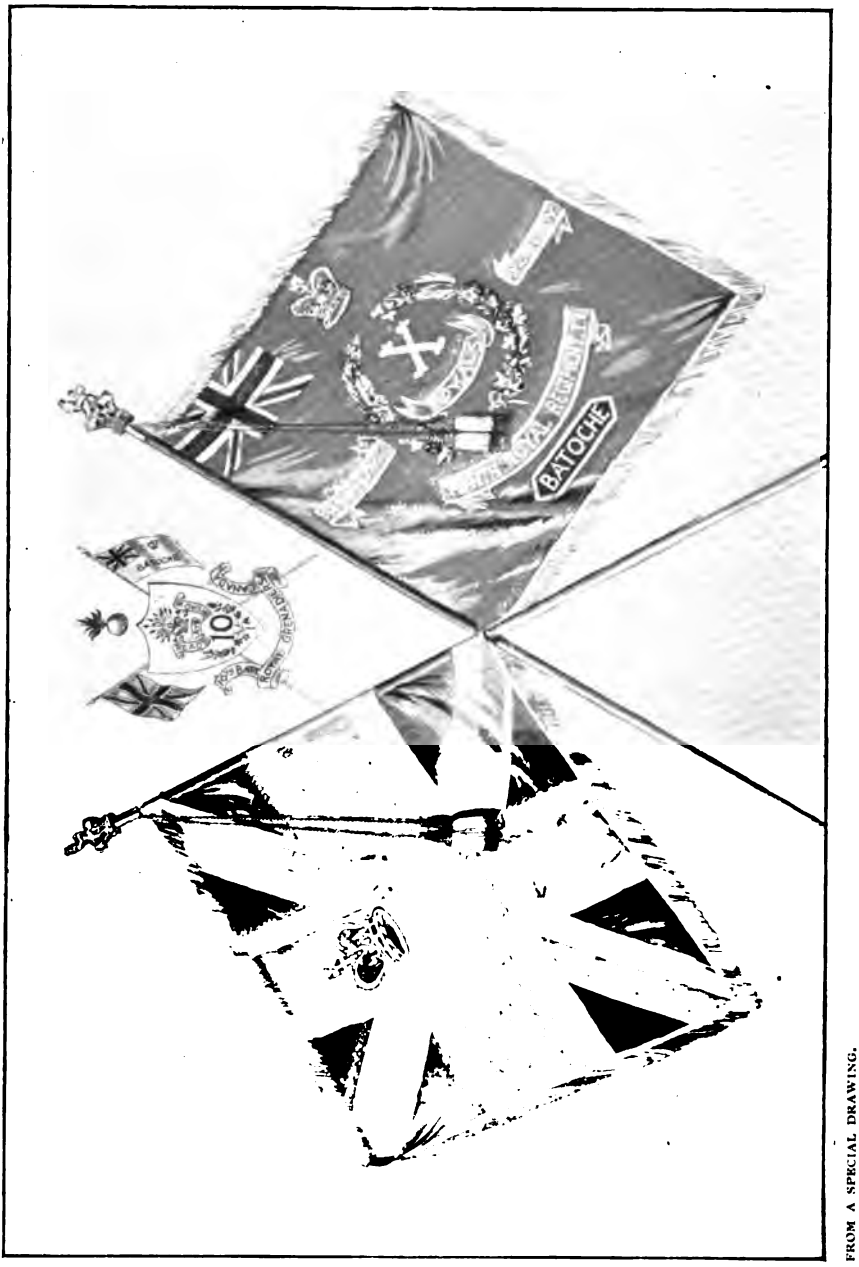

COLOURS PRESENTED TO 10TH ROYALS ON JULY 6TH, 1863.

FROM A SPECIAL DRAWING.

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FROM A SPECIAL DRAWING.

COLOURS PRESENTED TO 10TH ROYAL GRENADIERS ON MAY 24TH, 1897.

THE ROYAL GRENADIERS' COLOURS.

With Two Special Illustrations.

AN event all but unique in the history of the Dominion of Canada, and wholly so as far as the Province of Ontario is concerned, took place on Monday, May 24th, 1897, the Queen's Birthday, on University Lawn, Toronto, when new colours were presented to the "Royal Grenadiers" of Canada, in place of those they had carried for just thirty-four years.

But once previously in the history of Canada has a militia regiment replaced its first colours, worn out in honourable service, with new ones, and that case occurred in the Province of Quebec and is now a matter of somewhat ancient history. The event of May 24th marks an epoch in the military history not only of Toronto but of the Province of Ontario, and for that reason, if for no other, is worthy of more notice than it would otherwise receive.

The custom of carrying standards by bodies of troops, around which they rallied in the day of battle, is one of great antiquity, having existed from the very earliest period in the history of England. Until the year 1660 the British army as a national force did not exist, it being in January of that year that King Charles II. issued his royal warrant sanctioning the enrolment of the new force. Up to that time the English soldiery were local rather than national troops, and each company, troop, or regiment was absolutely independent of all other military organisations and was under the command of its own captain or colonel, who in turn was responsible to the King, and to no one else. There was no centralisation, no War Office in Pall Mall, no Horse Guards, no Adjutant-General nor Quartermaster-General, no Commander-in-Chief save the King, and each commanding officer was a law unto himself.

The new force consisted of three troops of Life Guards, one regiment of Cavalry besides, and two regiments of Foot Guards. This was the nucleus of the standing army of England, which in the two hundred and thirty years of its existence has done such noble service in all parts of the globe.

"Each of these corps," says Milne, "was thoroughly complete and efficiently equipped in every respect, and in accordance with custom each troop or company had its own stand-

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ard or ensign, bearing some device, or possibly numbered; a certain similarity was common throughout all the colours of one regiment, so that the regiment and company could be distinguished at a glance."

The feudal system had indeed disappeared; the baron or knight leading his retainers to the field under his own banner or knightly pennon had become a thing of the past; but in the cavalry of the contending forces at the commencement of the civil war, just prior to the period I am now speaking of, each captain raised his own troop, displaying on his standard such devices as he thought proper. Such, in brief, was the origin of regimental colours.

The first record we have after this of colours being presented to a British regiment was on February 13th, 1661, when a royal warrant was issued to the Earl of Sandwich, requiring him, as Master of the Great Wardrobe, "forthwith to cause to be made and provided twelve colours or ensigns for our regiment of Foot Guards, . . . each of which to have such distinctions of some of our Royal Badges, painted in oil as our trusty and well beloved servant, Sir Edward Walker, Knight, Garter King-at-Arms, should direct."

From that date until the present time there has been no variation in the British army from the custom that all regiments of regular infantry—with the sole exception of rifle regiments—should have as part and parcel of themselves a stand of colours of never less than two flags, the Royal (King's or Queen's) and the Regimental. The latter is a survival of the old company standard or ensign referred to by Milne.

Having said thus much on the history of regimental colours, I pass on to the history of the colours belonging to our Canadian militia regiments, and more especially to those of the Royal Grenadiers of Canada, which is numerically the 10th Battalion in the Canadian militia, and has had an uninterrupted existence—though re-organized in 1880—of just thirty-five years, its formation having been authorized by General Orders dated Quebec, March 14th, 1862. There are only six regiments in the militia infantry of Canada senior in point of service to the Royal Grenadiers, viz., the 1st Prince of Wales Regiment of Montreal, organized November 17th, 1859; the 2nd Q.O.R. of Canada, April 26th, 1860; the 3rd Victoria Rifles of Canada, January 10th, 1862; the 6th Fusiliers of Montreal, organized January 31st, 1862, the first corps in the Dominion who received a second stand of colours in place of their original standards; the 8th Royal Rifles of Quebec, who are exactly fourteen days senior to the Grenadiers, having been organized February 28th, 1862; and the 9th Rifles, Voltigeurs of Quebec, whose date of organization is March 7th, in the same year. Though the 5th Royal Scots of Canada are numerically prior to the Grenadiers, as are also the 7th Fusiliers of London, both these battalions are in length of service many years junior to the Grenadiers, the first having been organized in 1872 and the second in 1866.

The Canadian militia has existed in the Province of Ontario, or, as it was, previous to Confederation, called Upper Canada, since 1793. In that period, of rather more than a century, Toronto has witnessed the presentation of colours to various militia corps on five different occasions. The first time was in 1812, when the ladies of York (Toronto), headed by Miss Powell, presented the 3rd Regiment, East York Militia, with a stand of colours, one of which is still in existence, and reposes in the library of Moss Park, the residence of Senator Hon. G. W. Allan. The ceremony on that occasion took place in the Anglican Church of St. James, and the Rector of York, Dr. John Strachan, not only consecrated the standards but preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion. Of those who were present at that service only one survivor is left, who now, in her honoured old age, resides in Ottawa.

Twenty-one years passed by before there was another similar function in York, and that occurred on June 4th,

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1833, when the ladies of York presented a volunteer artillery company, whose headquarters were in Toronto, with a Royal Standard. This gift must have been more in the nature of an appreciative compliment from the ladies than anything else, as it is well known that batteries of artillery do not carry standards of any description, either on parade or in actual warfare. This particular artillery company must have been almost a private affair, a military club, in fact, as there is no mention of it in any of the old militia lists, and no record by whom it was officered.

Three decades passed away before another presentation of colours took place, and that event was on July 6th, 1863, when the 10th Royal Regiment of Toronto Volunteers, the present Royal Grenadiers, received that stand of colours which, after having been honourably carried for thirty-four years, were, on the last anniversary of the Sovereign's birth, replaced by new ones. For the first time in the history of the Canadian Militia, in Upper Canada at least, was enacted the ceremony of "trooping" the colours, performed by the 10th Royals in the presence of Colonel Robertson, R.E., the officer commanding the garrison and an immense number of spectators. These colours, like those already referred to, were a gift to the regiment from Mrs. Cumberland, wife of the Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, and a committee of Toronto ladies. By the cuts which are given it will be seen that they differ somewhat from those new ones just confided to the care of the corps, though the general design is the same.

Another thirty years passed by, and again did the ladies of Toronto evince their appreciation of the military spirit of their townsmen and their love for their Queen and her soldiers, by presenting the 48th Highlanders with a stand of colours, shortly after the organization of that corps on 24th May, 1891.

The last occasion of the sort was on May 24th just past, when the Royal Grenadiers received on behalf of the ladies of Toronto, from the hands of Mrs. Grasett, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel H. J. Grasett, who commanded the Royal Grenadiers for nearly eight years and was present with them in command all through the Northwest Rebellion, the new flags which are represented in the cut. The day was an ideal one as regards the weather, and the whole scene was one of striking beauty. The vast crowds of spectators which surrounded the University lawn on all sides, the trees clad in their most lovely verdure, the stately building of the University in the background, the scarlet of the men's uniform in contrast with the rich green of the level sward whereon they stood, all combined to produce a picture which for beauty and impressiveness it would be hard to equal. The troops were under command of Lieutenant-Colonel James Mason, who served with the corps in the Northwest Rebellion, where he was severely wounded, and there were in addition among the officers who had served in the same campaign and wore the war medal, Captains Boyd and Brooke, and Surgeon-Major King, besides some few N. C. O's. and privates.

Colonel Sir Casimir Gzowski, K.C.M.G., Hon. A.D.C. to the Queen, was the senior officer present, and before him as reviewing officer the troop took place.

The subalterns who received the colours from Mrs. Grasett were Lieutenants S. F. Sloane and James C. Mason. Every officer of the battalion, with only three unavoidable exceptions, was on parade, and the rank and file numbered about 400 bayonets.

Before concluding this paper a brief history of the regiment which has just been honoured may be fitly given. Though, as compared with English militia regiments, some of which have been in existence for a century or even more, it is still but a young corps, yet among Canadian regiments it is of very respectable antiquity, it being only about two years junior to the Queen's Own Rifles, and rather more than two years to the 1st Prince of Wales' Regiment of Quebec.

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The other infantry battalions senior to it are only so by a few weeks, in one case by but a few days.

It obtained its first stand of colours in July, 1863, and did excellent service in the Fenian Raid of 1866, besides furnishing two companies for frontier duty to prevent raids by Southern sympathisers during the American Civil War. It was reorganized in 1880 as a six-company battalion under Lieutenant-Colonel Grasett, and very shortly afterwards its name was amplified from the "10th Royal Regiment of Toronto Volunteers" to that of "10th Batt. Royal Grenadiers of Canada." On the breaking out of the Northwest Rebellion in 1885 the Royal Grenadiers furnished a four-company contingent of about 270 officers and men to Major-General Middleton's force. Throughout the entire campaign the men of this contingent did their duty loyally, and on the field of Batoche lost Lieutenant W. C. Fitch, who was shot through the heart as he cheered on his men, and Private Moore, while Major Dawson, Captains Manley and Mason and fourteen N.C. O's. and men were wounded, some of whom afterwards succumbed to their injuries. After Batoche a portion of the regiment was detached in pursuit of the Indian Chief, Big Bear. The Royal Grenadiers returned to Toronto with the remainder of the Field Force on July 23rd, 1885, and received, as was only to be expected, a well earned and enthusiastic reception from their fellow-townsmen. On May 13th, 1886, the medals won in the Northwest and granted by the Imperial authorities, were presented to those entitled to receive them by Major-General Middleton, in Toronto. On November 15th, 1888, the Colours of the Regiment were handed to them from the ladies of Toronto, with the "honour" of "Batoche" embroidered on the regimental standard. The scene is described as follows in the "History of the Royal Grenadiers" recently published:

His Worship the Mayor, Mr. E. F. Clarke, addressing the commanding officer, said: "Col. Dawson, officers and men of the Roya Grenadiers, I have to congratulate you on behalf of your fellow-citizens for the noble name the regiment has earned. These colours were given you in July, 1863, and the same lady who then presented the colours to the regiment will do so now."

Mrs. F. W. Cumberland then came forward and in clear tones said: "A quarter of a century ago, on 7th July, 1863, I had the honour, on behalf of the ladies of Toronto, of presenting these colours to the regiment. We have watched with pride and joy the course of the regiment, and having embroidered the word 'Batoche' on their folds, now return them to you with renewed confidence that the Royal Grenadiers will be ever loyal and true, 'Ready, aye Ready.'"

Col. Dawson, in a few well-chosen words, warmly thanked Mrs. Cumberland and the ladies of Toronto, not alone for their addition to the colours, but for the warm sympathy and good wishes which incited them all to do their best.

Hon. G. W. Allan, addressing Lieut.-Col. Dawson and the officers of the Royal Grenadiers, said it gave him great pleasure to be with them on the occasion. He referred to a similar occurrence nearly three-quarters of a century previously, when the ladies of Toronto gave colours to the "Third Regiment of York Militia," his father being in command of the regiment, whose motto was "Deeds Speak."

The Royal Grenadiers now form a ten-company battalion, having been raised to eight companies during the command of Lieut.-Colonel Grasett, and to ten in that of Lieut.-Colonel Dawson. In the thirty-five years of the existence of the regiment its commanding officers have been Lieutenant-Colonels F. W. Cumberland, A. Brunel, John Boxall, William Stollery, G. A. Shaw, H. J. Grasett, G. D. Dawson and the present C. O., James Mason.

One word more before conclusion in reference to the devices on the regimental colours. The Imperial crown in the uppermost right-hand corner, as the spectator stands before the flag, signifies that the regiment is a Royal one, the Maple Leaf below it is emblematic of the Dominion, and the grenade in the lower left-hand corner typifies the fact that the corps is a Grenadier Regiment. The Bison charging is in commemoration of the services rendered in the Northwest by the Grenadiers, and it is fitly placed beneath the honour of "Batoche," where

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Toronto's citizen soldiers so gallantly did their duty.

That the Dominion may be spared the horrors of war is the fervent prayer of all, even while they take pride in their soldiers and honour them, officers and privates alike, for the sacrifices they make in their country's service. Should the day ever come though when peace has to be broken there is no doubt that Toronto's regiments will respond readily to the call, one and all they will "Fight for the Grand Old Flag," none more cheerfully than the Royal Grenadiers; they will be "Ready, aye Ready."

Thos. E. Champion.

ENGLAND'S ALLIES.

BRITANNIA fronts the gathering blast,
Her look is proud and high;
She counts the despot's armies vast,
Hears Freedom's warning cry.

"Too great is England!" now's the word—
"And humbled must she be,
Whose speech in every land is heard,
Who rules the furthest sea."

The Russian hosts are gathering fast,
Brute hordes of force and might;
Where e'er their blighting steps have passed
Dies Freedom, Life and Light.

While to the West the mob-ruled land,
False friend,—but constant foe,—
Waits as of yore, with treacherous hand
To strike the coward's blow.

But not alone she fronts the storm,
But backed by stalwart ones,
Who gather round that warlike form,
Old England has her sons!

From the "true North" to India vast,
From every land and sea,—
The Saxon race will rally fast
Her "Sons of Liberty."

Ye banded nations, think again!
Lest haply ye may own,—
Blood-stained and torn, in grief and pain,—
"The lion's whelps have grown!"

Reginald Gourlay.

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THE QUEEN VICTORIA NIAGARA FALLS PARK.

"Moreover, he has left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE readers of Shakespeare's noble tragedy of "Julius Cæsar" need not be told that the above passage is taken from Marc Antony's speech to his countrymen gathered in the Forum round the body of the murdered Cæsar. To rouse the indignation of his hearers against Brutus and the other conspirators Antony first recounts the brilliant victories which the "Great Julius" had won for his country, and then he tells them, apparently very reluctantly, that Cæsar had by his will made the citizens of Rome his heirs and left them among other things his beautiful park on the banks of the Tiber.

The result shows how keenly the Romans appreciated this last gift of the ever-generous Cæsar.

This gift of Cæsar to his countrymen has been brought to my mind when reading the last Report* of the Niagara Falls Park Commissioners, to which this article is due, and it seemed to me that the extract from Marc Antony's speech given above would serve as a not inappropriate introduction to the story of a gift recently made to the Province of Ontario, a gift similar in kind, but much more splendid in character, than that of Cæsar to the Romans. The gift, I mean, of the noble park at the Falls—gift we may surely call it, for it has cost us nothing, and belongs to us and our heirs forever.

"To walk abroad and recreate ourselves" in the elevating and inspiring presence, too, of one of Nature's grandest works! The park is, I have said, a gift to the people of Ontario. But is it not more? Is it not in truth a gift to all the lovers of the grand and beautiful in nature, Parthians, Medes and Elamites included, who come like pilgrims to a sacred shrine, to visit that marvel of beauty and grandeur—the Falls of Niagara!

The Commissioners' Report to which I have referred presents itself in an attractive and artistic form, very unusual in Parliamentary blue books. The printing and paper are alike excellent, and the numerous illustrations, giving some of the most striking views both of the Falls and of the park, are in the best style of photogravure. The report itself gives a full and very readable account of the varied work done by the Commissioners. Entering, as they are, on the second decade of their existence, the Commissioners have thought it well to mark the occasion by "giving somewhat in detail the history of the park's scheme from its first suggestion to the present time." The story of the genesis and rapid growth of this important undertaking is one which reflects credit on the Government of Ontario and on all who have been connected with the work. To our brilliant ex-Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, in so many ways so honourably associated with the history of the Dominion, is unquestionably due, as the Commissioners are careful to record, the first public suggestion and the first official action in connection with the park. In the summer of 1878, on the occasion of a casual meeting with the then Governor of the State of New York, Lord Dufferin suggested joint action by the Government of that State and the Government of Ontario in order to rescue this glorious wonder of nature from the clutches of the van-

* The Report for the year 1895 is the one referred to.

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dals who, for their sordid purposes, were rapidly destroying all the natural beauties of the scene. Lord Dufferin followed up his suggestion by an able appeal to the Ontario Government, subsequently pressing the matter on the attention of the Canadian people in his address at the opening in 1879 of the Provincial Exhibition in Toronto. Though the scheme suggested by Lord Dufferin was at first looked upon by many as impracticable and visionary, his eloquent advocacy of it soon bore fruit. On the 2nd of March, 1880, a memorial signed by nearly seven hundred literary and scientific men in England, the United States and Canada, was presented simultaneously to the Governor-General of Canada and the Governor of the State of New York, invoking the united action of both in carrying out Lord Dufferin's proposal. Did space permit we should like to give this unique memorial *in extenso*, because it is impossible better to explain the moral and intellectual grounds on which the joint endorsation of the two Governments was sought in a matter which the memorialists claimed to be "a proper concern of the civilized world." No action was taken by the Ontario Government on this memorial until 1885. Four years before that date, however, the Legislature of the State of New York had passed "an Act to authorize the selection, location and appropriation of certain lands in the Village of Niagara Falls for a State reservation and to preserve the scenery of the Falls of Niagara."

Under the provisions of this Act, the New York State Commissioners secured about "107 acres of land, embracing what was known as "Prospect Park," together with Goat and Bath Islands and the small adjacent islets, with a strip along the main shore to Port Day, etc., at a total cost, including arbitration and other incidental charges, of nearly a million and a half dollars. The delay in the action of the Ontario Government was caused by their belief that the subject was one which should properly be dealt with by the Dominion Government. When, however, it became manifest that there was no prospect of this being done, the Provincial Government in March, 1885, passed an Act "for the preservation of the natural scenery about Niagara Falls." This Act authorized the appointment of a Board of Commissioners whose duties were "to select such lands in the vicinity of the Falls as would in their opinion be proper to acquire for the purposes of restoring the scenery to its natural conditions and to preserve the same from further deterioration, as well as to afford the visitors facilities for observing the points of interest in the vicinity."

On the 25th of April, 1885, or within less than a month of the passing of the above Act, Col. Gzowski, now Sir Casimir Gzowski, Messrs. J. W. Langmuir and J. Grant McDonald were appointed Commissioners under its provisions.

The Commissioners were all men of proved business capacity in whom the public had entire confidence. Under their advice an area of territory in the neighbourhood of the Falls, embracing about 154 acres, and extending from the Clifton House southward to and including Cedar and Dufferin Islands, was secured for the purposes of a public park at a cost of $436,000.

The Government of Ontario, in authorizing the establishment of the park, had wisely laid it down as an indispensable condition that the park should not entail a permanent financial burden on the Province; and, consequently, that the interest on the cost of the land, as well as all other necessary current expenses and incidental charges should eventually be borne out of the park revenue. How to find the ways and means to provide this necessary revenue was, the Commissioners inform us, by no means the least difficult part of the task imposed upon them. The territory of 154 acres was subsequently increased by the acquirement of the chain reserve along the Niagara River from Fort Erie to the town of Niagara, a distance of twenty-two

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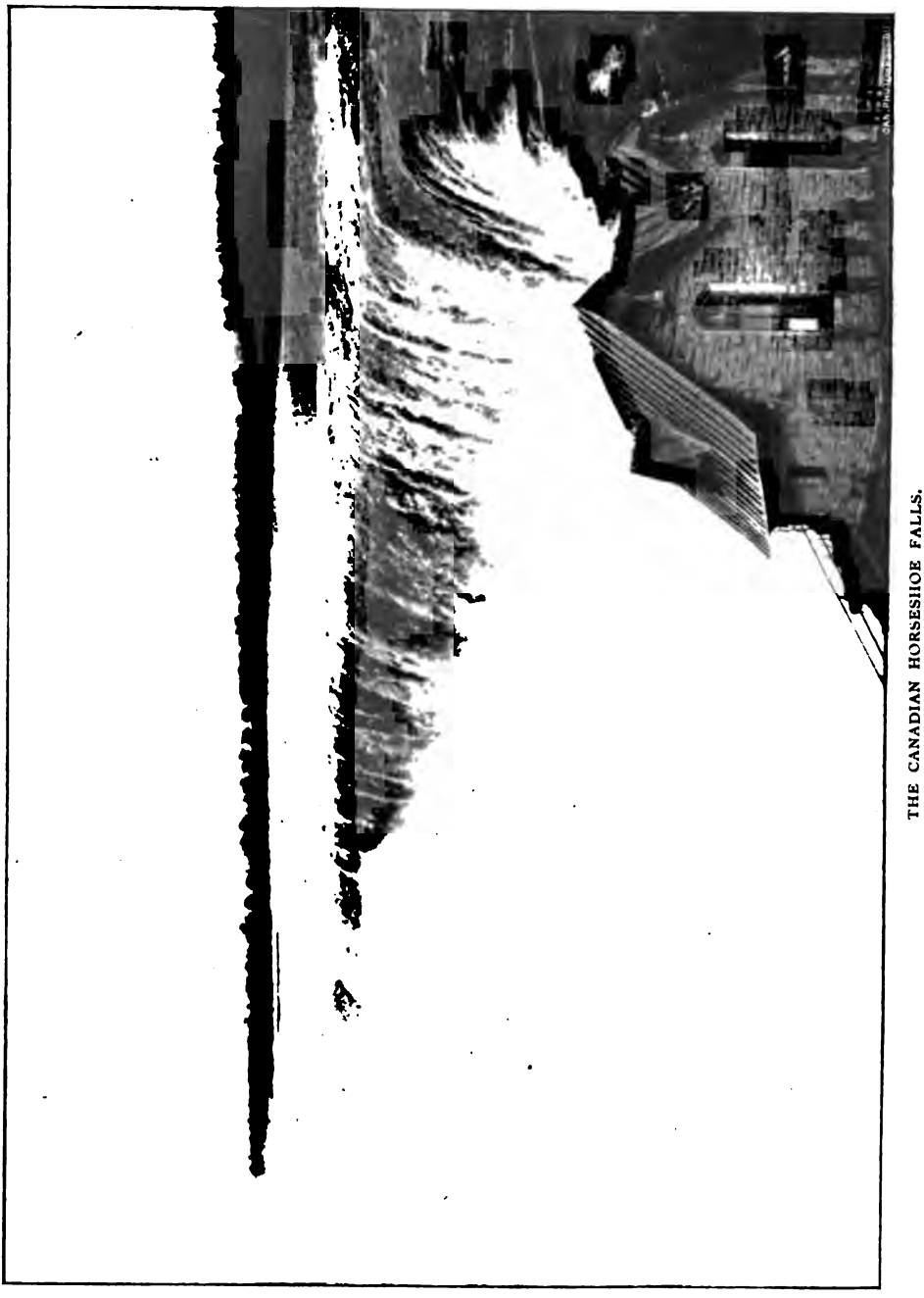

THE CANADIAN HORSESHOE FALLS.

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AMERICAN FALLS, VIEWED FROM THE CANADIAN SIDE.

miles, and all the lands lying below the high bank of the river, as well as the reserve at Queenston Heights. The entire area now vested in the Commissioners amounts to 675 acres, not including the water lots or lands under water.

The Commissioners inform us that they kept constantly in view from the first the necessity of promptly undertaking the improvement of the various properties placed from time to time under their jurisdiction and of bringing them as far as possible in harmony with the natural surroundings, while at the same time making every practicable provision for the comfort and enjoyment of the visitors. The Commissioners were, however, reluctantly compelled to hasten slowly. The revenue derived from the park for many years was very small, while a large amount was required for the half-yearly interest of debentures which they had to meet. To exercise the most rigid economy, to content themselves for several years with merely keeping the grounds in good order and condition and to forego for the time any improvement, however desirable, which involved any considerable expenditure was, therefore, absolutely necessary. Bearing this in mind, all who now walk through the beautiful and well-kept grounds of the park will be disposed to give the Commissioners ample credit for the good work which in the face of these difficulties they have accomplished. But those only can fully appreciate the character and extent of that work who were familiar with the place before it came under their control. They only can recognize what an immense improvement has been effected sweeping away the hideous eye-sores with which bad taste or greed had disfigured the grounds, and they only will be ready to do full justice to the taste and skill which have been brought to bear in laying out the park in such a way as to bring out to advantage all the great natural beauties of this glorious piece of the Creator's handiwork.

THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

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They, too, alone can tell what a boon has been secured to the visitors to the Falls by rescuing them from the attacks of the crowds of sharks, hucksters and pedlars, who used to infest the place, taxing so heavily their purse and temper. All these pests are now banished as effectually as the vermin were banished from Ireland by its patron Saint, and the lover of nature is now allowed to enjoy in peace and quiet the beauty of the glorious scene before him.

If the visitor who returns to the park after an absence of many years should be a native of Scotland, he may possibly, as he contrasts the difference between the now and then, recall the distich with which some local poet celebrated the worthy who made the first good roads through a rough and mountainous region of the Highlands:

"Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You'd bless the memory of General Wade."

So far the Commissioners *sacro vate carent.* They have found no sacred poet to immortalize their labours.

Part of the territory quite recently placed under the jurisdiction of the Park Commissioners is the historic and picturesque grounds (12 acres in extent) formerly known as the military reserve of Queenston Heights—where, in 1812, was fought the celebrated battle, and where on the summit of the mountain, commanding an outlook over the smiling and fruitful country and across the Ontario Lake, now stands the noble monument erected to the hero of the battle, the illustrious Major-General Brock, who met his death upon the field. The grounds and the monument in question had for many years been under the jurisdiction of the Provincial Government, but had not been maintained, the Commissioners tell us, "in a manner worthy of the monument or of the hero it commemorates."

Every patriotic Canadian will rejoice to know that these interesting historic grounds with which "so many glorious associations are connected" have been placed under the control of the Commissioners, thereby ensuring their proper care and preservation in the future. Already, indeed, although scarcely a year has elapsed since the property came into their hands, a marked improvement has been effected in the aspect of the place. The dense growth of brush obstructing the view has been removed, new paths made, new vistas opened and much done in various ways for the convenience of the many visitors to this favourite resort which it is well that every young Canadian should visit on patriotic as well as æsthetic grounds.

In reading the report of the Commissioners, one cannot fail to be struck with the number of difficult and complicated questions, legal, engineering and financial, with which they have had to deal. In the engineering department, fortunately, they have had the benefit of the services and experience not only of the Park Superintendent, a competent civil engineer, but also the great professional knowledge of Sir Casimir Gzowski, first Chairman of the Commission; while in their financial difficulties they have had the advantage of the large business experience and ability of Mr. J. W. Langmuir, who succeeded Sir Casimir Gzowski as Chairman of the Board on the retirement of the former in 1892.

The geographic monograph on the history of the Falls, by Prof. Gilbert, of the United States Geological Survey, which is appended to the report, will be read with pleasure by all who take an interest in the grand operations of natural agents, giving, as it does, a scientific account of the formation through the "aeons of the ages" of the present bed of the Niagara River and also of the slow but constant recession during many thousand years of the mighty cataract from the Queenston Heights to its present position, a distance of fourteen miles.

The partial list of the "flora" of the Falls furnished by the chief gardener of the park, contained in the appendix to the report, shows that in addition to its many other attractive features, the

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Falls Park is a perfect paradise for botanists and supplies a most interesting field for the lovers of natural history. In this connection the Commissioners quote the remark of Professor Macoun, the Dominion botanist: "I consider Queenston Heights, the valley of the Niagara River and the neighbourhood of the falls, as far up as Chippewa, the best botanical grounds in Canada."

The thanks, not merely of this community, but of the lovers of nature everywhere, are assuredly due to the Government of Ontario for the enlightened spirit they have shown in promoting the establishment of the Niagara Park, and for their practical wisdom in carrying out the scheme. Like thanks are also due to the Commissioners for the zeal and ability with which they have discharged (without fee or reward, be it remembered) the important public trust committed to their charge.

The most important work accomplished by the Commissioners in connection with the park is, doubtless, the construction of the electric railway, eight miles in length along the north bank of the Niagara River, to connect Queenston and Chippewa, the former being the most westerly port on Lake Ontario, and the latter the most easterly on Lake Erie. This road, which is substantially constructed and admirably equipped, is a wonderful boon to the ordinary excursionist, as he is enabled thereby to reach Table Rock without the fatigue of a walk of two miles and a half from the Grand Trunk depot. It moreover gives him access to many points of special interest on the river which previously were beyond his reach. The Commissioners receive a rental of $10,000 per annum from the railway company for the right of way and other privileges. This sum, with $25,000 per annum (to be raised after ten years to $35,000) received from another company for the franchise of the use for commercial purposes of a portion of the enormous water of the Falls, and the sum of $8,200 per annum as rent for a stone building used as a restaurant and other purposes, yield together an amount which very nearly suffices for the payment of the annual interest and sinking fund as well as for the maintenance of the park. So that it is necessary only to supplement it by levying a small toll on such of the visitors to the park as desire to see points of interest where guides or costly structural appliances are needed. It may be well to add that the electric railway has not in any way impaired any of the natural beauties of the place, nor has the leasing of a portion of the water power sensibly diminished the volume of water passing over the Falls. Under the Commissioners' regime the natural attractions of the Falls and its neighbourhood and the facilities for seeing them have been, as we have seen, greatly increased in many ways, and we cannot be surprised to find that as a consequence the number of visitors has also been correspondingly increased. In 1866 the estimated number of visitors was two hundred thousand; last year it was five hundred thousand.

Here perhaps we might pause, but we cannot but feel that our story of the park would be incomplete if it did not contain some description of the most striking features of the Falls themselves. It would be the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted. The most satisfactory way perhaps of executing this duty would be to present the reader with selections taken either from the Commissioners' Report or Mr. Barham's volume, called "Niagara," * giving some of the best descriptions of the Falls, rapids and other objects of interest by the most celebrated persons who have left a record of their impressions. Among these worthies Father Hennepin is doubtless entitled to the place of honour, as he was probably the first European who looked upon the Falls, certainly the first of whose visit we have any record. Two short extracts from Father Hennepin's volume, published in 1689, will suffice for our present purpose. They have a distinct mediæval flavour: "Betwixt the Lakes Ontario

* This volume, published about 50 years ago, contains descriptions of Niagara by various travellers.

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THE WHIRLPOOL.

and Erie there is a vast and prodigious cadence of water which falls down after a surprising and astonishing manner, insomuch that the universe does not afford its parallel. 'Tis true, Italy Suedland boasts of some such thing, but we may well say they are but sorry patterns when compared to this of which we now speak. At the foot of this horrible precipice we meet with the River Niagara, which is not above a quarter of a league broad, but is wonderfully deep in some places. It is so rapid above this descent that it violently hurries down the wild beasts while endeavouring to pass it to feed on the other side, they not being able to withstand the force of its current, which inevitably casts them headlong above six hundred feet high.

"This wonderful downfall is compounded of two great cross streams of water, and two falls with an isle sloping along the middle of it. The waters which fall from this horrible precipice do foam and boil after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous noise more terrible than that of thunder, for when the wind blows out of the south their dismal roaring may be heard more than fifteen leagues off."

One cannot be surprised that to the eye of the excited and awe-struck priest "the terrible precipice" should have seemed "above six hundred feet high."

Among the many distinguished men and women whose descriptions we have before us are, Captain Basil Hall, J. S. Buckingham, N. P. Willis, Tom Moore, Major Hamilton (author of "Cyril Thornton"), Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Sigourney, Charles Dickens, the Duke of Argyle, and last, but not least, our Canadian litterateur, the Rev. Principal Grant of Queen's College, with many others—a perfect literary symposium. What Tom Moore, the popular and eloquent Irish poet wrote about the Falls cannot fail to be read with interest. We feel that it is a poet who writes: "I felt as if approaching the residence of the Deity; the tears started into my eyes; and I remained, for moments after we had lost sight of the scene, in that delicious absorption which enthusiasm alone can produce. My whole heart and soul ascended towards the Divinity in a swell of devout admiration which I never before experienced. Oh, bring the atheist here and he cannot return an atheist. I pity the man who can coldly sit down to write a description of these ineffable wonders. It is impossible by pen or pencil to give even a faint idea of their magnificence. Painting is lifeless, and the most burning words of poetry have all been lavished upon inferior and ordinary subjects. We must have new combinations of language to describe the Falls of Niagara."

This feeling on Moore's part may account for his not attempting to write any poems on the subject. I should like to give some descriptions by other writers, especially Major Hamilton and the Duke of Argyle, but I must be content with quoting here one or two striking and eloquent passages from Charles Dickens' notes on America, written in 1842, telling of his emotions when standing for the first time on Table Rock.

"It was not until I came to Table Rock, and looked, Great Heaven! on what a fall of bright green water, that

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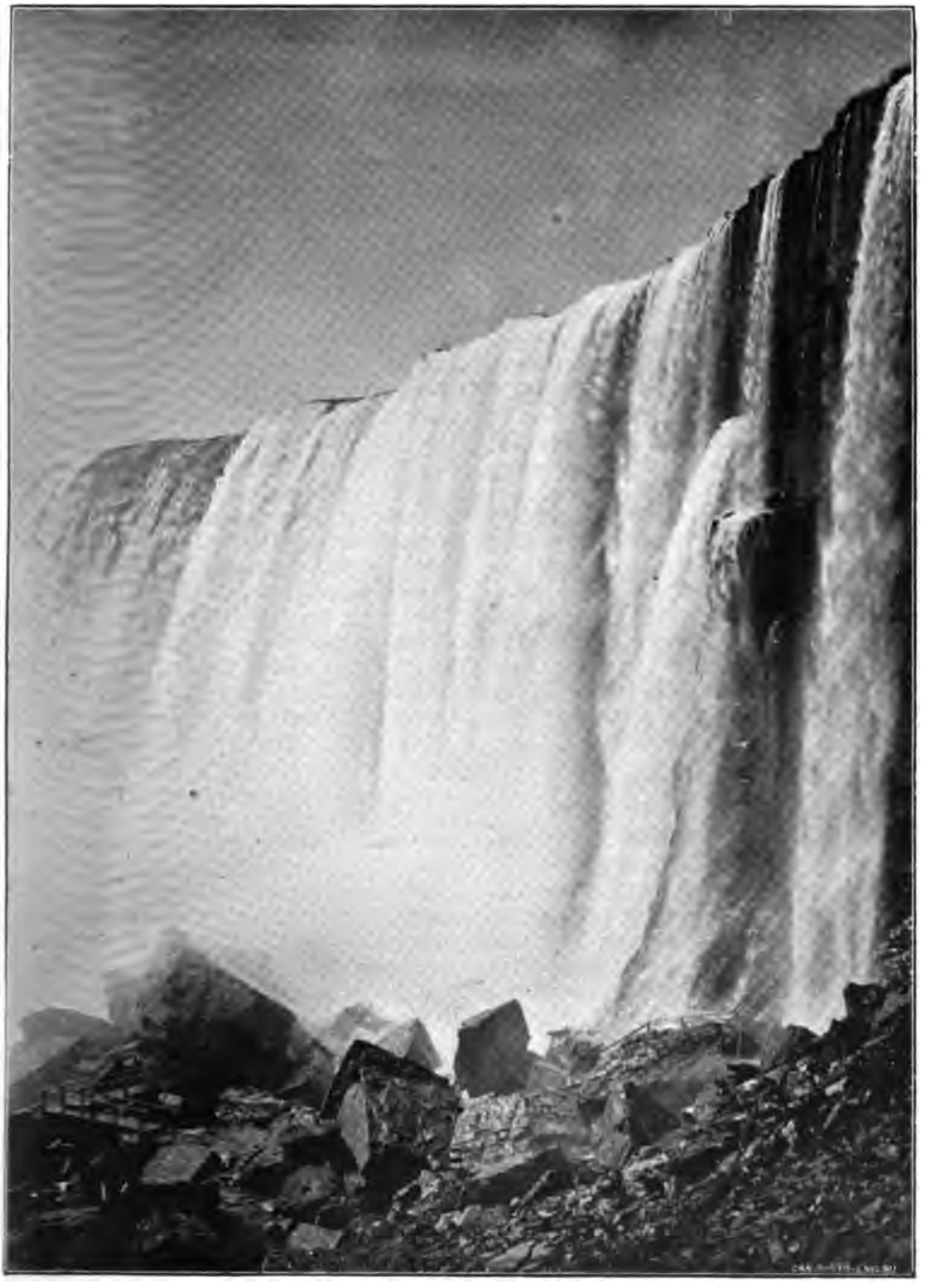

THE HORSESHOE FALLS FROM BELOW.

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it came upon me in its full might and majesty. Then when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing. The first effect and enduring one—instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle was peace, peace of mind, tranquility, calm, recollection of the dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness, nothing of gloom and terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart an image of beauty, to remain there changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat forever."

The preceding extracts all refer to the view of the "Horse Shoe Falls" ("the crowning glory" of the whole scene as the Commissioners rightly call it), as seen in spring or summer or autumn. Glorious and beautiful the Falls assuredly are at all these seasons, and each season has its own special charms, but never perhaps are they so dazzling, so terribly beautiful, never do they exhibit such a variety of strange, wondrous and fantastic forms as when after weeks of continued and intense cold they have arrayed themselves in their gorgeous winter apparel. Then all things within the influence of the "everlasting incense of the waters," to use Fanny Kemble's words—

> "Seem to suffer a *Frost* change
> Into something rich and strange."

Objects mean and unsightly in themselves are then converted for the nonce into things of beauty under their mantle of pearly frozen spray or feathery rime. Look! What magnificent and exquisite creations have come into existence under the wonder-working wand of the Frost King! Here, with giant arm he has piled up his mighty ice-cones, fashioned his colossal columns of ice, or hung out behind the tumbling waters his great curtains of jewelled icicles. There, he has spun out as with fairy fingers (should I not say breathed out?) those gossamer and feathery formations which Principal Grant describes so graphically in the following passage:

"After a few days of hard frost in winter the Falls become more like a vision of some enchanted land than a real scene in the world we are living in. No marvels wrought by genii and magicians in Eastern tales could surpass the wonderful creations that rise along the surrounding banks and hang over the walls of the cataract. Glittering wreaths of icicles like jewelled diadems gleam on the brow of every projecting rock and jutting crag. Arches, pillars and porticos of shining splendour are grouped beneath the overhanging cliffs, giving fanciful suggestions of fairy palaces beyond. Every fallen fragment of rock under its icy covering becomes a marble column, pyramid or obelisk, and masses of frozen spray stand up here and there in graceful and statuesque forms, easily shaped by imagination into the half-finished work of a sculptor."

Did space permit I should like to give some description of the rapids both above and below the Falls which in the opinion of some competent judges "possess more interest and beauty than even the Falls themselves" and particularly of the marvellous "beauty of the Great Canon" below the Falls, holding in its grasp the aggregated volume of water hurled over the two great Falls. Or again of the lovely spot locally known as "Foster's Flats," a mile below the whirlpool, a spot heretofore but rarely visited by ordinary tourists. Space, however, forbids, especially as my intention in this paper is to confine myself to that portion of the large area under the control of the Commissioners lying south of Clifton House on the banks of the river which the Commissioners propose especially to designate as "The Niagara Falls Park."

The writer will be excused for introducing here some notice of his personal experiences at the Falls, especially as some of the phenomena which it was his good fortune to witness are unusual and are certainly but seldom mentioned in the published descriptions of the Falls. Early in the forties and the fifties the writer made several visits to the Falls in winter at times when they presented some of their most magnificent winter aspects. On one

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visit near the end of a winter of exceptionally intense and steady cold the ice formations were on a truly colossal scale. The columns of thick-ribbed ice on the Canadian side were of extraordinary dimensions, some upwards of 20 or 30 feet across at the base. Here and there these mighty pillars, which seem placed by the Divine Architect to support the overhanging cliffs, were shot with streaks of bright colours. A noble ice cone (like the famous cones at the Falls of Montmorency in Quebec) was formed under the Horse Shoe Fall near the Canadian side, about 2-3 of the height of the Falls. The cone sloped inwards to the land, and steps having been cut in the ice, the writer had little difficulty in climbing to the top of the cone and standing just at the edge of the mighty sheet of water. When looking down one could "snatch a trembling glance" into the dread abyss. It was a strange and not to be forgotten experience. On the same occasion, the exact date I do not know, the writer was able, owing to the screen of thick curtains of icicles which hung down from the rocks behind the sheet of water, to pass behind the Falls, as far as "Termination Rock" without being wet, though dispensing with the usual oilskin wrappings without which at other times one would be drenched in a few seconds. It was no doubt on this same occasion that he witnessed the extraordinary phenomenon of a mighty ice jam above the American Falls, over which but little water was then passing, when people crossed to and fro on the ice between the American side and Goat Island.

One more personal reminiscence must not be omitted, although the subject is neither heroic nor æsthetic. It was a rude wooden tombstone-like tablet place on the bank of the river about a hundred yards from Table Rock, under the guardianship of the "genius loci," a one-legged old soldier, who eked out his living in some way from the tablet. On this rude monument was recorded the sad fate of an unfortunate young woman who had lost her life while endeavouring to pick a plant growing on the brow of the cliff. After stating the cause of her untimely death and that the young lady was "very remarkable for her botanical *requirements*," and a favourite pupil of Professor Field, it concluded with the following somewhat rugged and uncouth, if pathetic, lines:

"Ladies! most beauteous of the human race,
Beware of a dangerous place;
For at the age of twenty-three
Martha Rugg was launched into eternity."

Those who were familiar with the Falls forty years ago will probably remember this unique monument and pardon its mention here.

In the foregoing descriptions of the Falls we have quoted merely the prose accounts and taken no notice of the poetic ones. As a matter of fact, few poets of note (with the exception of Mrs. Sigourney, the American Hemans) have essayed the difficult task of describing them in verse. Their lyres seem hushed by the thunder of the cataract. Mrs. Sigourney, indeed, has written several very beautiful poems on the subject, and her "Farewell to Niagara," the extract from which is given below, is very fine:

"To breathe
Farewell is agony. For we have roamed
Beside thee at our will, and drawn thy voice
Into our secret soul, and felt how good
Thus to be here, until we half implored,
While long in wildering ecstasy we gazed,
To build us tabernacles, and behold
Always thy majesty."

One wonders how one of our really great poets would have dealt with this grand theme. How, for example, would the author of Thaliba and Madoc (if indeed we can count "The Lakist" Southey among our great poets)—how would he have found words to adequately express his feelings of admiration? We know he almost exhausts the English language in telling "How the waters come down at Lodore"—a liliputian fall among the English lakes, which is to Niagara as Lake Windermere to the Atlantic Ocean. He surely would have used up not one, but many languages in describing Niagara. Of all our English poets,

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FROM A PHOTO.

A WINTER SCENE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

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if we may judge from his splendid description in Childe Harold of the Cascade of Velino, Byron could perhaps have given the finest word picture of the glory and majesty of the Falls; as Wordsworth doubtless would have found the fittest words to convey to others the impression made by the scene upon the mind and heart, of those at least who, like himself, are "worshippers of nature."

This paper has been confined almost entirely to the consideration of the Queen Victoria Park on the Canadian side of the Niagara River. Little has been said of the sister park on the opposite side; enough, however, to show that the story of both the parks is very much the same. They had a common origin, they serve the same beneficent and cosmopolitan objects, and are conducted in the interest of the lovers of nature everywhere on much the same liberal lines. The parks are, in truth, not merely sister parks, but twin sisters, as both have their origin in the same happy and wise suggestion of Lord Dufferin. Rivals they doubtless are in the strict sense of the word, as they occupy opposite banks *(rivi)* of the same river. But they are not jealous rivals, but rather fair and loving sisters each possessing her own peculiar and distinctive beauties, each enhancing by her presence the attractions of the other. To do anything like justice to the work accomplished by the Commissioners of the State of New York on their side of the river would require an article to itself. It is enough here to say that their annual reports to the Legislature show the energy, zeal and ability they have brought to the discharge of the important public trust committed to their care.

The Park Commissioners on both sides of the river are entitled to the hearty thanks and cordial co-operation of all lovers of nature in their disinterested and enlightened labours, and all must devoutly wish that through their united action this grand natural object may be safeguarded and preserved for all time to come in unimpaired beauty as nature made it, "for the wonder, instruction and delectation of mankind."

E. A. Meredith.

ROSES AND WINE.

THE lady with the mandolin
Brought roses from the South,
She filled the vase of life to the brim
With the spicy wine of youth;
It was sparkling and ruby red,
And oh! she was fair to see;
"The love of a day soon flies away,
So drink my love with me!"

The lady with the mandolin
Had roses in her hair;
She led me, all by a primrose way,
To the marshes of despair!
And her mocking laughter it rang,
Through the sloughs that held my feet:
"Light love of a day soon flies away,
But the foul may ne'er be sweet!"

With her ting a-ling a-ling,
And her roses from the South,
But the leaden lees of her spicy wine
Are the ashes in my mouth!

Keppell Strange.

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MY CONTEMPORARIES IN FICTION.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

IX.—DR. MACDONALD AND MR. J. M. BARRIE.

When one calls to mind the rapid and extensive popularity achieved by the latest school of Scottish dialect writers, one is tempted to wonder a little at the comparative neglect which has befallen a real master of that *genre*, who is still living and writing, and who began his work within the memory of the middle aged. With the single exception of "A Window in Thrums," none of the new books of its school are worthy to be compared with "David Elginbrod," or "Alec Forbes of Howglen," or "Robert Falconer." Yet not one of them has failed to find a greater vogue or to bring to its author a more swelling reputation than Dr. MacDonald achieved. Perhaps the reasons for these facts are not far to seek. To begin at the beginning, Sir Walter, who created the Scottish character novel, had made, in other fields, a reputation quite unparalleled in the history of fiction before he took broadly to the use of Scottish rural idiom, and the depiction of Scottish character in its peculiarly local aspects. The magic of his name compelled attention, and his genius gave a classic flavour to dialects until then regarded as barbarous and ugly. Then came the flame of Burns to eat all grossness out of the rudest rusticities, and in the space of twenty years at most the Auld Braid Scots wore the dignity of a language and was decorated with all the honours of a literature. But this, in spite of the transcendent genius of the two men to whom northern literature owes its greatest debt, brought about very little more than a local interest and a local pride. Scott was accepted in spite of the idiom which he sometimes employed, and not because of it, and one can only laugh at the fancy presented to the mind by the picture of an English or a foreign reader who for the first time found himself confronted by Mrs. Bartlemy Saddletree's query to her maid: "What gart ye busk your cockernony that gait?" To this hour, indeed, there are thousands of Scott's admirers for whom the question might just as well be framed in Sanscrit.

In Sir Walter's own day and generation he had one considerable imitator in Galt, whose "Andrew Wylie of that Ilk" and "The Entail" can still afford pleasure to the reader. Then for a time the Scottish character went moribund. The prose Muse of the North was silent, or spoke in ineffectual accents. After a long interregnum came George MacDonald, unconsciously paving the way for the mob of northern gentlemen who now write with ease. He brought to his task an unusual fervour, a more than common scholarship, a more than common richness, purity, and flexibility in style, a truly poetic endowment of imagination, and a truly human endowment of sympathy, intuition and insight.

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It would be absurd to say that he failed, but it is certain that he scarcely received a tithe either of the praise or the pudding which have fallen to the share of Mr. S. R. Crockett, for example, who is no more to be compared with him than I to Hercules. Such readers as were competent to judge of him ranked him high, but, south of the Tweed, such readers were few and far between, for he employed the idiomatic Scotch in which he chose to work, with a remorseless accuracy, and in this way set up for himself a barrier against the average Englishman. His genius, charming as it was, was not of thatt remendous and compulsive sort which lays a hand on every man, and makes the breaking down of such a barrier an essential to intellectual happiness. There was a tacit admission that he was, in his measure, a great man, but that the average reader could afford to let him alone. And then, things were very different with the press. The northern part of this island, though active in press life, had nothing like its influence of to-day. To-day the press of Great Britain swarms with Scotchmen, and the "boom" which has lately filled heaven and earth with respect to the achievements of the new Scotch school has given ample and even curious evidence of that fact. The spoils to the victor, by all means. We folk from over the border are a warlike and a self-approving race, with a strong family instinct, and a passionate love for the things which pertain to our own part of the world. If Scotchmen had been as numerous amongst pressmen as they are to-day, and as certain of their power, they would have boomed Dr. MacDonald beyond a doubt. Such recognition as he received came mainly from them. But if only the present critical conditions had existed in his early day, with what garlands would he have been wreathed, what sacrifices would have been made before him!

J. M. BARRIE.

Apart from that rugged inaccessibility of dialect (to the merely English reader) which so often marks Dr. MacDonald's work, there is in the main theme of his best books a reason why he should not be widely popular. The one issue in which he is most passionately interested is theological. He has been to many a Moses in the speculative desert, leading to a land of promise. He has preached with a tender and persuasive fire the divine freedom of the soul, and its essential oneness with the Fatherhood of God. He has expended many beautiful faculties on this work, and his influence in the broadening and deepening of religious thought in Scotland is not to be denied. But his insistence on this great theme has naturally scared away the empty-headed and the shallow-hearted, and many also of the careless clever. There must be somewhere a fund of sincerity and of reason in the reader to whom he appeals. There is a public which is prepared to encounter thought, which can be genuinely stirred by a high intellectual passion, which is athirst indeed for that highest and best enjoyment, but it is numerically small, and the writer who deals mainly with spiritual problems, and who, in doing so, is reticent and reverent, can scarcely hope to draw the mob at his wheels. In

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each of his three best books, Dr. MacDonald has traced the growth of a soul towards freedom. His conception of freedom is a reasoned but absolute submission to a Divine Will; a sense of absorption in the manifest intent of a guiding Power which is wholly loving and wholly wise. To all who are able to read him he is exquisitely interesting and delightful, and to some he appeals with the authority of a prophet and divinely-appointed guide. Along with this experience of abiding faith in him goes a dash of mysticism, of pantheism. He is essentially a poet, and had he chosen to expend more labour upon his verse he might have risen to high rank on that side. But with him the thing to be said has seemed vastly more important than the way of saying it, and he has, perhaps rightly, disdained to be labourious in the mere texture of his verse. It is rational to argue that if the poetic inspiration is not vital enough to find an immediate expression, it is not true enough to make it worth while to remould and recast it. It would seem—judging by results—that Dr. MacDonald's conception of a lyric is of something wholly spontaneous. Be this as it may, the poetic cast of his mind is revealed in his prose with greater freedom and a completer charm than in his verse. The best of him is the atmosphere he carries. It is not possible to read his books and not to know him for a brave, sincere and loyal man, large both in heart and brain, and they purify and tone the mind in just such fashion as the air of mountain, moor, or sea purifies and tones the body.

The worthiest of his successors is Mr. J. M. Barrie, who has much in common with him, though he displays differences of a very essential kind. Mr. Barrie has no such spiritual obession as besets his elder. He has the national reverence for sacred things, but it is probably rather habitual and racial than dogmatic. I think his greatest charm lies in the fact that he is at once old and new fashioned. He loves to deal with a bygone form of life, a form of life which he is too young to remember in all its intricacies, while he is not too young to have heard of it plenteously at first hand, or to have known many of its exemplars. Few things of so happy a sort can befall a child of imagination as to be born on such a borderland of time. About him is the atmosphere of the new, and dotted every here and there around him are the living mementoes of the old—a dying age, which in a little while will cease to be, and is already out of date and romantic. Steam and electricity and the printing press, and the universal provider and the cheap clothing "emporium," have worked strange changes. It was Mr. Barrie's fortune to begin to look on life when all the changes were not yet wrought; to bring an essentially modern mind to bear on the contemplation of a vanishing and yet visible past, to live with the quaint, yet to be able, by mere force of contrast, to recognise its quaintness, and to be in close and constant and familiar touch with those to whom the disappearing forms of life had been wholly habitual. That the mere environment thus indicated was the lot of hundreds of thousands makes little difference to the especial happiness of the chance, for, as I have said already, we can't all be persons of genius, and it is only to the man of genuis that the good fortune comes home.

If there is one truth in relation to the craft of fiction of which I am more convinced than another, it is that all the genuine and original observation of which a man is capable is made in very early life. There are two very obvious reasons why this should be so. The fact that they are obvious need not prevent me from stating them here, since I am not writing for those who make a business of knowing such things. In the first place, the mind is at its freshest; and all objects within its scope have a keen-edged interest, which wears away in later life. In the next place, the earliest observations are our own, unmixed with the conclusions and prepossessions of other minds. A child has not learnt the Dickens fash-

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ion, or the Thackeray fashion, or the Superior Person fashion of surveying particulars and generals. He has not begun to obscure his intelligence by the vicious habit of purposed note-takings for literary uses. He looks at the things which interest him simply, naturally, and with entire absorption. It is true of the most commonplace people that as they grow old their minds turn back to childhood, and they remember the things of half a century ago with more clearness than the affairs of last week. Lord Lytton's definition of a man of genius was that he preserved the child's capacity for wonder.

Mr. Barrie's latest book, "Sentimental Tommy," has not yet passed through my hands, but I gather from the common talk about it that it conveys some picture of the child and some indication of his mental growth. The story need not be historically accurate in order to be autobiographically true, and it can hardly fail in Mr. Barrie's hands to be interesting.

One of the astutest of living critics tells me that he finds a curiously *logical* characteristic in Mr. Barrie's humour, but I confess that I am not wholly clear as to his meaning. I find it characteristically Scotch, and perhaps at bottom we mean the same thing. It is often sly, and so conscious in its enjoyment of itself as to be content to remain unseen. Often it lies in a flavour of the mind, as in whole pages of "My Lady Nicotine," where it is a mere placid, lazy acquiescence in the generally humourous aspect of things. Here the writer finds himself amused, and so may you if you happen to be in the mood. At other times the fun bubbles with pure spontaniety, as in the courtship of 'Tnowhead's Bell, which is, I make bold to believe, as good a bit of Scotch rural comedy as we have had for many a day. The comedy is broad, and touches the edge of farce at times, but it is always kept on the higher side by its droll appreciation of character, and an air of complete gravity in the narrator, who, for any indication he gives to the contrary, might be dealing with the most serious of chronicles.

As I write I have before me a letter of Mr. Barrie's, written to a fellow-workman, in which he speaks of the "almost unbearable pathos" of an incident in one of the latter's pages. The phrase seems to fit accurately that chapter in the "Window in Thrums" where Jamie, after his fall in London, returns to his old home, and finds his own people dead and scattered. The story is simple, and the style is severe even to dryness, but every word is like a nail driven home. It would be hard to find in merely modern work a chapter written with a more masterly economy of means than this. And this economy of means is the most striking characteristic of Mr. Barrie's literary style. It is as different from the forced economy of poverty as the wordy extravagance of Miss Corelli is different from the exuberance of Shakespere. It is a reasoned, laborious, and self-chastening art, and within its own limitations it is art at its acme of achievement. What it has set itself to do it has done.

These two, then, Dr. George MacDonald and Mr. J. M. Barrie, are the men who worthily carry on, in their separate and distinct fashions, the tradition which Sir Walter established. In a summary like this, where it is understood that at least a loyal effort is being made to recognise and apportion the merits of rival writers, the task of the critic occasionally grows ungrateful. Nothing short of sheer envy can grudge to Mr. Barrie a high meed of praise, but I think that his elder is his better. The younger man's distinction is very largely due to a fine self-command, a faculty of self-criticism, which in its way cannot easily be overpraised. He has not Stevenson's exquisite and yet daring appropriateness in the choice of words, but his humour is racier and scarcely less delicate, and in passages of pathos he knows his way straight to the human heart. As the invention or discovery of new themes grows day by day less easy, as the bonds of the story-teller's personal originality are constantly narrowing—

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the purely literary faculty, the mere craft of authorship in its fine manifestations, must of necessity grow more valuable. Mr. Barrie is a captain amongst workingmen, and there is little fear that in the final judgment of the public and his peers he will be huddled up with Maclarens and Crocketts as he sometimes is to-day. But Dr. MacDonald, though he has not sought for the finenesses of mere literary art with an equal jealousy, has inherited a bigger fortune, and has spent his ownings with a larger hand. He has perhaps narrowed his following by his faithfulness to his own inspiration, but his books are a genuine benefaction to the heart, and no man can read them honestly without drawing from them a spiritual freshness and purity of the rarer sort. There is an old story of a discussion among the students of their time as to the relative merits of Schiller and Gœthe. The dispute came to Schiller's ears, and he laughingly advised the combatants to cease discussion and to be thankful that they had both. I could take a personal refuge there with all pleasure, but the critical rush to crown the new gods is a new thing, and, without stealing a leaf from the brow of the younger writer, I should like to see a fresher and brighter crown upon the head of his elder and bigger brother.

(To be continued.)

AS TOLD BY MR. DUCHENE.

WE literally tumbled into St. Maurice, Alice Hull and I, for just in front of the first house of the village the old buckboard (in which we had been driving) gave one despairing shake, and then the wheel came off on Alice Hull's side, and we rolled out together on the sand. I fell on top of Alice, and she declares she has never since recovered from the effect of that fall; but if she had fallen on me!!!—(Alice weighs one hundred and fifty, and has, I am sure, no marrow in her bones.) We both arose in rather a dilapidated condition from our sandy bed; when we straightened out crushed hats and shook our crumpled gowns, we began to think of our old French driver.

He was not far away, and, except for the utterance of one "Sacré," in a very mild tone of voice, seemed to be taking the accident as coolly as his lean horse, which was quietly nibbling the grass as if such incidents were of constant occurrence.

"Hav' to stay some time in de village till mans mak' fix de weel," said our old driver. "I know nice place to be hat near here," he continued smiling blandly on us; "not hottel; quiet, respecable, kep by mon cousin, M'sieu Duchene; his womans hav' been to de State, an' spek de goot Anglish." In a few minutes we were following him down a grassy road towards an old house shaded by elm trees. Under the shadow of a green porch sat a yellow-faced woman who spoke to our old driver. She spoke in English, but her accent was more American than French.

Mrs. Duchene, for it was "the wif of mon cousin," smiled broadly on us, displaying teeth which were palpably false.

She was very good to us, and in spite of my conviction that that selfsame wheel came off near Mr. Duchene's mansion many times in the summer, I was not sorry the buckboard "could not be finish comforble untile nex' day."

But "nex' day" Alice was too ill to go on to Three Rivers. As she seemed feverish, I got Mrs. Duchene to call in the village doctor. We decided Alice must rest before we continued our journey.

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We did not leave St. Maurice for two weeks. Alice spent most of the time in bed, or on a couch drawn under the shelter of the elms, watched and cared for by Mrs. Duchene, and enjoying her position as an invalid.

I never can imagine Alice being very ill. She says I have no sympathy, but really when one eats three saucers of raspberries and more than three slices of bread and butter at tea, besides several tiny cakes and—but I won't go on with her bill of fare; I will merely say that, after the first day or two, I was not nervous about her, and felt quite free to roam around and enjoy the old-world ways of the people of the village, and go boating on the river with Mr. Duchene, who told me in his quaint dialect many stories about his neighbours.

My kind friend's confusion of the masculine and feminine pronouns somewhat puzzled me at first, for he invariably spoke of a woman as he, and a man as she, but after a time I was able to understand even this peculiarity easily.

Refined and proper noses dislike the odour of strong Canadian tobacco; but it was a whiff of it the other day in the dusty street that brought back to me Mr. Duchene resting on his oars in a curve of the willow-shaded river, and I could almost hear his voice say, as he drew forth his pipe, "Avec votre permission, Mademoiselle." Thinking about him and his stories, as I went home, I began to fancy some one else might enjoy them as I did, so I venture to tell you this, the first of his tales; with the exception of the distracting change of pronouns, I will use his peculiar idiom.

"Tell you, yes, ole man loove talk if young woman loove hear.

"Dat widow womans dat pass by joost now, you say 'haf ver nice face, must haf story for sure 'bout her.' Well yes, for sure, she goot womans, too, marry her husban', too, when ver young, and her husban' work, at de bote build here for longue time, and den Simeon Corbeau, de husban', he loove shoot ver much, an like dat better dan de build bote; for de l'argent not coome as quick as des enfants, or as Simeon tink she ought, at de build bote. Den Simeon say to his womans, 'I go hunt, me, far way, no nough here for goot guns like me; make lot d'argent to bring to des enfants, an to dee.'

"Josephine de womans cry for sure, 'Don't dou go, 'twill kill me, de longue winter widout dee mon homme.' Simeon say, 'I must go, me;' an' he go. An' at dat time, it am h'awful way from St. Maurice, near Les Trois Rivieres, to de Ottawa; but Simeon coome bac' all saf' and soun' for de tree year, an' his womans grow all bright wid de spring, an' all sad wid de autumne, when Simeon start to go bac'.

"At dat time we haf no railroad, when de bote stop go, we hear not'ing what de people do far way, we have no letter from ver far 'cept once in longue, longue time; but not'ing coome from de Ottawa, it too longue, an too wil', and full of de bar, an de wolf.

"For sure Josephine Corbeau was 'fraid 'bout her husban' when she knew Simeon go so far, an after de tree year Simeon coome bac' no more. Den Josephine Corbeau work hard for her enfants, an' she sew de close, and wash and scrub de house, for de people.

"De Curé he h' awful kin' to Josephine, an' Josephine, she no belief her husban' ded for more dan one year go by, an de mens all say: 'Simeon ded for sure.' At last Josephine belief, an' she put on de black robe, an' never tak' it h'off.

"De young mens all say, 'M'am Corbeau goot looking,' an some of de fren of Josephine before she marry want to be fren again, an one of dem say: 'I marry you, me if you hat not des enfants.' An Josephine she say: 'I no marry you, if I not haf des enfants, for I love my Simeon, an' I am hees womans in my 'art.'

"An' den a longue time go pass, an' des enfants of Josephine grow, an' de leetle Simeon de son—Jean dey call him now—try to work a leetle for his moder, an' dey haf more of de comfor'.

"An' by an' by a pedlar man coome

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longue, an' he sell tings in St. Maurice, an' he go to M'am Corbeau an' sell de comb, an' de ribbon, an' de ting de womans loove. An' he tak' Josephine, an' Josephine she say: 'You tire, bon homme, rest you here for an h'instant, an' I go, moi-même, get you de cup of milk.' An' de pedlar man he rest, an' Josephine coome bac', an' den de man he say: 'You hav' no husban' Madame?' an' Josephine look sad an' say: 'Non, monsieur.' An' de pedlar man he say: 'I know a man de same name has you, rich man, near de town where I lif;' an' Josephine say: 'You not spik French lak de Frenchman; an' de pedlar man say: 'I not French, but I learn her a longue time.' An' den he get up to go, but still he linger, an' talk an' ax question curious lak, an' stan' in de dore, an' de neebor see him, an' watch at him tru de window—for de womans is always curious—an' dey mak' message, to go pas de dore, an' wonder to each oder, 'Why de pedlar man stop so longue wit Josephine!'

"An' den de little Simeon coome in, an' hees moder say: 'Simeon drink some milk, it ver warm.' An' de pedlar man say: 'De man I know have de same name, Simeon, just h'as your son.' Den Josephine turn pal', pal', an' say: 'What do de man look lak?' 'Oh, he have de big dark eye of your son, an' de same curl hair.' An' Josephine say: 'Mon Dieu, je vous donne mon coeur.' An' de pedlar man go on, not look at her now, but out de dore, where he could see down de longue row of de corn. 'Dis Corbeau man marry goot wif a fermier womans, wid large, large ferme, lots hors an' cow.'

"'For why you tell me all dis?' say Josephine. 'You mus' coome wit me to de Curé, M'sieur.'

"De pedlar man answer not'ing, but 'ver well,' an' dey go togeder.

"De Curé look truble, an' he tell Josephine he t'ink h'it over for de nite, an' Josephine she go 'way, an' she shut de dore of her house on de neebor who come to fin' out what was de pedlar man talking about; but de pedlar man tell de story at de hottel, an' we all t'ink de man he tell 'bout h'is Simeon, de husban' of Josephine, for sure.

"De nex day' de Curé send for de pedlar man, an' de Curé fin' out de name of de womans Simeon did marry wit, an' w'en h'it all happen, an' while dey did spik in de garden Josephine did coome an' say, she would lak to spik de pedlar man, too, an' de Curé did say: 'Dou, leaf him to me, ma fille;' but Josephine did say: 'Non, mon Père, I mus' know, I mus' hear.' Den de Curé say no more, an' Josephine hear de pedlar man, an' grow white, white, but say not'ing, an' de Curé get some whine for Josephine, but Josephine no drink it, but fin' h'out h'everyting of de way to go to de place, an' dou de Curé say h'it a longue way h'off, to de haut Canada, Josephine say no word, but look at de pedlar man longue, longue, an' Josephine eye grow big, big, an' Josephine say: 'For why you tell us all dis, m'sieur le pedlar?' an' den de pedlar man look queer round de gill, de mouf I mean, an' he say: 'Because you ast me, M'am Corbeau.' An' Josephine say: 'I did not ast you, at first, but I am sure you hat some purpose, an' so I h'am sure it mus' be Simeon.'

"'We will write an' see,' said Monsieur le Curé, an' Josephine say no more but go h'out of de garden, an' to her own house, an' dat day de pedlar man go 'way.

"An' Josephine go 'gain to Monsieur le Curé, an' say: 'I mus' go an' see if dat man Simeon, or for sure my 'art break;' an' de Curé say: 'I will write, ma fille, to de place for you, an' we will see;' but Josephine say: 'Dat no use, it tak' too longue for letter to go dere an' coome bac'. I mus' go—I mus' go!' An de Curé say: 'Go den, ma fille.' An den two day more go pass, an' de peoples roun' tak' des enfants, an' Monsieur le Curé he tak' one—dere were only five—Monsieur le Curé tak' de leetle one, de bébé, it 'bout six year.

"De Curé give Josephine monies; she hab not mooch, an' den she go far, far 'way, to le haut Canada, an' Josephine go by de bote, an' de waggin, an' de buse, 'till her monies all gone, 'cept a

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leetle for de food, an' den she walk a longue, longue way, an' den a fermier man tak' her, an' at las' Josephine arrive at de village, not far from de ferme where Simeon lif wit de fermier womans. Josephine she go to de hottel, an' was' an' dress herself, clean, clean, an' she go to wak to de ferme, an' she go an' arrive at one hour before douze heures, de twelve o'clock.

"De ferme was tree mile from de village, an' Josephine tire, but look wid de big eye at de large ferme house, an' de grate fiel', all so large an' big, an' de wavin corn, an' de oat, an' de wheat, an' de big brique house wid wide gallery on it, an' de curtain h'of lace in de winder.

"Josephine surpris at de lovely orchar' she haf to go tru to get to de house, an she tink of to go roun to de bac' way, but it look far, an' den she wak up to de front dore an' noc a leetle noc, an' den anoder, an' den a womans coome, an' Josephine say: 'Is Ma'am Corbeau live here?'—Josephine no spik de goot Anglish lak me, but just a leetle—an de womans say: 'I am she; I am Ma'am Corbeau.' An' den Josephine say: 'I want speke you a leetle while,' an' de womans say: 'Coome in!' an' bring Josephine into de house, an' into a fine room, an' de fermier womans say: 'What can I do for you?' An' Josephine say: 'My name Corbeau, too, lak you, an' my husban' haf been gone dis longue time.' An' de fermier womans look kind, an' Josephine tell her de hole story.

"'He hab work for my husban' one year an' tree monts, an' one year for me before I marries him——An' dat man is goot man——O! O! My Got, it not true!!!

"'But you shall stay an' hear my man talk, in nex' room.'

"An' den de fermier womans go 'way, an' Josephine hear step, an' soon de fermier womans an' a man coome in de nex' room, an' de man say: 'I hot, ma femme'—an' Josephine know Simeon's voice!

"An' den Simeon kiss de fermier womans, an' she give him a drink an' den she say: 'O Simeon! dere a fren' for you from your old place.' 'Where is de fren'?' 'In de nex' room; coome an' see;' but de man lay down de drink an' say: 'I'm in awful hurry back to de fiel', jus' now—send de mens to medder—' 'All right, but it dinner time,' de womans say, an' den Josephine coome to de dore, an' Simeon see Josephine, an de big, strong man tremble all h'over, an' de fermier womans say: 'Is dis womans your wife?' an' den look at Simeon, an' see de truf in de face an' say: 'O! my Got!' An' Josephine say: 'You may keep dat man, I want him no more;' an' go out de dore, an 'way widout 'noder word.

"An' she coome home somehow an' lif de goot lif."

Raymond Pennaford.

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THE PILLARS OF THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

I.—DR. JORDAN.

HE was tall and spare, with a large white face, which looked all the whiter next his black hair. It was the kind of hair that never grows grey at the temples nor thin on the top, but it turns green or tow-coloured at the edges; for the doctor wore a wig. The village could not forgive him until its mind was set at ease by discovering that Dr. Jordan's head had been injured in a railway accident, and that the wig covered a very unsightly scar. He was always serious of speech, and grave eyed; but there was a very tender tone in his voice that won the faith of his patients. He belonged to our part of the country, had stolen apples and run races and played Hallowe'en tricks with all the boys on two concessions, and no one had a harmful word to say of him. His mother died when he was just a lad, and his poor old father quit life before John had finished his medical course. But as soon as he was qualified to hang out his modest little painted sign, home he came and opened up the old house. Old Mary Martin went to "do" for him, and a careful old body she was, and good hearted, too, if you were on the right side of her, a bit of a gossip and a bit sharp with her tongue; but we all have our faults, and she was better than a good many.

Though there were many who looked askance at a new young doctor, most people sent for him once from curiosity, and always after because he helped them so speedily and was, as women say, "nice around the house."

No one ever saw him flurried. A hysterical patient would stop screeching so she could hear what he was saying in that grave voice of his, and he would quiet all the commotion. I think most of his patients were secretly afraid of him. But you must not consider him wanting in sympathy. There are people who say he wore out three horses over our rough roads, just hurrying to those who had sent for him; and young mothers whose babies were sick or thought to be, which is just as worrying for the mothers—well, they simply could not say enough that was good of young Dr. John.

When first he came back to us, he seldom went to meeting. It was rumoured among the good folks that he had been reading too much "unsettling stuff," whatever that meant. But he became a regular church goer when little Alison came. She was three when he brought her to live at the old gray house beside the clover field. The next Sunday the little one brought him to church. His shoes were not shined, and Alison was wearing a white muslin pinafore, and her little brown curls were frizzed up all over her head.

As soon as we saw them we knew the two of them had run away, and that Mary Martin hadn't an idea where they were. After that they came every Sunday. If the doctor had calls to make, he'd just lift Alison over into the Bateses pew, and Lizzie Bates would take her home after church was out. It did a body good to see the care the solemn-faced man took of that sweet

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little thing. He'd smooth down her hair when he took her hat off, and let her go to sleep on his arm, and then, if he had to go out he'd bend over and kiss her good-bye. What trouble those kisses did make in the congregation! There were a good many of the old school Christians in our church. They couldn't help that, of course, but it does seem to me they were dreadfully set in their way. They held that kissing, being a carnal practice, should not be countenanced inside the church, and that as it distracted the whole congregation, it ought to be put a stop to, and Dr. Jordan should be notified. But, somehow, after they'd had the meeting and everything, none of the men cared to say anything to the doctor (it's my opinion they were all ashamed to); but old Goody Thompson, who had little or nothing to do for herself being on the town, and was therefore able to devote her whole attention to the affairs of others, declared that she would tell him.

And she did; but when the rest of the old gossips asked her about it, she only rolled her eyes to heaven and wheezed out that she would "never ha' believed it of Dr. Jordan," and the opinion got abroad that the doctor

DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

DR. JORDAN.

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swore. It's a wonder they didn't hold another meeting over that, but the busy season had come round by then, and they were busy with their crops or their small fruit, and no one had time. In country places it is always the slack time that hatches the most gossip, and many a poor girl has been robbed of her reputation because some old woman with an empty head or some man with a foul tongue has had too little to do.

So the doctor went on kissing Alison, and everyone got used to it, till no one looked, except, perhaps, the children and the strangers.

How quickly children grow up! It seems just as if we had gone to church a few Sundays, and seen a few weddings and a few funerals, and got our old black straws trimmed up for spring a few times, and there, lo and behold! Alison was a woman grown, with lovers and smiles and those dimples. I can't believe it sometimes. That first day she came in her crumpled pinafore is so near.

She grew up pretty—Alison did. Generally pretty children don't, but we were divided as to whether she was really pretty when she was a child. It might have been her wise eyes and her soft curls and little old-woman ways that made us love her, and it is so easy to see beauty where we love folks.

I can never forget how she looked that last summer she was with us. A soft whirr of muslin followed her footsteps up the aisle, and her pretty hat with the bow of ribbon and the bit of mignonette looked well with the white gown. Alison always wore flowers, too—a sprig of syringa or a rose, and she was as sweet and fresh as they were. The doctor had flowers in his button-hole, too, and he had treated himself to a new wig and a new coat, for the coat-collar had rubbed the wig and the wig had rubbed the cloth till the edges of both were as green as could be. People thought things, it's true; but no one said anything but Jim Thompson, and the Thompsons were always free with their tongues. He said that the doctor made such a fuss about what frolics Alison went to, and how late she stayed out and who talked to her down at the gate, that you would think he wanted to marry her himself.

There was a secret about Alison, and of course everyone had a speculation, though no one could find out for certain. There was no one who would have dared to mention it to Dr. Jordan, and Mary Martin, usually so ready to tell all she knew, had been well warned, for she held her tongue about the little baby girl her master took and treated as if she was a real little angel he was proud to entertain.

Some people thought Mary Martin might drop a hint if she was delirious, and once, when she was sick, Mrs. Tea-meeting Smith went and stayed with her. But if Mary did wander at all she was 'cute at it, for all she talked of was Dr. Jordan's old socks she was footing. I wouldn't really like to say so, but Mary's deep; and there's no love lost between her and Mrs. T. Smith, and it was rumoured around that Mary played a joke on her, and kept her handing things, and getting this and that, till she nearly ran the legs off her, and was glad to get home and have her breakfast in bed for a few mornings.

It was in late August that the trouble came to Dr. Jordan and Alison, and everyone pitied them both, but more especially him. It began this way: Tommy Duffy had been paying attention to Katie Saunders, and everyone had considered it settled. I don't know that they were engaged exactly, but the gossips had given them to each other, and the whole countryside had decided it was for the best, and when the countryside does that it doesn't like to be disappointed.

Well, Tommy came to like Alison better than Kate, and, being an honest fellow, he told Kate about it before he told Alison, which is a bit of good-intention and formality that city boys do not always trouble with.

Katie was furious, and the next day she flew down the road to spit out her nasty spite at Alison.

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When Katie stopped to take breath, which was Alison's only chance to say anything, she told her that no one wanted to take her lover away, that she liked him as she did the other boys, and that she had told him so.

That roused Katie more than ever. Her temper is like fire, and she is not all to blame. She comes of hot-tempered stock, and if you go back three generations you will find the Saunders fiery and quick and uncontrolled, root, branch and bud. Well, she said things to Alison that never should have been said; but nothing maddens a woman more than to hear the man she cares for belittled. The man may have scorned her even, but no one shall scorn him. It's a queer streak, but its human nature in women.

"And who are you?" screamed Katie, "to look down on honest village boys, you who came from the city a beggar, or worse. You're a nice one to hold yourself above them. Tommy Duffy's too good for you—that's all."

"How dare you say such things," cried Alison in a tempest of tears, "I'll tell my uncle."

"Oh yes, your uncle—he's no uncle of yours—the Lord knows what he is to you. He brought you here among decent folks and Miss Goodwin's never spoken to him since, and they were most engaged before you came. Here's 'yer uncle' coming now," she sneered, moving away, "you can ask him if it's all true."

"Poor child," said the doctor, coming close to Alison. He did not ask her what was the matter. He knew she would ask him something presently and he knew just what he would say. He had said it over and over in the night, when the things of earth seem so far away, and the shadowy unreal worlds of yesterday and to-morrow so near; when our thoughts drew the spirits of those we love around us, and even the dead seem to come, but only to comfort or to cheer us.

"Tell me about my mother, uncle, and aren't you really my uncle?" she said presently.

"Your mother was a sweet, good woman, dear, and when she was dying she was alone and poor and there was no one to take care of her little daughter. So she sent for me, and I promised to keep you safe and love you, and I have tried to be just as good as an old uncle could be." He began gravely and then ended playfully, pulling a curl at the last.

But Alison's woman-soul wanted more. She thought of things she had never heard or dreamed of, and her eyes fell a little and her lips trembled as she asked, "Where was my father?"

The doctor's face grew very stern and gray as he said, "No one knew, dear." He made a sound as if he would say more and then stopped abruptly, and just then Mary Martin called them in to tea.

Later in the evening when the doctor had gone to make some night visits Alison went out into the kitchen and shut the door.

"I knew what she was coming for," said Mary long after, "and so I just wrung out my dishcloth and set up the pan and everything, before I began, for it was a long story. She stood there waiting, and then she said, "Tell me, Mary Martin, how my mother came to give me to uncle," so I just began at the beginning.

"One day the doctor came out to me and said, 'Mary, I'm going to bring a little child home for you to take care of.' 'Yes sir,' said I. I'd have said it just the same if he'd mentioned a cage of monkeys, for there's never anything to say except that, when the doctor's got his long face on him. 'She's only three years old,' he went on, 'and I think you had better get one of the Bray girls to help take care of her.' I can't abide nurse girls underfoot, and I just told him I wasn't in my dotage yet, and that I could take care of one child and do for the house too, and he smiled as if to say, 'Well, well, Mary, have your own way,' which was the sensible thing to do, of course, but all men aren't so reasonable. He was turning to go, but I wanted to hear more about it, so I took a step forward and said, 'When will she be here, sir?'

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"'This afternoon,' he said, without turning, and then he wheeled round with his hands in his pockets and his head hung down on his chest, like he always walks when somebody's going to die and he has to tell their folks. 'There's no need of secrets between you and me, Mary Martin,' said he. 'I owe it to you to tell you about this child. I loved her mother, and when she married the world was all black to me.'

"Alison's face lost half the strained look at this sentence, and I knew why; but I went straight on.

"'He treated her badly and left her poor and alone, and she sent for me. I had asked her to if she needed help, and I am proud of her confidence, and when I went away Tuesday it was to see her, and she died while I was on my way home. To-day is the funeral, and I am going to bring the little child home with me. I don't want the people mouthing over this story, so remember, Mary, if it gets about the country either one of us has told it—no one else knows.'

"And that's all, dear Missie, said I, except that you've been the sunshine of this old house ever since that afternoon."

Mary wasn't much given to making a show of her feelings, but she never denied that she was crying when she had finished, and Alison threw herself into the old woman's arms and sobbed out, "How good he has been to me," and Mary answered brokenly, "Yes, father and mother and all,"—"And you, Mary Martin, you've always been so kind;" and that time Mary had nothing to say, she just patted Alison's arm, and the tears ran down her cheeks.

When Alison's next chance of a quiet talk with the doctor came she startled him by saying:

"Were you ever engaged to Miss Goodwin, and did I make any difference?"

"I was never engaged to any one except your mother, and that was when we were too young for both of us to know our own hearts."

Alison laid her head caressingly on his arm, as if she would atone for the sorrow of those other days, but her next query was widely different. "Could you spare me, do you think? I'd like to go away and learn something—I mean, to keep myself and, and pay for things, you know."

Poor Alison floundered through her sentences, for the ways of the new woman were all unknown to her, and she thought dimly of governesses and housekeepers.

"I would like to keep you here always, and I cannot bear to."

"But," Alison hastened to say, "I cannot go on this way. You have been everything, but I am poor, uncle, and poor people must work for money. They mustn't let other people do it."

And the man understood. He had no right that she could recognize, and her proud little spirit could not accept charity. But he thought of a plan.

"How would music do, Alison? Your mother was a musician, dear, and I think I would rather that you studied music."

"And I could teach, then, couldn't I?" cried the girl, and he nodded his head, and the trouble was settled for a little.

Every week Alison went into Toronto for a couple of days, and a lovely new piano came home for her, and she was very busy and quite happy again. And then presently the news went round that Alison had a lover. He came out from the city, and came to church with them, and sang with Alison, as bold as brass. It took the country-side quite a time to decide if he was good enough for her.

Mrs. Tigg's brother-in-law was a clerk in his father's office, and he said that the young fellow was "good enough, as city chaps go," which caused quite a commotion. Mrs. Tea-meeting Smith said she knew he drank and was fast, and he was dreadfully talked about, but after we found out that the Tigg's relation had been docked wages for tinkering with the cash, we thought more of Alison's beau. They were married in June, and

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the doctor gave Alison stacks and stacks of plenishing and all the trousseau he could persuade her to buy, and he sent the new piano down, too.

We all felt so sorry for poor Dr. Jordan when he came to church alone after Alison had gone. He'd look up the pew, as if he half expected to see her there when he came in, and now and again he'd turn when he liked something in the preaching; and when he was called out he'd look and half nod his head as he used to do always after she got too big to kiss in church.

Some said that now he ought to marry, but some, however, those that said it, didn't expect he would. He was the kind of a man who has just one love in a lifetime. He loved one woman—loved her married—loved her dead, and sweet Alison inherited the spirit of that love before she won her way into his heart by her dear childish sayings and doings.

He grows gentler, I think, as he grows older, and the sick ones bless him everywhere. He looks stern, but everyone who ever saw him bending over the dying, or comforting a patient he was agonizing with medicines or treatment or examination, or crossing the hands of the dead, knows what a tender heart he had. He is good to the poor—doctors them faithfully, and never presses for the money.

And he'll sit up with a man who hasn't anyone to nurse him and gives him his medicine, and turns his pillow, and those things count when sickness and poverty and loneliness have got some poor fellow down and are tramping on him.

They say he isn't orthodox—none of the meeting-house folks know exactly what that means, but it's something wicked, and it's a shame to call such a good man names.

Dr. Jordan has not had a happy life, but it has been a good one. What it might have been lived alongside the woman he would have chosen only God can know.

Ella S. Atkinson (Madge Merton).

AT PEACE WITH NATURE.

WEALTH will depart, consumed in its own fire;
And fame will sometime fester of itself;
Peace is not purchasable at marts by buyer;
The world cannot present its paltry pelf
At this high altar, swept by holy skies;
Hither bring nothing but thy name as man;
Only present thyself as Nature's child,
And she shall fill thine eyes
With contrite tears of holiness that can
Revive in thee sweet conscience undefiled.

The last best refuge of our life thou art,
Dear Nature! and thou dost invite us e'er
To open all the chambers of our heart
To thy wide sympathy and constant care;
Sometime, like flow'r or leaf, however fair;
We shall expire upon thy pillowy breast,
Consigning all we are to thy kind hand;
Each moment aid us share,
Anticipatory of the final rest,
The peace that spreads at ev'ning o'er thy land.

John Stuart Thomson.

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BY THE EDITOR.

THE NEW MAGAZINE.

WITH this number "The Canadian Magazine" enters upon a new era, its circle of readers being enlarged by the addition of those who have been readers of *Massey's Magazine*. Its sphere of influence being thus enlarged, the value of the magazine, from a reader's point of view, has been increased. Arrangements are being made to raise, if possible, the standard of its contents and the quality of its illustrations, and it is hoped that the magazine will continue to meet with the warm approval which has been extended in the past to both *Massey's* and "The Canadian."

Continued attention will be given to Canadian subjects, and one of Canada's most prominent writers is now preparing a series of twelve historical articles which will be commenced later on in the year. This series will be the most valuable that has ever appeared in a Canadian periodical. Special pains will be taken to present historical matter of all kinds which will enable Canadians of the present and the rising generations to understand why this nation exists, and what has been the nature of its founders and its foundations. Articles on current political, social and scientific subjects are on hand and in course of preparation, while some exceedingly important literary contributions will soon appear. Short stories by leading Canadian writers of fiction will be presented in each issue, and the best Canadian artists will assist in making each number attractive.

While "The Canadian Magazine" is the only general publication of a national character, it will not be conducted in a monopolistic manner. Any Canadian who has anything of merit to offer to his countrymen will find a ready entrance to its pages afforded him. Contributors will be dealt with as liberally as circumstances warrant, and no pains will be spared to make the magazine worthy of its unique position as the sole vehicle of higher Canadian thought.

HOLIDAY THOUGHTS.

To a man who fights in the thick of the battle of life, holidays are a necessity. The giving, receiving and parrying of blows are exceedingly tiresome to the body and deadening to the spirit. Those who live in the cities and wage war on their neighbours for a share of business plunder bear an exacting and trying existence which those in the towns and villages and farms are not even called upon to avoid. These men are beset by strong temptations—rendered a hundred-fold stronger by this wonderful thing which we call "modern business"—which the agriculturist never heard of, and which cannot be explained to him.

Few men who are counted successful to-day are able to say, as James Lane Allen makes John Gray say: *For*

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be my success small or great, it has been won without wilful wrong of a single human being, and without inner compromise or other form of self-abasement. No man can look me in the eyes and say I ever wronged him for my own profit; none may charge that I have smiled on him in order to use him, or called him my friend that I might make him do for me the work of a servant. Rockfeller and Cecil Rhodes, and the tens of thousand imitators of these great financiers, cannot say it. They find business life a battle; they fight; they become excited, and their strong blood warms; their great intellects move like high-speeded steam-engines, and the wealth and the praise of man is the laurel of their victory. They use men for their own ends, in order first to avoid being used by other men; and, second, to win such glory as this world has to give.

Holidays are the lulls in these battles. The warrior who gets away to the seaside, the lake region or to some wild spot "near to nature's heart" has his physical and mental strength renewed. More than this, he has time to think and muse and speculate; and as he looks out upon nature in her native garb he may perhaps be refilled with love for his fellowman, with sympathy, with charity, with the proper estimate of what a man may do and may become. He may regain some of the lost ideals of his youth and his early manhood, may wash away some of the spots which lust and avarice have cast upon the escutcheon of his honour. In his days of leisure he may wipe off "the smut of the heart and mind."

But not alone to men are these holidays regenerators. To the women who are wearied of the hollownesses and hypocrisies of society, tired of the tinsel and the gold, the quiet calm, tranquil beauty and unchanging truth of nature are a great relief. It draws each nearer to the ideal girlhood, motherhood, wifehood, whichever may be hers, and sends her back to the busy haunts of men with a purity which shines more brightly amid the darkness which is always threatening to envelop our social life.

EXAMINATIONS AS TESTS.

In a circular dated "Toronto, May 12th, 1897," the Minister of Education tells the teachers of Ontario that the Annual Departmental Examinations for teachers' certificates are not to be forced on those not intending to teach; that it is not intended that High School pupils should be required to take any departmental examination in order to be entitled to promotion, and that such an examination is not considered a necessary part of any Public or High School course of study; that trustees should not judge a teacher's ability by the success of his pupils at the Departmental Examinations.

It is to be hoped that every High School teacher will pin this circular up over his desk so that he may read it every day, so that the pupils may read it, and that the trustees may read it. It is certainly a document which exhibits a wisdom on the possession of which the Minister of Education may be congratulated. Ontario has long wanted such a declaration, and the Superintendents of Education in the other Provinces should be induced to follow this example.

The Minister of Education seems, however, to be a sudden convert to this view of examinations. On March 4th, (or about two months previous) he delivered a speech in the Ontario Legislative Assembly in which he said:

> Let me submit one or two evidences of the efficiency of our High Schools. Take the following as the most striking: In 1876, the High Schools of Ontario sent up only seventy-six candidates to the examination for first-class certificates, and of these 11 passed, an average of about one candidate to ten High Schools. In 1896, our High School sent up six hundred and forty-three candidates to the examination for first-class certificates, and, of these three hundred and twelve passed, or nearly thirty times as many. In 1876, our High Schools passed one hundred and twenty-four candidates for second-class certificates, or a trifle over one candidate to each High School. In 1896, our High Schools passed one thousand seven hundred and twenty-five candidates for second-class certificates, or fourteen times as many to each High School. This I consider a creditable showing for the teachers of the High Schools of Ontario.

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That is: the Minister of Education himself applies a test on March 4th which on May 12th he condemns. I do not charge the Minister with inconsistency, but I am free to state that examinations have been, in the past, taken by everybody as the test of our educational system. This has been the case not only in Ontario but in the other Provinces, not only in Canada but in the United States and Great Britain. The Minister of Education in Ontario, being a progressive administrator, has seen the fault, and as soon as his hands were free has attempted to remedy the evil. For this he is entitled to more thanks than he has yet received from the public and the press.

Now let him go a step farther and abolish the Primary Examinations. Let there be no more third-class certificates, and the standard of the teaching profession and the average salary paid will soon be raised. In the past five years the total number of first and second-class certificates issued is more than the whole number of teachers employed, thus showing conclusively that primary (or third-class) certificates are unnecessary.

OUR RAILWAYS.

Canada seems bent on building railroads, and perhaps quite rightly. In the first place, they help to create an aristocracy—the thing which this country so badly needs. Railroads have been a great help in this direction in that most aristocratic of all democratic countries, the United States. Then, again, railroad deals are a necessity to enable politicians to keep the machine going; this, of course, is so clear that it does not require explanation.

Last December it was pointed out in these columns that for 16,091 miles of railroad Canada has contributed $195,000,000. The Dominion Government has averaged $9,369 per mile, the Provincial Governments $1,847, and the municipalities $881. The ratio of gross receipts to paid up capital is 5.25 to 100, instead of being, as all railway authorities claim it should be, 10 to 100. In Cape Colony the proportion of net revenue to capital cost is 5.75 per cent; in India, 4.96; in South Australia, 3.13; in New South Wales, 3.46; while in Canada it is only 1.57. This is the kind of results which makes the Canadian taxpayer nervous. It is so easy for a Government to spend money, but it is hard for the people to pay it. But up to the present time no person can claim that the Canadian taxpayer's nervousness has ever affected his vote, or that his fear that the country would never meet its obligations has ever caused him to vote against a Government which has been extravagant. If the people do not object, why should the politicians? If the master is content, why should the servant worry?

And so the merry time goes on.

If it were not for dealing with railway charters we would not be able to keep our members of Parliament busy for over 25 days in a session, and that would be under the 30-day $1,000 limit.

But, of course, railways are a necessity, especially in a country with the population so scattered as it is in Canada. Perhaps the Crow's Nest Pass Railway and its $11,000 per mile will be a good investment for Canada and some day the friendship of British Columbia citizens may be worth this and much more to the taxpayers of the other provinces. At any rate, the residents of British Columbia can quite justly say: "It is our turn now to hold our hat under the spout."

In this connection, the Toronto *Globe* makes an admirable suggestion. The relation between the railroads and the needs of the people is shown, and the identity of interest is clearly set forth; then the suggestion is made with regard to the C. P. R., that in order to prevent a second and competing road being built in the North-West that the people should be let in behind the curtain.

Let, say, Manitoba, the Territories and British Columbia be represented on the Board of Directors by independent men chosen by the Legislatures of those Provinces, whose duty it would be to report from time to time to their constituents, and who should have a voice in

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the making of western rates. The C. P. R. shareholders and the people of the west are virtually partners, but the great mass have neither knowledge of nor say in the running of the concern. There is nothing revolutionary in the proposal. As it is, Toronto appoints directors on several railway boards in consideration of the grants which it has made to them. On a railway to which the country has contributed so many millions, it is not unreasonable that the sections chiefly interested should acquire representation effective enough to let their constituents know what is being done and to keep their fellow-directors posted as to what the other half of the copartnership thinks of the treatment they are receiving.

TWO VIEWS OF CANADA.

M. Georges Clemenceau, French Statesman and editor of *La Justice*, Paris, has been giving his views on the United States relation to Cuba, in the New York *Herald*. He says:

"It is an indisputable fact that the isles in the vicinity of the American continent must come under the influence of American sentiment and ideas. It is as useless to expect that Cuba will escape this influence as it would be to imagine that the moon could escape the influence of the earth.

"In fact, Cuba and Porto Rico and the other islands of the vicinity are, if I may use the word, merely satellites bound to the American continent, and infallibly they will gravitate under her influence. It is impossible that this could be otherwise. Napoleon sold Louisiana, but do you not think that it would be absurd to imagine that had he not done so Louisiana could have been used as a sort of base from which to direct any element of French activity against the United States?

"Everything, in fact, leads the observant student to the conclusion that the American continent is an indivisible whole, and that nothing there can escape its influence. The only part which seems to have resisted the law of attraction is Canada, and there, curiously enough, it is Britishers who have struggled with a sort of vague feeling that beyond the seas there was a power to stretch out a helping hand; but, in my opinion, this question will be solved exactly as the Cuban question will be sooner or later.

"I fix no time, for human action cannot be calculated with the exactitude one would use in the solution of some mathematical problem, but this much is certain—Cuba will gravitate infallibly to the United States. Whatever the government in Washington may be, it will always have an eye on Cuba, and Cuba will always have an eye on the United States. It is absolutely impossible that Spain, or Europe either, can prevent what is almost a natural law, and sooner or later—whether it be this year or next does not affect the question in the least—the inevitable result will be that Cuba will come under the sway of American influence.

"And it will be for the welfare of all concerned."

Here is a new "political unionist!" But Canadians may console themselves with the thought that M. Clemenceau doesn't know Canada when he talks like this, and even if he did, he would be only a small addition to a small body of believers. Canada's national life is too strong to be subjected to such an airy principle as the Monroe Doctrine, or even to the much belauded "American Spirit." Then when M. Clemenceau classes Spanish connection with British connection, he is simply ridiculous.

There is no reason why Canada and the United States should be always distinct nations, just as there is no reason why Great Britain and the United States should be forever distinct. But before either of these couples become united, each will have to change a great deal. Canada's ideal in national life is so different from that of the United States, that a union need not be considered by either the present or the next generation.

"Bystander" in the Toronto *Weekly Sun*, in speaking of the visit to Toronto of William Jennings Bryan, the defeated candidate for the Presidency of the United States, says:

"The last Presidential election, of which he was the prominent figure, created almost as much excitement here as it did in the United States, and certainly more excitement than is created here by a general election in Great Britain. Toronto watched for the returns with almost as much anxiety as Buffalo. Let the Knights do or say what they will, the plain people of Canada cannot be prevented from taking the strongest interest in that which concerns their own part of the world, and affects the welfare of their own homes."

"Bystander" is supposed to be Prof. Goldwin Smith, and this remark is sufficient proof. He mixes up "Toronto" and "the plain people of Canada" in a most daring manner. Certainly Toronto was interested in the result of that election, but it was not the plain people of Toronto who were

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most interested. It was the financiers, the men who deal in United States stocks, or buy from or sell to the people of that country. The common people of Toronto do not know the difference between a Democrat and a Republican, and would be puzzled and non-plussed if the learned Professor should describe Mr. Bryan as a "Popocrat" or a "Free-Silver Democrat." The common people of Canada know still less of United States politics.

When the Professor draws the inference that Canada's greatest interest is her interest in the United States, he, like M. Clemenceau, is simply ridiculous. Canadian people as a whole were more interested in the war between Greece and Turkey, and in the Indian famine, than in any United States election ever held. They raised a large sum of money to send to India, but no one would be foolish enough to say that Canadians desire to be annexed to India. Nor would any one assert that we had any desire to be annexed to Turkey or to Greece.

Canada must always be interested in what her next door neighbour is doing, but that this is her "strongest interest" is not true, Professor Goldwin Smith to the contrary notwithstanding. Nor are Canadians, on the other hand, anxious to meet the residents of the United States, either in a gunpowder or a tariff war. A gunpowder war would mean great loss of life and property to both nations, as well as being a serious barrier to future progress on this continent. A tariff war would also be destructive of progress, and of friendly feeling. No, Canada wishes to be friendly to the United States, but neither wishes to annex nor be annexed to that country.

OUR GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

Periodical attacks are made on the office of Governor-General of Canada, the burthen of the cry being that the office is unnecessary, or if necessary is too expensive. The Governor-General that we have at present is not the cause of the difficulty, as he has certainly won golden opinions from the people of Canada. A few acts of his have been, as usual, criticized, but Lord Aberdeen's earnest desire to do what is right, just and constitutional has not been called in question. His Excellency's consort has also made a host of friends in Canada, and although her aggressive anxiety for social reform has been the cause of slight apprehension on the part of some of our most conservative citizens, her departure from this country will be sincerely regretted by the majority of Canadians.

There are, however, many broad-minded and thinking Canadians who believe that the expenditure on the office might be less than $100,000 a year, the present cost. There are others, again, with less knowledge of the situation, who believe the office might be done away with altogether. To these, the words of Mr. Clark (Mack), the talented editor of the Toronto *Saturday Night*, may be commended:

> Since Major-General Brock stepped in and acted as civil and military ruler; since Lord Durham investigated and made his report; since the day of Viscount Monck and Lord Lisgar, there has come a great change over the face of affairs. Gradually but irrevocably the Governor-General, from being the viceregent of a stubborn-minded King George, and then the colonial representative of a constitutional government at London, has passed smoothly and gently from point to point until now he is but an official convenience of representative and constitutional government here in Canada. He is the official link that unites Canada with the Empire, and the union is greatly desired by an apparently large majority of our people. If, however, a man is of the opinion that Canada should do business as an independent republic, even that man should, I think, rest content with the advances we have made in thirty years towards independence, for, in effect, we have attained complete self-government without losing a life or having one of our harbours sacked. The personality of the Governor-General is really no affair of ours. We confess no inferiority in accepting his presence, for his presence is the concession we make to the Empire in return for concessions made to us; but, being here, it is our concern to see that he does not interfere with the buzz-saw. Looking at it practically and apart altogether from sentiment, we get a Governor-General for less than it would cost to elect and maintain a

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President, and there are these additional advantages: That we get the protection of the greatest navy in the world, the assistance of the finest consular service in the world, and are governed by a native Premier instead of by a native President. It is not a bad bargain for a young country, whatever its ultimate intentions may be.

THE MONTH.

The Dominion Government has decided to give the C.P.R. a bonus of $11,000 per mile for 330 miles of a railroad to connect the south-eastern portion of British Columbia with the Western Territories. This line will run through the Crow's Nest Pass, where the C.P.R. should originally have gone, and will throw British Columbia trade still more into the lap of Eastern Canada. In return the Government gets 50,000 acres of coal lands, and a reduction on some freight rates on goods carried to and from the west over the main line of the C.P.R.

Arrangements have been made to extend the Intercolonial Railway from Point Levis to Montreal at a cost of several millions, payments to be made at the rate of $212,000 a year. Of this amount $64,000 is to be paid yearly for 99 years for the Drummond County Railway (89 miles in length), after which the road is to be Government property. The remaining $148,000 is to be paid yearly to the Grand Trunk Railway for ever.

The Fast Atlantic Steamship contract with the Petersons has been approved by the Canadian and British Governments, and the Pacific Cable scheme has advanced another step. Some announcement of a definite arrangement concerning the latter may soon be made.

CHILLY.

(A Cartoon by S. Hunter.)

JONATHAN (who has received the cold shoulder): Waal, she may object to bein' called the Lady of the Snows, but from the "frost" she's jest gin me, darned if I don't kalkilate she'd orter be called the Lady of the Icebergs.

The Cold Storage Service over the Canadian railroads and by the Canadian Steamship lines, which the Government has contracted for, has been approved by Parliament, and already Canadian products are being transported to Britain under improved circumstances.

Alien Labour Acts have been placed on the Statute books of Canada. These regulations are much milder than those in vogue in the United States and are not likely to be troublesome.

Premier Laurier has gone to England to receive much deserved applause and to represent Canada in the Jubilee festivities. He is not yet the greatest man that Canada ever produced, but he ranks very close to the first. He has won the love and esteem of the

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bulk of his followers, and the admiration of many of his opponents. As Canada's representative, his march through England will be a triumphal procession, and Canada's name and honour are safe in his custody.

The second session of the present Dominion Parliament will probably have closed by the time this reaches the public, and a remarkable session it has been. The most notable event of the session is, of course, the introduction by the Liberal Party of Preferential Trade with Great Britain, and the warm reception that the move has met with both in this country and in the Motherland. As a political expedient, it was magnificent; as a business plan, the results will decide its value.

In the provinces nothing very special has occurred except the inauguration of a new Liberal Government in the Province of Quebec. In Ontario both parties are preparing for a general election, which, however, is not likely to occur for nearly a year.

A NATIONAL SENTIMENT.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D. D., F.R.S.C., writing on "The Development of National Sentiment in the Dominion of Canada," in *The Christian Guardian*, says:

"One of the best ways, it seems to me, of developing a national sentiment in Canada, is by maintaining a sense of historic continuity with the Mother Land across the sea. Our sense of love and loyalty should not be limited by the boundaries of Canada, far spreading as these may be. It should embrace also the grand old Mother of Nations, with her forty colonies around the world. We should recognize the unity and solidarity of the British Empire in every zone. Of this Greater Britain—embracing one-fifth of the land surface of the globe, and one-fourth of its population—we form the most important part—fully two-fifths of the whole. We rejoice in the progress and achievements of our kinsfolk who have erected great cities, and developed a noble civilization at the antipodes, who are carrying the light of Christianity through the Dark Continent, who are establishing British courts and administering British justice in the wide regions stretching from Cape Comorin to the Vale of Cashmere, from the Indus, on whose banks the foot of Alexander faltered, to the banks of the sacred Hooghly.

"In all the heroic traditions of the Mother Land we have a share. In the martyr memories of Oxford and Smithfield, of the Lollards' tower and of Greyfriars' kirkyard; in the not less sacred memories of the scaffolds of Sidney and of Russell, and of the prison cells of Vane and of Argyle—in the victories of the British flag in many lands and on every sea, and in the more glorious victories of peace—the growth of her free institutions, 'broadening down from precedent to precedent,' in the industrial development and scientific achievements of the nation, and in the consummate flower and fruitage of her literature.

"Our kinsmen in the United States, I think, have done themselves and their country a great wrong by the at least partial interruption of that sense of historic continuity. In popular apprehension, and from much newspaper comment, one would think that the history of the world began with the declaration of American Independence. It reminds one of the story of the school-boy, who, when asked, 'Who was the first man?' promptly replied, 'George Washington.' 'What about Adam?' queried the teacher. 'Oh, if you are talking about foreigners,' replied the boy, 'perhaps Adam was.'

"This lack of historical perspective gives very distorted views of the past, and of their relations to it. In New England, it is true, the memory of the pilgrims and Puritans, and the growing celebration of Forefathers' Day, creates a feeling of kinship with the sturdy Puritan stock of the Mother Country, which is an augury, let us hope, of the reknitting of the ties of kinship between the mother and daughter lands. Of course, scholarly writers

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like Everett and Lowell, Emerson and Holmes, though of the bluest New England blood, have always recognized the indebtedness of their national life and literature to the Great Charter and the Bill of Rights, to Runnymede and Marston Moor, and to the English Bible, to Shakespeare and Milton, to Bunyan and Burke.

"I have met even in Canada a weak and vulgar prejudice against any recognition of our share in the stirring associations of the old colonial times. The memories of the *Mayflower* belong to us as well as to the people of the United States. The traditions of Plymouth Rock and Boston Town, the moral heroism of Bradford and Winthrop, of Roger Williams and John Eliot, are common to us as well as to them. It was the sturdy New England farmers and fishermen who fought the battles of Old England against the Iroquois and the French, and who, almost unaided, effected the first capture of Louisburg and of Port Royal, and who took brave part for the Mother Country in the several sieges of Quebec.

"It has been said that the finest wheat of England was sifted for the planting in the New England colonies. If this be true, and it is true, it is also true that the best wheat of the American colonies was once more sifted to furnish the U. E. Loyalist pilgrim fathers and founders of Upper Canada. The true history of Canada, Goldwin Smith has said, is written upon the grave-stones of these early pioneers. We should profoundly revere the memory of these heroic men who went forth, like Abraham, not knowing whither they went, seeking to hew out in the wilderness new homes for themselves and their households.

* * * * * *

"The early French settlers and path-finders of empire in this land were a brave and chivalrous people. Their footprints are marked all over this continent in the names of mountain, lake, and stream. They held the outposts of New France against the Iroquois and the English with valour and fidelity. Reduced to direst extremity, through neglect by the Mother Country, and the extortion of such cormorants as Bigot, Cadet Varin and others, they held the citadel of Quebec against successive sieges. The beleaguered fortress was reduced to severest straits. 'We are without hope and without food,' said an intercepted letter; 'God has forsaken us.' No shame comes to these brave men from the conquest of Quebec. On the historic Dufferin Terrace a grateful people have erected a monument in common to the rival commanders, who generously recognized each other's merit in life, and now keep, for evermore, the solemn truce of death. The two races which met in the shock of battle now dwell together in a common fealty beneath the protecting folds of one common flag.

"I believe that a great deal may be accomplished for the development of a national sentiment in our country by the twenty thousand teachers in our public schools. Canadians should be taught that they occupy the foremost rank among the self-governing peoples of the world. We have enjoyed for years a local self-government which the Parish Councils Bill of Sir Henry Fowler has only two years ago procured for our kinsmen in Great Britain. Our municipal institutions are among the most democratic; our public school system, whose foundations were laid broad and deep and stable by that stalwart Canadian, the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, is of unsurpassed excellence in the world. His successor, the Hon. G. W. Ross, is doing much to develop a sturdy Canadianism.

"We should make much of our national holidays, especially of the Queen's Birthday, the birthday of our Dominion, and our harvest-time thanksgiving. On these occasions patriotic addresses, readings and songs should be given in our schools and places of assembly, and patriotic sermons in our pulpits, and, above all, the motto of 'Canada first and Canada always,' should be written on our hearts."

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*** These pictures are supposed to represent

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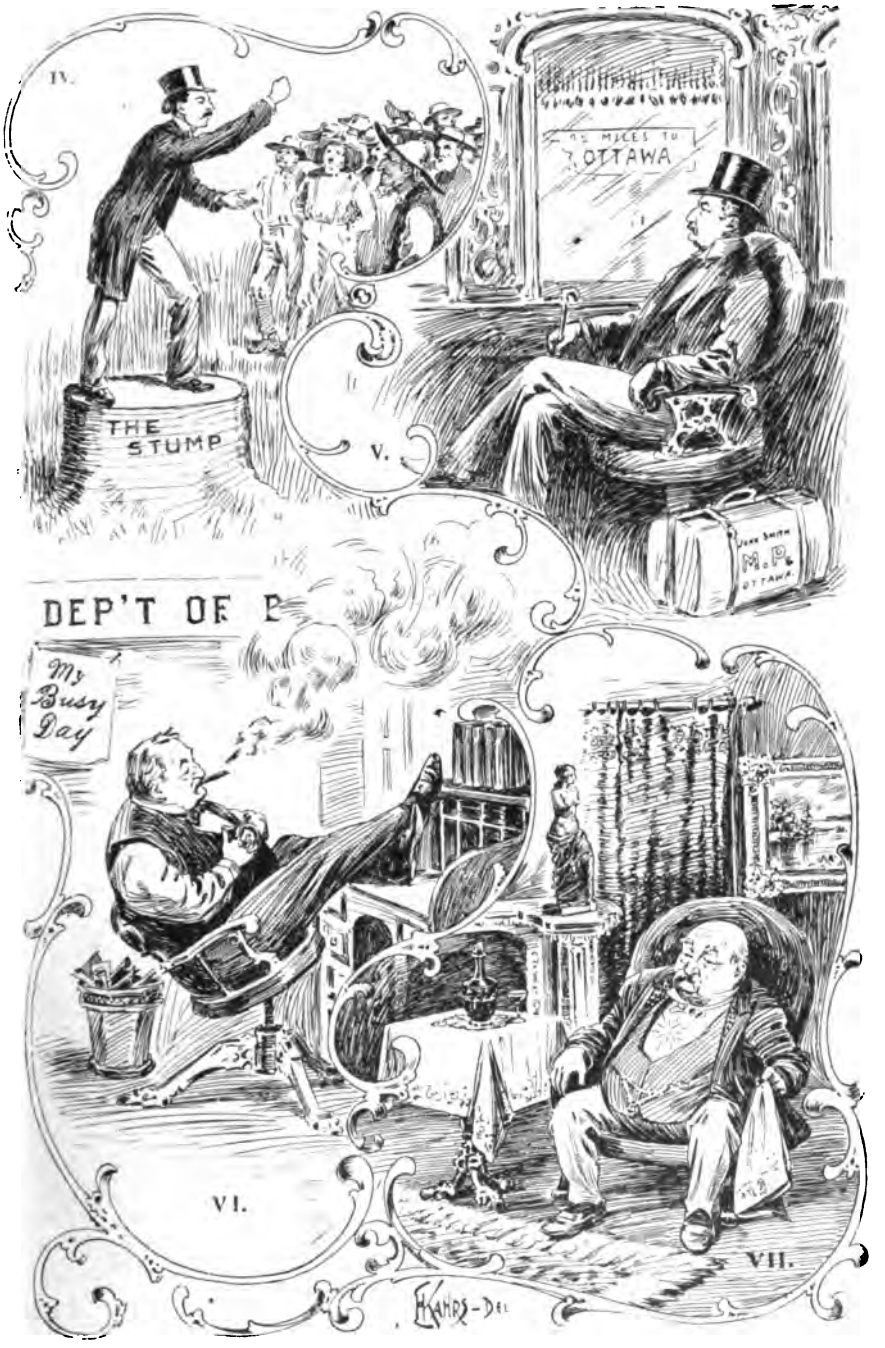

the history of the average Canadian politician.

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LITERARY CHAT.

MR. J. MACDONALD OXLEY has just disposed of the English and American rights to his new story, "In the Swing of the Sea." It will appear first as a serial in *Our Young People*, and in the autumn will be published in book form by the American Baptist Publication Society in the United States, and by James Nisbet and Co. in Great Britain.

At the request of an eminent London manager, Mrs. Flora Annie Steele's recent great success, "On the Face of the Waters," is being dramatized. The Macmillans will shortly publish a new story by this talented writer, entitled "In the Tideway," not an East Indian story this time, but one Scotch in scene and character.

Hall Caine's "The Christian," which is now running serially in the *Windsor Magazine*, will appear in book form in the fall; also S. R. Crockett's "Lochinvar." Mr. Crockett has lately been travelling in Pomerania gathering material for his new story, "The Red Axe," which will appear first in *The Graphic*.

Miss Beatrice Harraden is reported to be still more or less of an invalid, and to be sojourning at Lucerne.

"The Half Caste; An Old Governess' Tales," by Miss Mulock, which first appeared in *Chambers' Journal*, will be published for the first time in book form by Mr. Thomas Whittaker.

Mr. Justin McCarthy has added another volume to his "History of Our Own Times," to be issued shortly by the Harpers. This, the third volume, brings the history down to the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, considerably increasing the value of the work.

The home of Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe, author of the poem "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," is in San Diego County, California. Mrs. Thorpe has resided there for some years and is still an occasional contributor to the press.

Du Maurier's "The Martian" will be issued by the Harpers about the 1st of July.

Messrs Seely & Co. are the publishers of Mrs. Marshall's new story, "Castle Meadow." The scene is laid in Norwich, a century ago, and two famous Englishmen who were born in those parts are introduced—Crome, the painter, and Crotch, the musician.

Miss Marshall Saunders will shortly be brought before our notice again, for Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. announce for publication during the coming season her new book, "The King of the Park," which owes its existence to a visit made by Miss Saunders to the animals in Back Bay Park, Boston.

For such an expensive publication Nansen's "Farthest North" has had a wonderful sale, and Capt. Mahan's "Life of Nelson" is meeting with the same success, the first edition of 5,000 copies having been practically sold before it was on the market.

"Canada, Her Political Development and Destiny," is the title of an

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article by Dr. J. G. Bourinot, which will shortly appear in *The Arena*. *The National Review* will also publish "The National Development of Canada" by this writer, and *The Quarterly*, an article on "Epochs of Canadian History."

Dr. William Kingsford expects to finish his "History of Canada" during the coming summer. We will then have a ten volume history of our Dominion, down to the Union of 1841.

The "School History of Canada," by Mr. W. H. P. Clement, of Toronto, which is being issued from the press of William Briggs, is almost ready, and it is hoped will supply the long felt want of a good text-book on Canadian history for our public schools.

A new novel by Mr. George Macdonald, entitled "Salted with Fire," is announced to appear shortly.

Messrs. R. H. Russell & Son have published a new book by Mr. Richard Harding Davis, entitled "Cuba in War Time." It contains twenty-four full-page illustrations by Mr. Frederic Remington.

The Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind have done Parkman, the historian, the honour of having his "Conspiracy of Pontiac and the Indian War after the Conquest of Canada" printed in raised letters for the blind.

A new volume of Canadian poetry is about to be issued by Mr. George Morang, 63 Yonge Street, Toronto. It is entitled "Away from Newspaperdom, and Other Poems," and the author is Mr. Bernard McEvoy, a well-known Toronto journalist, who has long been known as a poet of more than average ability. The poem, "Away from Newspaperdom," is descriptive of the delights of Nature, and is treated under the various headings, "The Orchard," "The Bush," "The Sunsets," "The Village Street," "The River," "The Church," etc. The volume also contains a dramatic romance, entitled "Anselmo and Bernardine," and a number of miscellaneous poems, which are a good example of the author's versatile genius and insight into human nature. The book is handsomely bound in cloth, the cover and the decorations of which have been designed by Mr. G. A. Reid, R.C.A.

The Bain Book and Stationery Co., Toronto, write: "The following are some of the best selling books at present, somewhat in the order demand: Nansen's 'Farthest North,' R. H. Davis' 'Soldiers of Fortune,' Mrs. Steele's 'On Face of the Waters,' A. C. Doyle's 'Uncle Bernac,' S. R. Crockett's 'Lads' Love,' H. S. Merriman's 'Sowers,' J. C. Snaith's 'Fierceheart, the Soldier,' Merriman's 'With Edged Tools,' Ouida's 'Massarenes,' R. Barr's 'The Mutable Many,' Max Pemberton's 'Christine of the Hills,' C. G. D. Roberts' 'Forge in Forest,' and 'A. Hope's 'Phroso.'"

There is a whole comedy in the table of contents of some Canadian books. Wm. Drysdale & Co. of Montreal announce a book entitled "Camp and Lamp," which is to contain some articles on sport, several short stories, and a consignment of poetry—all from the pen of one author. The author should have added a chapter on astronomy, another giving a reply to Dr. Workman's criticism of Prof. Goldwin Smith, another on the Eastern Question, and one on Mining in Canada. This would probably increase the variety of the contents, so that there would not be a solitary citizen who could not find in this single volume something to interest him. It would be an encyclopædia on a small scale, and a rival to *The Canadian Almanac*.

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DIFFUSENESS.

ONE lack among Canadian authors is the absence of a definite, steadily pursued aim. When they write they produce something, but it may be a poem, a novel, a short story, a history, or a political pamphlet. The works of some of our best writers exhibit a diffuseness (of subject) which is destructive of progress towards pre-eminence. This characteristic may perhaps be general with the Canadian people in other callings, but I cannot say that I have noticed its prominence.

These remarks have been induced by a glance over the titles of works of Charles G. D. Roberts. He has published two volumes of verse, a book of short stories, a volume of tales for boys, a history of Canada, the first of a series of three novels, and a Canadian guide book. Then the question naturally arises, "Is Roberts a poet, a historian, a novelist, or a literary hack?" The same question might be asked concerning Grant Allen, who began by writing scientific articles, degenerated to writing outré novels, and is now posing as a writer of guide books. Some of the lesser Canadian litterateurs have exhibited the same tendency—of dabbling in every line of work in which the pen may be used.

To ensure success a man should have but one vocation, though he may have several avocations. If he would shine as a business man, he must give his whole life to studying one class of business. If he wish to become a great lawyer, he should not practise medicine at the same time as he practises law. So with the poet; if he desires greatness in poetry, he cannot afford to attempt novel or history writing. Poetry, fiction and history are three distinct branches of art, requiring different talents for their productions and governed by widely dissimilar rules.

Young Canadians who desire to shine in literature would do well to take this matter into their serious consideration. Tenacity of purpose—which many Canadians lack—should be cultivated. A definite, single aim should be created, and pursued relentlessly, fiercely and untiringly. Success seldom comes quickly, but only after long and unending pursuit, and after the numerous and discouraging difficulties which are to be met with in every trade and profession have been surmounted.

TWO WOMEN AND TWO NOVELS.

There is one marked difference between the average European novel and the average American novel, and that is: the former shows much more careful work than the latter. American novels, including Canadian, are usually bright and often clever, but there is less depth and less polish. Richard Harding Davis' new

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book, "Soldiers of Fortune,"* is an example of this, for if one reads it critically one feels that there are certain parts of it that might with advantage have been worked up more, and certain characters that are hard to understand because the author has not told us enough about them. The American people live a rather fast life, and live more for the present than for the future; so many of the best writers of this continent, urged on by enterprising and pushing publishers, turn out manuscripts which should have received a few weeks more of careful retouching.

Alice and Hope Langham are two sisters, and are daughters of a New York millionaire who owns large iron deposits in a South American republic. Robert Clay is a young engineer who, after meeting Alice Langham in New York, goes south to oversee the development of her father's mines. As the property grows in value the family go down to spend a season there, and so Clay is thrown in contact with the two young ladies. Because Hope, the younger of the two girls, knows more of technical work, is more daring, and more unconventional, Clay transfers his affections to her. A revolution breaks out in the republic, and some startling and exciting scenes follow.

Robert Clay is a wonderfully strong character and he stands forth very prominently in the tale, but Alice Langham is disappointing. One expects more and better of her than the author sees fit to allow her to accomplish, and as he does not clearly dissect her strength and her weakness, it is hard to see the naturalness of the plot. The movement is entirely too rapid in some places, and the reader is left to supply more than can reasonably be expected.

The drawings by Charles Dana Gibson are beautiful—too beautiful to be realistic or truthful, the characters being too much idealized. The illustrations are certainly artistic, but are more like New York drawing-room pictures than realistic portraits of people who are living in a South American Republic.

There is, however, a playful humour running through the whole book which, added to its exciting incidents, must render it one of the popular stories of the year.

James Lane Allen's "The Choir Invisible" † has also, as its leading characters, two women and two men, and the affections of the man are placed first on one and then on the other. The book is, however, much stronger than "Soldiers of Fortune," and the reader can be reasonably expected to follow the course of events without a mental strain. The reader is not asked to fall in love with Miss Amy Falconer and then transfer his affections to her aunt as John Gray did, for the author very properly keeps the reader neutral in the first half of the story. Speaking of Mrs. Falconer, the New York *Tribune* says: "But for her own sake she is not so impressive, and Mr. Allen leaves us with a sense of dissatisfaction." On the contrary, I felt certain when I had read all about her that I understood it all, and I was perfectly satisfied—much more satisfied than when the "Soldiers of Fortune" was finished. Still, as natures vary, so must the dicta of the book reviewers.

John Gray is a strongly delineated character, but I think the charm of this book is really in its handling, its art, its style. There is nothing ordinary about it because, unlike many other American novels, it deals with the emotions, the *motif*, the spirituel side of man's life. For example:

> It had happened to him also, that with this reflushing of his blood, there had reached him the voice of summer advancing northward to all things and making all things common in their awakening and their aim.
>
> He knew of old the pipe of this imperious shepherd; sounding along the inner vales of his being; herding him toward universal fellowship with seeding grass and breeding herb and every heart-holding creature of the woods. . . . . .

* New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† "The Choir Invisible," by James Lane Allen, author of "Summer in Arcady," "A Kentucky Cardinal," etc. New York: The Macmillan Co. Toronto: Tyrrell's Book Shop.

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A second landscape had begun to beckon : not like his poor little frost-killed fold, not of the earth at all, but lifted unattainable into the air, faint, clear, illusive—the mirage of another woman. And how different she ! He felt sure that no winter's rasure would ever reach that land ; no instability, no feebleness of nature awaited him there ; the loveliness of its summer, now brooding at flood, would brood unharmed upon it to the natural end.

A BOOK OF HUMOROUS TALES.

Those who are not acquainted with the wholesome, good-natured humour of Frank R. Stockton should read his new volume of short tales, entitled "A Story Teller's Pack."* It is very generously illustrated, and altogether very entertaining. Some of the stories have appeared before, but most of these are worth another reading. "Captain Eli's Best Ear," the tale of two retired sea-captains who were keeping bachelors' halls, and who got up a 'Xmas tree for two widowed ladies, is very bright. "The Magic Egg," a tale of some hypnotic experiments and their results on two lovers, is decidedly fantastic. Mr. Stockton is a story-teller pure and simple, but at the same time he can occasionally embody a deep moral in a bright tale, and he does it exceedingly well in "Stephen Skarridge's Christmas."

EARLY SETTLER STORIES.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood lives in Illinois and sees in its people and its history a hundred times as much as most people see in that of the province or state in which they live. In her new book, "The Spirit of an Illinois Town,"† she has combined two stories, one of the old regime and one of the new. The former has a Frenchman of the seventeenth century, "The Little Renault," as its leading character, and Francis Parkman, historian, as its inspirer. The latter is a tale of early land-grabbing and booming life in a new town of the present period. The tales are bright and life-like, the author now breaking out into humour, and again sobering down into human pathos. Neither stories are startling, but both are really good, and as the Philadelphia *Telegraph* says: "Mrs. Catherwood has a most decisive talent."

THE STORY OF A CHILD.

Child-nature should be developed, and yet how few people know anything about that development ! A child's moral nature is supposed to be developed in the same way as its spiritual, *i.e.*, by teaching it the ten commandments, and because people believe this fallacy the world has many inhabitants whose moral and spiritual natures are weak. Then, again, every child is supposed to be of the same disposition, and children are taught at home by families and at school by classes. These thoughts and many more are suggested by a recent book entitled "The Story of Mollie," by Marian Bower.‡ The book does not contain a single principle set forth *per se*, but it does in a most pathetic and touching way show how a sensitive child-nature may be misunderstood and injured. No mother can read the book without being much benefited by a singularly clever tale setting forth the trials and pleasures of one child's life.

SOME CANADIAN BOOKS.

"Life and Work of D. J. Macdonnell" is the title of a memorial volume of considerable interest to Presbyterians in Ontario. The work (William Briggs,

* Toronto : The Copp, Clark Co. Paper, 75 cents.
† By the author of "The Lady of Fort St. John," "Old Kaskaskia," etc. New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
‡ Boston : Roberts Brothers.

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Toronto) is edited by Prof. J. F. McCurdy, of the University of Toronto, and contains a selection of sermons and prayers by the eminent divine. It also contains an account of the celebrated trial to which, in 1875 and 1876, the reverend gentleman was brought because he had some doubts as to whether the future punishment prepared for mankind was everlasting. This trial, and several similar ones, have proved quite conclusively that the same rule applies in Canada to both religion and politics, and that is, you must either think as the party (church) thinks or get out.

"Victoria Diamond Jubilee History of Canada" is a comic history with sufficient fun in it to induce a few broad laughs. It is published by G. M. Rose & Sons, Toronto.

"Polson's Probation" is a story of Manitoba by James Morton (Toronto: William Briggs). Two Englishmen are heirs to an estate, but one has it left to him by a will with a condition attached that he shall have a spotless reputation for five years. He comes to Manitoba to spend the term, and is followed by the other, who desires to cast a blot on the career of the first. The plotter succeeds at first, but, of course, the hero clears himself, the usual young lady having appeared. The story is rather tedious, but has some merit.

Another book about the same province is entitled "Manitoba Memories: Leaves From My Life in the Prairie Province, 1868-1884," by Rev. George Young, D.D., founder of the Methodist Missions in the Red River Settlement. In his prefatory the author apologizes for the appearance of the work, saying that he "would not have done it" but for the request of friends. When the author apologizes, what shall the reviewer do? However, the book, in spite of its crudities, contains much valuable matter which future Canadian writers may utilize, and is written in a style which while not purely literary will be acceptable to a great many Canadians. Dr. Young has seen some stirring events in the building up of the Prairie Province, and describes some of them exceedingly well.

TWO VOLUMES OF POETRY.

Readers of this periodical will welcome the dainty volume entitled "Estabelle, and Other Verse," by John Stuart Thomson, a former resident of Montreal but now of New York, and a valued contributor to "The Canadian Magazine." His poems are marked by the polish which the great artist bestows upon his work, and his thoughts are always worthy of the language in which they are clothed. One cannot read his productions without feeling that the author is a man of refinement, with a well-developed spiritual nature, and an extraordinary sense of the beautiful and the majestic in nature. He is essentially a nature-poet, a man who wanders hand in hand with the spirits of the flowers, the fields and the woods, converses with them, and learns secret pleasures of which the flinty, narrow, money-grabbing individual knows nothing. One or two of his poems are in the form of dainty stories, but the great majority are nature-poems.

There is one thing about Mr. Thomson's poems which is somewhat remarkable; though he seems supremely pleased with the world, he has no hope. The tone of his thoughts would seem to be "the present," not "the future." One might have expected an expression of it in "The Vale of Estabelle" where Alice Brown dies and is buried, but all that is said is in these two couplets:

> I linger in the village still; I cannot go away;
> I walk the ways alone at eve; sometimes I pause and pray;—
> It is not much I say of her; I say it very low;
> But somehow it is sweet to think, "Perhaps the spirits know."

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There is plenty of life, but nothing seems filled with the promise of the future. For example again:

The orchids droop in varied bloom;
Nectareous dews distil at eve;
Ah list! in the wide hallowed gloom,
Methinks the ancient spirits grieve.

Yet there is nothing morbid about the contents of this volume. Perhaps the poet's nature is essentially descriptive, is at peace with the world and is lost in admiration of its beauty. One of the prettiest pieces of description is:

CHATEAUGUAY VALLEY.

Fair vale of Chateaugay, refulgent!
Thy daisied lawns and slopes, indulgent
Of dreamy ease and careless sleep.
I oft recall the days of haying;
The sprightly blue-eyed maidens Maying;
Thy brooks where silv'ry fishes leap;
Those rock-bound fountains,
Cool, in the mountains,
I thirst for; and I miss thy hill-paths steep.

I know a lofty pine that shaded
A fleet of plantains, arrow-bladed;
A cove where golden lilies flow'r'd;
And in one secret hollow only,
The pink arbutus bedded, lonely;—
And when the genial spring-time show'r'd,
A wood-thrush listened,
Where rose-leaves glistened
About his downy nest with sprays embow'r'd.

Canada has much to hope of Mr. Thomson; perhaps before long he will be classed among our few leading verse-writers—if he has not already attained that honour in the minds of many people who are judges.

Another volume of verse from the same publisher, William Briggs, is of a very different character. It is "The Lion and the Lilies," by Charles Edwin Jakeway, a man whose one theme is the deeds of Canadian heroes. It is certainly a magnificent theme, but if played upon too much is like a harp with one string. "The Lion and the Lilies" is a long poem divided into six cantos. The remainder of the volume contains a number of shorter pieces, some of which are quite familiar to Canadian readers, "Pontiac at Home," "The United Empire Loyalists," "Capture of Fort Detroit," "Death of Brock," "Death of Tecumseh," "Laura Secord," and a few general poems. Dr. Jakeway's patriotic utterances will be re-read at this time with much pleasure by the great majority of Canadians, whose sentiments are the same as the stripling's, who exclaimed:

I have donned my suit of armour for my country and my Queen,
And I hope to be as valiant as my good grandsire has been.

and the same as the answer:

Oh, I trust, my darling grandson, that the time will never be
When our beauteous young Dominion shall have need to call on thee;
But I know that to the summons you will answer without fear
When the drum-beat calls to battle each Canadian volunteer.

Dr. Jakeway's poetry may lack some of the elements which characterise artistic verse, but his sentiments lack nothing of the elements which should mark every true Canadian citizen.

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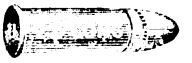
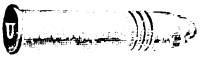

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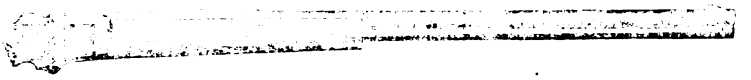
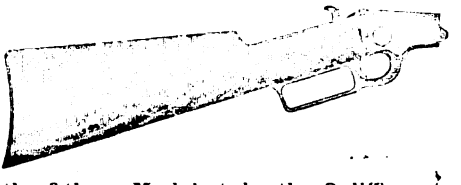


The Model 1897 takes apart, as illustrated, and with 24-in. barrel packs in a space 27½ inches long. Just the thing to stow away with your other belongings.



The Model 1892 does not take down, so if you want a 22 calibre at a little lower price and do not care for the **Take Down** feature get the 1892.

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25 Gold Watches EACH MONTH.

HOW TO OBTAIN THEM. Competitors to save as many "Sunlight" Soap Wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the top portion of each wrapper—that portion containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP." These (called "Coupons") are to be sent enclosed with a sheet of paper on which the competitor has written his or her full name and address, and the number of coupons sent in, postage paid, to Messrs. Lever Bros. Ltd., 23 Scott St., Toronto, marked on the postal wrapper (top left hand corner) with the number of the district competitor lives in. The districts are as follows:

NAME OF DISTRICT.	
1	Western Ontario, consisting of Counties York, Simcoe and all Counties W. and S. of these.
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2. The competition will close the last day of each month during 1897. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.

3. Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in dealer's stock will be disqualified. Employees of Messrs. Lever Bros., Ltd., and their families are debarred from competing.

4. A printed list of winners in competitor's district will be forwarded to competitors 21 days after each competition closes.

5. Messrs. Lever Bros. Ltd., will endeavor to award the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete agree to accept the award of Messrs. Lever Bros., Ltd., as final.

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THE

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AND MASSEY'S MAGAZINE COMBINED.

AUGUST, 1897.

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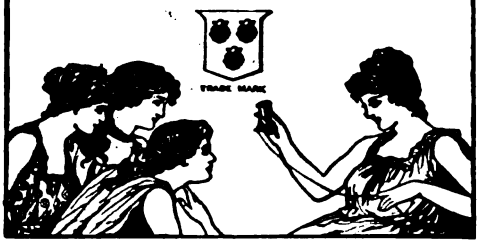

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FROM A PHOTO. FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

CANADIAN LAKE SPORT.

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX. AUGUST, 1897 No. 4.

JUL 30 1897

MEASURE MENDING.

BY AN ASSOCIATE MEMBER OF THE CANADIAN SOCIETY OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

ALL our judgments are effected by comparisons, and the growing cosmopolitan tendencies of modern civilization are well exemplified by the desire for international standards for weights and measures. Every province and every metropolis, up to the beginning of the present century, had its own commercial units, to the great perplexity of traders. Time, even, was most variously determined till 1752, when arrangements were made to bring us abreast of the sun again. Railroads and telegraphs have led to the present boon of standard time, while scientists are held responsible to keep us in leaps if not in bounds.

Uniformity of weights and measures is obtainable by (I) Declaring the units of one place to be universal, as London weights and measures were made national by a British Act of 1824.

(II) By establishing a completely new unit obtained from terrestrial measurements and physical laws and phenomena, as the French metric system.

(III) By adopting a unit found convenient in practice by some large community of men, and arranging it to coalesce with those of other communities.

The English standards are the outcome of the report of the commission appointed early in the century. The Troy pound was found to have been preserved with most scrupulous accuracy, as precious articles have been constantly weighed thereby. On the brass Troy pound weight of 1758 our Avoirdupois or goods pound is based.

The seconds pendulum is the supposed basis of our foot, but when the platinum yard was destroyed by fire in 1860 it was found impossible to restore it exactly by this clumsy method, as evinced by the slight difference between the present Westminster standard and that at Washington. Our units of measure are the result of long established custom but, were the standards lost through national calamity in Great Britain, the foot measure would be obtainable only with difficulty; in fact, the best means would be to copy the Washington or Russian standard.

The Metric system is a paper constitution, as it were, the outcome of the French Revolution. A century of trial with some preliminary disciplining has forced it into popular use, but not by English-speaking peoples. The base of the system is a metre, the one ten-millionth part of the distance from the equator to the pole. This was

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determined by actually measuring ten degrees of longitude between Dünkirk, in France (L. 41° 20′ N. 2° 10′ E.), and Barcelona, Spain (51° 2′ N. and 2° 23′ E.). It is a monument of practical scientific achievement, performed a century ago (1792-1799) and under adverse circumstances. The celebrated Delambre measured two bases of 6,000 toise each—about 7 1-2 miles. There were errors in the computation, and the metre, like the British foot (one-third yard), is not exactly what was intended; but as the error has been detected, it is reasonable to believe the exact measure could be obtained, if required, by the original method. The metre has not become generally popular among English people because its subdivision, the decimetre (4 inches), is too short a unit, while it itself is too long (40 inches) for domestic purposes. It is highly philosophical but not domestically applicable indoors and out like the foot.

The metric unit of weight, the kilo (2.2 lbs), was also found too large for domestic use, as common articles are daily sold in small quantities (ounces often), so the old measures were resorted to, whence the "metric pound" or half kilo (1.1 lbs. Brit.)

It is much to be deplored that the metre was not divided into three "metric feet" of 13 1-8 inches; but now, after a century of improvement, whereby the measures of the two systems—feet and metres—have become embodied into both great works and domestic life, it is difficult to make a change. The best worldwide measures, however, would be obtained, now, by using a "metric foot" (13 1-8 ins.), a "metric pound" (1.1 lbs.) and a five litre "metric gallon" (1.1 Imp.), each unit to be divided downward into "tenths" and upwards by "hundreds." This is borne out by the fact that in over fifty countries the old measures were about a foot and a pound.

However, there still remains a means of practically reconciling our English measures with the metric standards now used by all continental nations except Russia, where the American foot is in use. The method is to divide our foot into ten instead of twelve parts, thus facilitating all arithmetical processes, the *tenth* being subdivided decimally. Thirty-three *tenths* are to all intents a metre, the error being 30 3-4 feet in a mile.

This system has long been used by civil engineers. Unfortunately, the yard, both square and cubic, has remained, but builders use a "square" of (10′ x 10′) 100 square feet, which engineers should adopt, and the next step should be a "cube" of (10′ x 10′ x 10′) one thousand cubic feet to replace the "cubic yard."

The new woman, who, of course, can do sums, will surely appreciate the greater precision and economy of buying by the square foot than by the single or double width yard of an uncertain number of fingers.

A feature of the "tenths system" is that one cubic foot or (10 x 10 x 10) one thousand cubic tenths of water are assumed by the British to weigh one thousand avoirdupois ounces; so one cubic tenth of water weighs one ounce, and it contains one fluid ounce. Thus the specific gravity of any substance, solid or liquid, is its weight in ounces per cubic tenth. The assumption of a cubic foot of water weighing one thousand ounces is incorrect; at 62° F. it weighs only 997.872 oz.; but were the temperature reduced to 4° C., water's greatest density, the weight would be 998.8 oz., and weighing should be supposed to take place at the pole, thus also increasing the weight somewhat. Standard water should be weighed at the pole, temperature 4° Centigrade, and barometer 25 tenths (30 ins.). The Fahrenheit thermometer should be discarded altogether from domestic and scientific use.

Much of the English long measure table may be dispensed with; we practically need only the foot, with its subdivisions, and the mile. The metre may well take the place of the yard for sports, range tables, etc., but for engineering purposes the foot is preferable in the field.

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LINEAR MEASURE.

10 tenths = 1 ft.
33 " = 3.3 " = 1 metre (apx.—really 3.28 ft.)
66 " = 20 " (" " 20.12 m.) = 1 Gunter's chain.
5280 " = 1610 " (" —0.8 ft. too long) = 80 Gunter's chs. = 1 mile.

SQUARE MEASURE.

100 sq. tenths = 1 sq. ft.
100 " = 1 "square."
(66x66) = 4356 " = (400 sq. metres apx.) = 1 sq. chain.
43560 " = (4000 " " ") = 10 " = 1 acre.

CUBIC—DRY AND LIQUID.

1 cub. tenth = 1 fluid ounce.
160 " " = 1 gallon (Imp.)
1000 " " = 6¼ " = 1 cub. ft.; 1000 cub. ft. = 1 "cube."
176 " " = 1.1 " = 5 litres.
1760 " " = 11 " = 50 " = 1 "phora."

"Phora," it must be stated, is contracted from "amphora," the most used Roman measure, and is introduced to replace the bushel.

WEIGHT MEASURE.

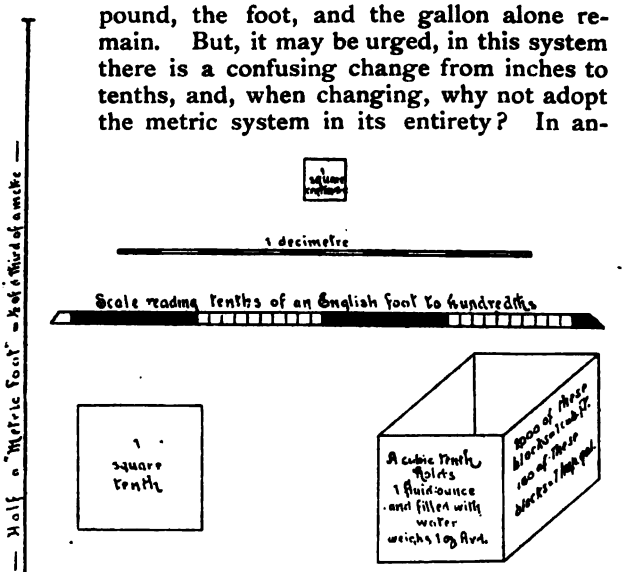
1 cubic tenth standard water weighs one ounce avoirdupois.
16 ounces = 1 pound.
1.1 pounds = 1 metric pound.
110 pounds = 100 "metra-centals."

A singular coincidence it will be noticed, is the factor of eleven in the above, thus:

11 pounds nearly equal 10 "metric pounds."
11 feet nearly equal 10 "metric feet."
11 gallons nearly equal 10 "metric gallons."

This factor also pervades the English linear measure 5,280 ÷ 11 = 480.

From the foregoing it would appear that the weights and measures of our ancestors can be remodelled into simple form, and a connection established with the metric system. By usage, the confusing units, rods, furlongs, roods, etc., have disappeared, and, in America at least, the pound, the foot, and the gallon alone remain. But, it may be urged, in this system there is a confusing change from inches to tenths, and, when changing, why not adopt the metric system in its entirety? In answer it may be stated that neither the metre nor quarter-metre is as handy a measure as


— Half a "Metric Foot" = half a third of a metre —
1 square centimetre
1 decimetre
Scale reading tenths of an English foot to hundredths
1 square tenth
A cubic tenth holds 1 fluid-ounce and filled with water weighs 1 oz. Avd.

REPRODUCTION OF DRAWING SHOWING THE PROPOSED SYSTEM—REDUCED ABOUT ONE-HALF.

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the foot, while the division of the foot into tenths and hundredths is similar to dividing the dollar into dimes and cents, and would be easily acquired.

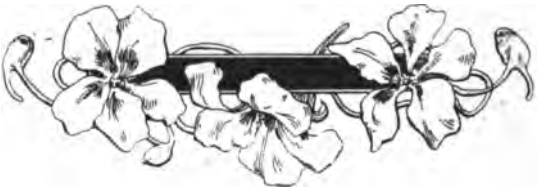
The facility of employing tenths may thus be illustrated: Water pressure is dependent on its depth. A depth of 16 feet of water is a pressure of 160 cubic tenths piled one on top of the other; but a cubic tenth weighs one ounce; therefore the weight of the column is 160 ounces, or 10 pounds per square tenth, and (10 x 100) one thousand pounds per square foot.

The attachment to pounds, feet, and gallons is ascribed to insular prejudice, but it is really their convenience, as proven by time. America is no island; but when will we adopt francs and sous for our dollars and cents?

Our own system, modified as herein shown, possesses the relationship between space and mass in more simple form than the French, because the ordinary domestic standard, the foot, serves all purposes by one division by ten, whence are derived directly the small linear, square, and cubic unit, and the most minute domestic measure, the ounce, or cubic tenth of water which weighs an ounce. Our household measures are not affected by the transition.

In any event, our mile and acre stand, indelibly stamped upon this continent by the Western system of survey, and the foot is the root factor of these great measures.

C. R. Coutlée.



THE PINES.

THEY stand on the edge of a lonely moor,
And whisper and croon, in some unknown tongue,
A deep, mysterious and hidden lore,
Which sage has not written nor poet sung.

'Tis something about a golden prime,
With its dim, far-off, forgotten things;
And something about a song divine,
Whose music still to their branches clings.

When the winds run races across the moor,
They cheer them on with a mighty cheer,
That sounds through the peasant's bolted door,
And fills his heart with a nameless fear.

Weird singers of music wild and grand,
Of strains that are tender, melting, sweet,
What vaguest dreams of some long lost land,
What haunting memories, incomplete,

What echoes from out the eternal deep
Do your tones awaken, until I seem
Like one who wakes from uncertain sleep,
And strives to recall a forgotten dream.

Bradford K. Daniels.

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THE TALEAK OF THE SOOSOON.

Being the Micmac Legend of How the White Bark of the Birch Tree became Covered with Innumerable Pink Marks: What they Serve to Indicate and Who Put Them There.

IT was many round moons before Glooscap fled away westward at the coming of the white man's big canoes, that those who passed along the shores of the inland lakes first felt the bite of the sticky black fly, and marvelled at the newly-acquired pink lines upon the silvery white bark of the birch trees. When men asked the sakumous the meaning of these things they told them that the marks upon the birch was writing ordered by the Great Spirit himself—the word is Soosoon in our tongue—and that Glooscap would tell them why it was thus made manifest. And even so did he unto them, and from father unto son has been handed the story that I now tell to thee.

Now, in those days there lived a certain widower whose name has been forever banished from our lips, by reason of the thing which he did, and only spoken under the title of the sakumou of the evil spirits called Mendon. This Mendon had one little son named Najumooktakunechk, who was secretly fed by the bats with blood from his own kinsfolk, by reason of which he grew stronger than most men and was able to see in the night time.

At last there came the day when this Mendon, the father of Najumooktakunechk, grew weary of hunting, and so he stored away an abundance of oil in a sack of moose-skin, and hung it from the door-post of his wigwam, so that all men might know it belonged to him alone. And Mendon slept by day and by night, and only awoke when he grew hungry for a drink of oil from the huge sack.

But Najumooktakunechk grew so quickly that he was a man before he had even gained his moose-skin moccasins; and one day he stole his father's war feathers and put them upon his own head, and journeyed many days towards the big sweet river until he came to a village of the mountain Indians, whose sakumous name was Onbogegechk.

Now, this Onbogegechk had a beautiful squaw, called Ulgedoo, and two little sons, and had purposely led his people among these hills so that there would be no need of fighting the battle of each feast with the other tribes. And they were all grown very fat and lazy, and kept no watch along the water-courses. So Najumooktakunechk was able to lie concealed behind a rock and listen to their speeches. And when the sun spirit had covered his camp-fire with earth he crept forward—for, by reason of the bats' nursing, he was able to see by night as well as day—and killed every soul in camp, excepting only Ulgedoo and her two

AFTER MICMAC ART—NAJUMOOKTAKUNECHK.

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little sons. For his eye had gloried in her, and he meant her for himself. And Najumooktakunechk returned unto the wigwams of his own people, and there was much feasting over the scalps he had brought, and his father's life was given him so that he could not be burned alive for the taking of his father's war-feathers.

One day, while this Mendon still slept, Najumooktakunechk thrust his spear into the oil-sack, and laughed to see the sand swallow it so eagerly; but when his father awoke he told him that Ulgadoo, the squaw, had done this thing, and urged him to eat her in place of the oil. But Mendon put this thought from him for a time, and went to sleep again.

In the morning, however, he had grown very hungry, and bade her build a huge fire for him. When this had been done he called aloud to her to come near him; but Ulgedoo had overheard the words of her husband, and commenced to gather a number of poison berries. Then, while she hid herself in the bushes, she swallowed them all, and gave no heed to his impatience.

"Kwa tumun" (come here, I want you), again cried Mendon angrily, but

AFTER MICMAC ART—ULGADOO.

Ulgedoo began digging up some little pieces of fire-stone, which she handed unto the two little boys, and bade them punish the wicked Najumooktakunechk when they grew to be men.

By this time Mendon grew strong with hunger, and so, rising to his feet, he pursued her until she could run no longer. Then he brought her back to his wigwam and roasted her upon the campfire which she herself had builded, while the two little boys shrieked, and Najumooktakunechk sang and laughed. And Mendon was so greedy that he did not stop until he had finished it all; and then the poison berries that Ulgedoo had swallowed took effect, and Mendon made the hills echo with his dying agonies. And Najumooktakunechk would have likewise killed the two little boys, but Mooin Wopskw (the White Bear) called aloud to them, and

AFTER MICMAC ART—PULOWECK AND WIJEK.

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they fled with him to the forest.

The names of these two little boys were Pulowech and Wijek, and much happened unto them that I should like to tell thee of; but I will only speak of what they did to Najumooktakunechk, which brought the black flies and the Soosoon upon the bark of the birch trees. It was Glooscap that sent a messenger unto them, to tell them how they could prevail over the great strength of Najumooktakunechk; and so they spent their days in gathering birch bark, until they had great store of it.

And while he slept, old Mooin Wopskw brought them and the bark unto the wigwam of Najumooktakunechk, and they crept quietly inside and laid the pieces of bark all over him until the tent was filled. Then, with the fire-stones that their mother had given them, they lighted it from the outside, and drew the door blanket tightly across.

And so the smoke smothered Najumooktakunechk, and the fire burned until there was nothing left but his bones. And Pulowech took a huge stone and pounded them into powder and blew them up into the air, while Wijek cut a long fir bough and whipped the birch trees. From these powdered bones of Najumooktakunechk flew the swarms of black flies, and the Soosoon upon the birch bark shows the number of them.

Put into understandable English by Percie W. Hart.

CANADA.

HOW fair her meadows stretch from sea to sea
With fruitful promise; changing robes of green,
Varying ever, till the golden sheen
Of autumn marks a glad maturity!
How gay 'mid orchard boughs the russets be!
The uplands, crowned with crimson maples, lean
Long cooling arms of shadow, while between
In sun or shade the flocks roam far and free.
From east to west the harvest is her own;
On either hand the ocean; at her feet
Her cool lakes' sweetest waters throb and beat
Like cool, firm pulses of her temperate zone.
Gracious and just she calls from sea to sea,
"No room for malice, none for bigotry."

Emily McManus.

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MY CONTEMPORARIES IN FICTION.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

X—THE PROBLEM SEEKERS—SEA CAPTAIN AND LAND CAPTAIN.

IT is so long a time since Mr. W. H. Mallock published the "Romance of the Nineteenth Century" that the book might now very well be left alone, if it were not for the fact that in a fashion it marked an epoch in the history of English literature. It was, so far as I know, the first example of the School of the Downright Nasty. For half a year it ran in "Belgravia" side by side with a novel of my own, and under those conditions I read as much as I could stand of it. Its main object appears to be to establish the theory that a young woman of refined breeding may be an amateur harlot. The central male figure of the book is a howling bounder, who has a grievance against the universe because he can't entirely understand it. Within the last two or three years it has occurred to Mr. Mallock to recast the book, and in a preface dated 1893 (I think) he informs the world that on re-reading the story he personally has found portions of it to be offensive. These portions he declares himself to have eliminated, and he now thinks—or thought in 1893—that there is nothing on that score to cavil at. All I remembered of the story was that a certain Colonel Stapleton debauched the mind of the heroine by lending her obscene books with obscene prints attached. This episode is retained, in spite of the work of purification which has been performed; and it may be said that if the original novel were nastier than this deodorised edition of it, it is very much of a wonder how the critical stomach kept it down.

It is a refreshment to turn from this particular problem seeker to the work of a writer like Mrs. Humphry Ward, who, if she invests the questions she handles with more importance than actually belongs to them, is as wholesome and sincere as one could ask. She has read both deeply and widely, she thinks with sanity and clearness, she discerns character, she can create and tell a story, her style is excellently succinct and full, and any book from her pen may safely be guaranteed to fill many charmed and thoughtful hours. She is still a seeker of problems, and shares the faults of her school, inasmuch as she sets herself to the solution of themes which all thoughtful people have solved for themselves at an early age. It would be difficult perhaps to find a better and more salutary stimulant for the mind of a very young man or woman than "Robert Elsmere," to cite but one book of hers, but to the adult intelligence she seems a day behind the fair. She expends something very like genius in establishing a truth which is only doubted by here and there a narrow bigot—that truth being that a man may find himself forced to abandon the bare dogma of religion, and may yet conserve his faith in the Unseen and his spiritual brotherhood with men. "Robert Elsmere" is a very beautiful piece of work, and it is impossible not to respect the ardour which inspires it, and the many literary excellencies by which it is distinguished. But, all the same, it leaves upon the mind a sense of some futurity. It would be easy to write a story which would prove—if a story can be imagined to prove anything—the precise opposite of the truth so eloquently preached in "Robert Elsmere," and the tale might be perfectly true to the experience of life. There are men who, parting with dogmatic religion, part with religion altogether, and whose only chance of salvation from themselves lies in the acceptance of a hard and fast creed. It would be easy enough, and true enough, to show such

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a man assailed by doubt, struggling and succumbing, and then going headlong to the devil. The thing has happened many a time. Mrs. Humphry Ward shows another kind of man, and depicts him most ably. Robert Elsmere is even a better Christian when he has surrendered his creed than he was whilst he held it, for he has reached to a loftier ideal of life, and he dies as a martyr to its duties. But the story has the air of being controversial, and fiction and controversy do not work well together. It is possible to establish any theory, so far as a single instance will do it, when you have the manufacture both of facts and of characters in your own hands. Accept an extreme case. A practised novelist might take in hand the character of a morose and surly fellow who was generous and expansive in his cups. So long as the wretch was sober he might be made hateful; half fill him with whiskey, and you gift him with all manner of emotional good qualities. The study might be real enough, but it would prove nothing. The novelist who assails a controversial question begs everything, and the answer to a problem so posed is worthless except as the expression of an individual opinion. It may be urged—and there is force in the contention—that there are many people who are only induced to think of serious themes when they are dressed in the guise of fiction, as there are people who cannot take pills unless they are sugar-coated. Again—as admitted already—a mind in process of formation might be strengthened and broadened by the influence of such a book as "Robert Elsmere." There are some to whom its apparent trend of thought will appear to be simply damnable. That one may have scant respect for their judgment, and no share at all in their opinion, does not alter the fact that the weapon employed against them is not and cannot be fairly used.

Many years ago, Mr. Clark Russell, whose name is now a household word, was the editor of an ill-fated society journal. I was a contributor to its little-read pages, and I came one day upon an article entitled "Pompa Mortis." This article was written in such astonishingly good English, so clean, so hard-bitten and terse, and yet so graceful, that I could not resist the temptation to ask its author's name. My editor modestly acknowledged it for his own, and when I told him what I thought of its style he confessed to a close study of Defoe and a great admiration for him. I saw nothing more from his hand until I read "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," the first of that series of sea stories which has carried Mr. Russell's name about the world. An armchair voyage with Russell is almost as good as the real thing, and sometimes (as when the perils and distresses of shipwreck are in question) a great deal better. Had any man ever such an eye for the sea before, or such a power of bringing it to the sight of another? Few readers, I fancy, care a copper for his fable, or very much for his characters, except for the mere moment when they move in the page; but his descriptions of sky and sea linger in the mind like things actually seen. They are so sharp, so vivid, so detailed, so true, that a marine painter might work from them. And the really remarkable thing about them is the infinite variety of these seascapes and skyscapes. He seems never to repeat himself. He is various as the seas and skies he paints. One figures his mind as some sort of marvellous picture gallery. He veritably sees things, and he makes the reader see them. And all the strange and curious sea jargon, of which not one landsman in a thousand understands anything—combings and backstays and dead-eyes, and the rest of it—takes a salt smack of romance in his lips. He can be as technical as he pleases, and the reader takes him on faith, and rollicks along with him, bewildered, possibly, but trusting and happy. And Clark Russell has not only been charming. He has been useful, too, and Foc'sle Jack owes him a debt of gratitude. For though he does not shine as a draughtsman where the subtleties of character

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are concerned, he knows Jack, who is not much of a metaphysical puzzle inside and out, and he has brought him home to us as no sea-writer ever tried to do before. Years ago it seemed natural to fancy that he might write himself out, but he goes on with a freshness which looks inexhaustible. If I cannot read him with the old enjoyment it is my misfortune and not his fault. If his latest book had been his first I should have found in it the charm which caught me years ago. But it is in the nature of things that an individual writer like Clark Russell should be his own most dangerous rival.

Clark Russell is captain on his own deck, whether he sail a coffin or a princely Indiaman of the old time. Sir Walter Besant is lord of his own East End, and of that innocent seraglio of delightful and eccentric young ladies to which he has been adding for years past. Sir Walter Besant is chiefly remarkable as an example of what may be done by a steadfast cheerfulness in style. His creed has always been that fiction is a recreative art, and we have no better sample of a manly and stout-hearted optimist than he. He is optimistic of set purpose, and sometimes his cheerfulness costs him a struggle, for he is tender-hearted and clear-sighted, and he is the Columbus of "the great joyless city" of the East. He has had a double aim—to keep his work recreative and to make it useful. In one respect he has been curiously happy, for he once dreamt aloud a beautiful dream, and has lived to find it a reality. It was his own bright hope which built the People's Palace, and a man might rest on that with ample satisfaction.

He has given us many well-studied types of character, but he excels in the portraiture of the manly young man and the lovable young woman. In this regard I find him at his apogee with Phyllis Fleming and Jack Dunquerque, who are both frankly alive and charming. He is good, too, at the portraiture of a humbug, and finds a humorous delight in him, very much as Dickens did. There is more than a touch of Dickens in his method, and in this way of seeing people, and, most of all, in the warm-hearted cheer he keeps.

It is outside the purpose of this series to dwell on anything but the literary value of the works of the people dealt with; but little apology, after all, is needed for a side-glance at the work which Sir Walter Besant has done for men of letters. He has worked hard at the vexed and difficult question of copyright; he has founded an Authors' Club and an authors' newspaper; and he has devoted with marked unselfishness much valuable time and effort to the general well-being of the craft. He has stood out stoutly for the State recognition of authorship, and in his own person he has received it. *Esprit de corps* is a capital thing in its way. Whether it is well to have too much of it in a body of men who hold the power of the press largely in their own hands, whilst at the same time publicity is the breath of their nostrils, is perhaps an open question. But of Sir Walter Besant's single-mindedness in this voluntary work there is no shadow of doubt. Remembering his popularity with the public, and the price he can command for his work, it is evident that he has expended in the pursuit of his ideal time which would have been worth some thousands of pounds to him. He has striven in all ways to do honour to letters, and the esteem in which he is held is a just payment for high purpose and unselfish labour.

(To be continued.)

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THE TEMPTATION OF JOHN McNAIRN.

Illustrated in Design by J. S. O'Higgins.

IT happened when McNairn and I were at college together. We were chums there, for the reason, perhaps, that he was a hard student, and I was—anything but that. I confess I can explain in no other way his ready reply to the first advances of my friendship. However, I had found him at once interesting on account of the unconscious originality of his character, and, subsequently, doubly diverting because he cherished so romantic an affection for a society girl of my acquaintance. It was his confession of that regard, in fact, that laid the corner-stone of our enduring intimacy. He told me of it one evening when he was chatting with me in my room. I had asked him, incidentally, if he ever "went out" at all.

"I did last Thanksgiving Day," he answered in a way that stirred my curiosity.

"Oh! How was that?" I asked.

"Well," he said reflectively, "that night I was reading alone in my room—I call it *my* room," he added, interrupting himself with a smile; "though, of course, I'm only a transitory guest in it—a boarder, I mean."

"A roomer," I suggested.

"Yes," said he, "but I have slept there now some three years or more, and have acquired in that way, I suppose, a sort of 'squatter's right' in my own estimation. At any rate, no one would care to dispute my title to the place—a mere attic, you know, with low roof and bare walls—cold, too, and unfurnished, except for a single chair and table—and a bed."

I smiled at his description, the accuracy of which I knew from what I myself had seen of the student attic. McNairn answered the smile.

"I speak of the aggregation very often as 'my study,'" he said, slyly. "One studies in bed, you know, when it is too cold to sit up—and Madame the proprietress generally cuts off the hot-air supply from my room about eight o'clock (to save it for more paying boarders); so the bed is really a very important and necessary part of my equipment."

I had been filling him a pipe, foreseeing that his story was going to be a lengthy one, and he took the briar from me now with a reserved but grateful "Thank you." He had a self-respecting distance in his manner, which I thought one of his peculiar charms.

"Well, as I started to say," he continued, "I was sitting in my study on the evening of Thanksgiving Day, reading. It was after eight o'clock, but I knew the warm air would be left to me a little longer on account of the festival, and so had not retired." He was punctuating his sentences deliberately with clouds of tobacco smoke. "Besides, I was expecting one of my pupils, young Malcolm, to call on me. He generally does when he knows I am likely to be alone, especially on holidays, being good-hearted enough, though a trifle mischievous."

I nodded my agreement with this lenient description of his pupil's character. McNairn, of course, tutored for board-money.

He smoked a moment in reflective silence, then took up the narration of his story again, seeming to enjoy it very much himself. "I was sitting so, reading, as I said before, when I heard footsteps on the sidewalk below. Our street is rather deserted usually. I laid down my book to listen if it might be Malcolm. He stopped before the house, and I knew he was looking at my window to see if I were in; so I tilted the shade of my lamp to throw the light strong on the window-blind. Then I heard the bell ring and

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the door slam, and settled back in my chair to receive him.

"He had three flights of stairs to come up: the first one padded and carpeted, the second carpeted but with no substrata of padding, the third neither padded nor carpeted—nor indeed painted, except in the corners, where the old colour had not been scrubbed away. Malcolm once made a joke of that. He said it reminded him of that gradual disappearance of vegetation which accompanies an ascent of the Alps."

I laughed encouragingly. I had never before known McNairn to be so fluent. He hurried on, brightening with my appreciation.

"I listened to Malcolm lazily, as he stumbled up towards the bald summit. But he opened the door with a startling vivacity. 'Hello, Mac,' he said. (You know he calls me 'Mac.' Rather too familiar in his manner sometimes, I think.) 'What are you doing in here to-night?' he asked. I motioned him to a seat on the bed. 'Come on out,' he said, sprawling out on the coverlet. I said 'No.' 'Come on,' he repeated. 'Come on, you old hierogriffin.' (He meant 'hieroglyphic,' I guess.) 'Where shall we go?' I asked, yielding a little to his enthusiasm. He is really irresistible at times, you know."

McNairn's imitation of his manner was equally so. I was enjoying it quietly.

"He thought for a moment," John continued, "'Why, I know!' he cried, jumping up. 'I know. I've an invitation to call on my cousin, Miss Bennett. And, say! there's a peach of a girl there now. Her name is Marjorie something. She's a stunner. Hurry up and get dressed, and we'll go. Come on!'

"I shook my head, languidly. 'No use,' I said. 'I haven't spoken to a young lady in three years. I wouldn't know what to talk about to one now. And besides,' I said, calling his attention to my clothes, 'I couldn't go in these!'

"They were somewhat attenuated," said Mac. "One can buy a great many books with the price of a new suit, you know."

I asked how did Malcolm get over that difficulty.

"Malcolm?" McNairn laughed, "Why, he said I was 'dead easy.' 'Come along with me,' he insisted, 'I know a place where they'll fix you up like a duke. Come on! Talk? Why, you couldn't get a word in edgeways with Miss What's-her-name. All you do is to sit still and smile. She does the rest—and, say! she does it up to the limit, too.'

"I protested," explained McNairn, apologetically, "that he shouldn't use so much slang. 'Oh, come off,' he said, 'hurry up. We're wasting time. You'll be dead in love with Marjorie when you meet her—brown eyes and all that. Come on—don't make me late.'

"I demurred again about the clothes. He swept away all objections. We could hire dress suits. It would be his treat. He went into an ecstasy about 'Marjorie.' I must admit I rather liked the idea of calling upon some good-looking young lady again. I used to be quite a society man, you know, (before I settled down to classics) at the picnics and skating parties around home."

McNairn seemed inclined to wander from his story. I brought him back to it. "And you went with Malcolm?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "I surrendered at last, and he hurried me over to his home immediately. (He lives in town, by the way). He had enough dress suits, he said, to fit out a negro minstrel show. I'm afraid I got a little excited, but his manner is irresistible at times. He kept talking Marjorie, Marjorie, Marjorie, all the while we were dressing, until I began to be afraid he was playing a joke on me—especially when he told me that I looked like Chauncey Depew in my evening dress."

I may have shown too hearty an appreciation of the joke. McNairn seemed a little piqued.

"Really though," he said, "I didn't look half bad—sort of *distingué* felt 'done over,' so to speak

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"He was punctuating his sentences, deliberately, with clouds of tobacco smoke."

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I apologized with my silence. John continued the tale of his adventures. "'Malcolm had me in the street again before I knew exactly where I was, but I woke up very suddenly when we turned into the grounds about a large, luxurious-looking residence. 'Hold on, Donald,' I said, 'where are you going?' 'We are going to call on my cousin,' he answered—without slackening his pace. 'I'm not going to call on anyone in that house,' I said. (Not that it was so very palatial—but I had been thinking of making a quiet little visit at some home-like place, you know—and all that sort of thing.) 'Say, you old crustacean,' he said, 'you're not afraid of a pair of live girls, are you?'

"'I'm afraid I got rather angry. I called him an 'impertinent young pup.' 'Come on, then,' he repeated. 'I'll go,' I said, 'if it's only to make a fool of you.'"

McNairn smoked furiously.

"I marched stiffly up to the door," he continued. "Malcolm, the young idiot, was laughing so hard that he could scarcely find the button of the door-bell. Finally he discovered it, and my anger began to congeal into a different feeling as someone opened the inside door. 'It's cousin Kate herself,' I heard him say. There was no turning back now. I summoned all my faculties."

John relapsed again into a silent meditation. "Exactly what happened after that," he said at last, "I do not remember clearly. I was introduced, of course, and young Malcolm must have opened conversation with his cousin Kate, for I discovered myself, eventually, chatting with the young lady whom I had heard spoken of as 'Marjorie.' She made some remark about the weather—if I recollect aright—but I would not be sure of that. You know how confusing it is, coming in out of the dark that way."

I made no answer.

"However, when I got the glare out of my head I found that she had just remarked, 'You are a 'Varsity student, are you not?' 'Yes,' said I, calling up the ghost of a smile, 'I am a 'Varsity student.'"

He smiled, retrospectively, at the thought of it. He was speaking very slowly now, lingering especially over Marjorie's remarks.

"'How nice,' she murmured. She contemplated the toe of her slipper intently. I looked at the slipper, too. It was very dainty. 'And a friend of Donald's?' she went on. 'Yes,' I replied, banishing the memory of his insults, 'I think we are very good friends.' 'Indeed!' she sympathized, 'and what are you studying at 'Varsity?'"

"She looked at me," explained McNairn, "with her head just tilted a little to one side, as it were, admiringly. I must say she was a remarkably handsome girl. Her manner was rather reassuring. At least I felt it that way. 'I am studying the classics,' I answered. 'Oh, I just adore the classics!' she exclaimed. 'Plato, you know—and Mr. McNairn,' she added, suddenly, 'now what do you think of Platonic love?'"

McNairn smiled at his pipe. I vented my astonishment in an eloquent whistle.

"I confess I was somewhat nonplussed," John laughed, "though I flatter myself that I kept my countenance. I said I preferred the more common species—of love, you know. 'You evidently speak from experience,' she answered, with a smile. I wish you could see Marjorie smile. (I like to call her 'Marjorie', just to myself, of course. It's such a pretty name). But as I was saying, she has such an engaging smile. It is very catching. I laughed in spite of myself. 'And do you read Plato in the Greek?' I asked her. 'No, indeed,' she replied, 'in Emerson.' 'It is the same thing,' said I, 'at least to most people. I prefer it in Emerson myself.' 'Isn't that nice?' said Marjorie. 'And which essay do you like best?'

"I returned the question. 'Really,' she said, smiling, 'that is very ungallant of you. You should give me a lead, you know—as they do

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in hunting.' 'Well,' I replied, desperately, 'I prefer his essay on Love.'

"Now I didn't, actually, you know," McNairn explained. "I preferred that on Self-reliance, but I was guessing at Marjorie's predilections. It was an unusually clever guess. 'On Love?' she cried. 'Oh, isn't that strange. That was always my favourite.' 'That and *Friendship*,' I said. 'Yes, and *Friendship*,' she repeated, beaming upon me. She is a wonder-fully pretty girl.

"'One doesn't often meet young men who appreciate Emerson, you know,' she continued, lowering her eyes. 'Oh, I suppose not, I said. 'They do not get time to read him, perhaps.' 'But *you* find time,' she insisted.

"Of course I had to explain how it was that I did find time—having no folks in town, or anything like that, and not caring for amusement. In fact, we grew quite friendly."

McNairn was gazing wistfully into vacancy. His pipe had gone out, but he still puffed at it with unabated relish.

"Miss Bennett began to play the piano, so Marjorie invited me to sit beside her on the sofa, where we could converse more easily. We talked on all sorts of subjects, especially Shakespeare. We found out that we both were very fond of *Romeo* and *Juliet*, and both thought Hamlet behaved himself barbarously towards Ophelia. Really I enjoyed myself very much," he added with a laugh. "I was quite loath to leave. She was such a charming girl."

His voice had dwindled down to silence. "And Malcolm?" I asked, spurring him on.

AN EDITION DE LUXE.

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"Oh," he replied, "Donald was different when we got outside. He asked me if I wasn't glad I had come. I confessed I was. 'And isn't Marjorie a stunner!' he exclaimed. 'Her governor's worth a hard half million, too, by Jove.'"

"Why, Mac," I interrupted, "you *did* go out with a vengeance last Thanksgiving Day."

He had just discovered that his pipe was cold. He regarded it with an affected interest. "How much," he asked "how much would a man need to have to marry a girl like that?"

"Well," I said, "it depends on the man, I should suppose."

McNairn struck a light. I waited, but he did not seem to care about continuing the conversation.

"Have you seen her since?" I ventured.

"No," he said, "Donald came with an invitation to repeat our call. She thought I was 'very unusual.'" He laughed again, nervously.

"Did you go?" I asked.

"No," he said.

The lapses in our conversation were becoming pathetic. McNairn was exploring the bowl of his pipe with a pen

"How long," he said, digging viciously,—"confound the pipe!"

"Let me see it," said I. "How long what?"

"How long," he asked, "does it take a man to get really rich?" His expression of face was suspiciously indifferent.

"It depends," I answered. "Five or six years, I should think, if he applies himself."

"Humph!" I heard him say, "Marjorie cannot be more than twenty."

"But Mac," I protested.

"I beg your pardon," he said sharply.

"There's nothing the matter with the pipe."

"Oh, curse the pipe!" he snorted. "Let's go for a walk."

We went for a walk, but I heard nothing more of "Marjorie." McNairn was moody, and I did not care to disturb his meditations.

That was Monday night, and I did not see him again until Saturday of the same week. He had not called in upon me, and consequently I was worrying about him. I thought it probable that he might even abandon his "course" and the pursuit of knowledge, for wealth and Marjorie. I wished to tell him that a man with no capital, beyond an education in Latin and Greek, would not lower any records in the race for riches—that he was happier in his attic. In fact, I had a very tidy little sermon ready for him before I reached his lodgings.

He seemed glad to see me. I apologised for having broken in upon his studies. "Oh, not at all," he said, "I was loafing—reading poetry."

"Do you ever write it?" I asked, taking the only other chair in the room —to wit, the bed.

"No," he said, "I live my poetry."

I reflected, treasonably, that his attic did not show it. "What do you mean by poetry?" I asked.

"Well," he answered, "man is half brute, you know, and half angel. Whatever makes him more angel and less brute, *that* is poetry."

"So that religion, music, sculpture, —" I began.

"The woods and waters," he continued, "women—"

"I understand," I interrupted. "and the poet is the man who translates these into words, so to speak."

"Exactly," said McNairn. "He translates the songs which man has sung into colours and clay, which nature has sung into the green grasses, which God has sung into flesh."

"Marjorie an instance of the last," I laughed.

"Yes," he said, regretfully. "She is a poem in the flesh, but—"

"But what?"

"She is an *édition de luxe*, I am afraid—and I am not a millionaire."

H. J. O'Higgins.

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THE TOWN OF BERGEN, NORWAY.

A GLIMPSE OF NORWAY.

The account of a Canadian Woman's Summer Trip through Norway, to be completed in four numbers and to be illustrated from special photographs and sketches.

II—DESCRIPTION OF BERGEN, AND OF THE ONLY NORWEGIAN RAILROAD.

IT was not raining the next morning, and we were in Bergen, where it snows or rains 365 days in the year! In what proportion the weather is divided in leap year we did not ask our informant, as we were only too glad that we had reached the damp town on a clear day. Armed against the hostile clouds we marched up the nearest street, which was laid with grey stone pavement. At every step the fishy odour increased, till we found ourselves in the famous fishmarket. Here a wharf ran around three sides of a square; the fourth opened to the sea, allowing the fishing smacks to enter, and moor themselves side by side. The purchasers walked round the wharf, and, peering over the edge into the boats below, chose their dinners. If doubts should arise in a purchaser's mind as to the freshness of the catch offered in the boats below, he would have no such doubt as he examined the fish in the tanks upon the wharf. These tanks were about the size of a washtub. As we were admiring the shapes and colour of the inhabitants of one of them, and speculating as to the quality, one very handsome fellow was suddenly caught up in a net. He resented this treatment with all his vigour. In spite of his indignation he was duly weighed and considered, but as he did not suit he was once more set at liberty. Another smaller fish had his turn next, but he, poor unfortunate, suited; so after the weighing process he was deposited in a pink coal scuttle, and had his head thrust through with a knife. As we watched his further journey, scuttle and all disappeared round the nearest corner. After seeing the manner in which fish were caught and carried home, we did not relish the second course at dinner as we might have done.

Continuing our walk, we discussed the problem as to how often a Norwegian fish could stand the process of

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A SCENE IN BERGEN.

being weighed and examined and returned to its natural element.

The next object we encountered was a bank. This we found to be a plain building without; but the decorations of dainty cream and gold within quite caught our fancy. To gain time for admiration one of our number thought he needed change, so, as we were being stared at, we learned how the Norwegians do their banking business. The room looked just like a bank at home, only the ceiling and walls were prettier.

A BIT OF NORWEGIAN SCENERY.

Leaving the bank behind us we were soon among the shops, with windows full of odd things. The name of one of the latter had been given us, which after a short search we found. This name not even the boldest of us would attempt to pro-

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1. At anchor in a fjord

3. Norwegian Custom House. — Off duty!

2. Types of boys who swarm round ships

DRAWN BY W. F. PEACOCK.

SKETCHES MADE IN BERGEN HARBOUR.

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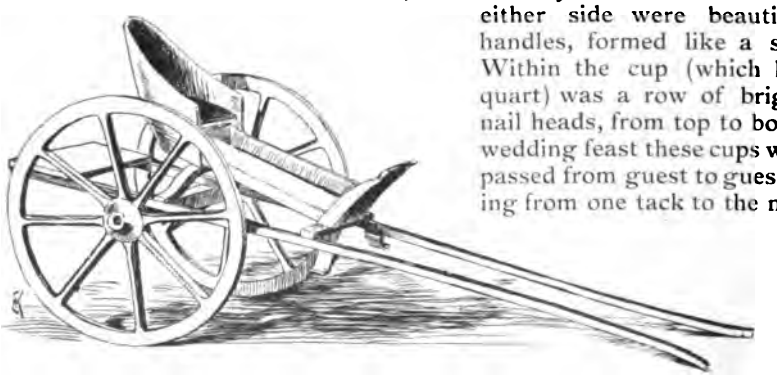
THE VOSS RAILWAY AND A TUNNEL.

nounce; but that shop took the remainder of our morning. It was like a museum to us, with its curious stock, including buttons of silver, carved or figured in outlandish devices, the underside concave having, close to the shank, the date of its manufacture; coins of all sizes and dates; and odd wedding rings, with half the hoop full of tiny links, to which were attached coins, about the size of a 25 cent gold piece. After many surmises as to how any woman could wear such a ring, we learned it was only at the ceremony and on great occasions that these rings were worn. As soon as the marriage ceremony is over, a plain silver ring is put on for use, while the more elaborate one is doubtless put away as a treasure. The drinking cup, so often read of, next claimed our attention. This was round or oval, and made just like a wee tub, while at either side were beautifully carved handles, formed like a swan's neck. Within the cup (which held about a quart) was a row of bright tacks or nail heads, from top to bottom. At the wedding feast these cups were filled and passed from guest to guest, each drinking from one tack to the next below it.



MODEL OF A CARRIOLE.

Dolls in pretty native costumes tempted us at every step, while the carved boxes

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and paper knives were a marvel of beauty and cheapness. Brooches, and aprons generally white with stripes of all colours across them, held out their charms; while above all were the lovely furs in every form one could use them. The fur-lined dainty opera cloaks proved almost irresistible.

The next charm offered us was a drive past the important public buildings, which were mostly built of stone. During our drive we were taken round a road overlooking the harbour, and as we rounded a point another harbour came in sight, where the King's yacht was again lying at anchor. We were told his Majesty was just about to land, so we drew up close to the line formed by a few of his subjects. Soon the sailors from his yacht came ashore and also drew up in line. Then came the policemen of the city, who followed the example of the sailors, and just as they had taken their places, a carriage with pink spokes in the wheels, and lined with the same delicate tint of silk, drew up at the end of the line. His Majesty stepped ashore ungreeted, except by the music of *one* kettle-drum. Soon a solitary cheer arose and fell, and after a short silence it was followed by a second and third cheer with a becoming interval of silence (that might be felt) between. By the time these cheers had died away the King had reached his carriage and stepped into it. The amazingly cool manner in which the Norwegians received their sovereign (unpopular though we knew him to be) exasperated us, and as he passed we stood on tiptoe and gave him a good English cheer, which he recognized with a gracious bow. My first glimpse of royalty was thus under circumstances disappointingly tame, for the people of Bergen did not go half a block out of their way to see their sovereign, and you might have counted on one hand all the handkerchiefs that were waved. Whether it was lack of handkerchiefs or enthusiasm I do not know.

A NORWEGIAN CHURCH OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

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"Our hotel at Vossevangen."

Having seen the King and the shops, the gathering clouds intimated that they had concluded not to let us off with too favourable an impression of Bergen weather, so we hurried back to our steamer just in time to escape a downpour. As we passed along the streets we had a good view of the bay, with its surrounding hills, the town lying in the great amphitheatre which they formed. Some of the old buildings, especially the fortress, claimed our attention. It is a high grey building, barred and bolted, and grim enough to suit the many tales told of it.

Four o'clock in the afternoon found us at the station from which the only railway in Norway runs. Its arrangements we found were very similar to those of a railway in Canada. Much to my surprise, I found the passenger cars built on the same plan as our own, the only difference being that several partitions crossed the car formed little rooms. The reason for this I could not find out, as all were travelling second-class. In fact, there was neither first nor third-class to travel by. Why they don't call it first-class I cannot tell, unless they expect to improve on the present accommodation. There was room for improvement in one respect, at any rate, as the seats were all wooden, guiltless of such a luxury as a cushion.

As soon as we left Bergen the scenery grew in beauty, so we all crowded close to the windows. I began to wish I could look two ways at once, and to wonder why the row of seats on the left side of the aisle were so much less sociable than those on the right. The seats on the left were intended evidently for only one, unless two thin people decided to be really friendly, and there was certainly no room for dispute. We

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were just comfortably seated when exclamations grew so strong that I decided that even Scotchmen could use adjectives upon *occasion*, and this evidently *was* an occasion. All was attention at our windows until curiosity got the better of me, when one swift glance revealed the fact that my neighbours were Irish. Sandy had not wakened up even yet! A bright thought occurred to us, and we took ourselves out to the platform at the rear of our car, which had iron gates at either side; here we made ourselves comfortable on the soft side of a box. To be sure we were crowded, but the fun of it all compensated for the loss of comfort.

How we sped along! Through farm lands, where they were working among the hay, past a pretty hamlet, when lo! sudden darkness fell upon us and the round spot of light grew smaller and yet smaller. Just as we began to speculate as to how long this midnight darkness was to last, we dashed out into daylight, where close below the track lay a lake of royal blue, while away across the water a white village on the green hillside caught our eyes. On we sped, never a lake but a tunnel succeeded it. Often the same village caught the eye two or three times as we wound round the lakes, and that whole ride was just a succession of dainty mountain villages beside lovely lakes, while tunnel after tunnel followed each other in quick succession. After about an hour's ride we stopped at a wee station for coffee, and a real scramble livened us up. Everyone paid for a cup of coffee, but drank his neighbour's in dire confusion, suspecting the train was about to move out every second. What fun we had in the ordering and drinking of the delicious coffee, which we sincerely hope is all paid for! After passing through fifty-two tunnels in a ride of sixty-six miles, Vossevangen was announced; but this was our destination, so we all filed out, hunted up our grips, and started up the road to the usual yellow hotel, where we discovered preparations for the King's reception were being made.

Winnifred Wilton.

(To be continued.)

SUMMER PATHS.

WHEN the mild lily queens in her sweet world,
Breathing benignance in the shady coves;
When dewy buds, for soft tomorrows curled,
Are sleeping; when the silence in the groves
Is wonderful; when morning-glories free
Their deep Aurora-bells to praise the morn,
Thrilled by a summer luxury I stray,
Led by a melody
To budding copses where the rose is born,
And fields where larks rise singing from the hay.

John Stuart Thomson.

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CHILDREN OF THE TOWN.

II.—YOUNG MOSES.

DO you know anything about Moses Lischniski—little Moses as he is called? He is in no way related to baby Rachael, so I fancy you are not acquainted with the little chap. Mosey may be found at any time playing policeman or soldier in the alley where Rachael lives. He shares the castle coal cart with her. The children love each other dearly, and some day, when he is a man, Mosey says he will marry baby Rachael.

I was sorry to hear the child express himself in this way. It is sad when baby minds have crept so far beyond the period of infancy that they have the power to even use such after-life words as "sweetheart" and "marriage."

Baby Rachael dropped her eyes when Mosey called her his sweetheart, and a pang shot through my heart, for I seemed to see the first shadow of a cloud creep over the pure innocency of that baby life. Is there any childhood, any babyhood at all in the world? We have sweethearts and lovers and beaux at four years. It is sad to think about. When Mosey called Rachael his sweetheart I lost patience, and, shaking him gently by the shoulder, asked him where the black crows flew to when the winter days crept in. He spread out his little arms and tripped lightly down the path towards the bay. Rachael and I clapped our hands in approval, and I regretted the previous annoyance I had felt. After all, why should one worry over the mind or moral formation of every street waif? Why lament over the dawning possibilities of the boyhood of Moses Lischniski, whose father fried fish in a common street dive, and who no doubt looked to fish frying propensities as the highest possible ideal in his son and heir.

Then as for baby Rachael, why worry? Ah, as for baby Rachael, the wee mite with the big black eyes had somehow crept into my heart unconsciously, much as a sunbeam creeps unnoticed into the dark corner of a room, but when the sun sinks, and the day dies, we wonder what strange change has come over our vision.

I first saw Mosey in a Sunday School for little waifs. Baby Rachael tugged him in by one hand, while Mosey, dragging behind, open-eyed and open-mouthed, took in the community. Now Rachael's mother, though by birth a Jew, had desired her little girl to come to the Mission School as a means of keeping her for a time off the street. Mosey had come, it appeared afterwards, without parental permission, and if one person can prevent it, Mosey Lischniski shall not again visit the Mission Sunday School. He loved the entertainment provided; poor little soul, he was easily pleased. He loved particularly one line of a certain hymn:

"Yes, Jesus loves me."

As soon as he had grasped the swing, and it is a very swingy hymn, he roared the words as loudly as his strong young lungs would admit. Moreover, he insisted upon contributing disconnected solos while prayers were going on, and upon being reprimanded, crooned the air softly to himself while his little knees rested on the floor, and his face was buried low in his hands.

Now Mosey has a remarkable memory. He carried the fragment of the hymn carefully home with him, and it came to pass on the following day that while Papa fried fish for the mid-day meal in his restaurant, Mosey doled forth several editions of his recently acquired accomplishment.

It was Rachael who retailed the story to me, and it was after hearing it that I became determined Mosey should never again visit the Mission, much as he loves its attractions.

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"Mosey's papa mad at Mosey," said baby Rachael, raising her big eyes to my face, while she endeavoured to straighten out the folds of my skirt to suit her taste, and then stood off at a short distance in order to take in the effect (Rachael will be an artist some day. The seeds are sprouting already. She has a remarkably true eye for artistic effect, has this offspring of a Jewish washerwoman).

DRAWN BY TOM WILKINSON.

"The next Sunday I saw Rachael and Mosey hand in hand."

"I suppose Mosey was not kind to father or he would not become angry with his little boy," I said, answering the child.

"What did he do?"

"O, he *would* sing," said Rachael sadly, clasping her little brown hands dramatically, and looking as though a world of sorrow and anguish were held in her words.

"Perhaps he sang too loudly," I ventured.

Rachael crept up to me, and placing her little thumb and forefinger almost together, signifying the smallest possible space, she said earnestly:

"O, when he sang the teeniest, weeniest bit like that his papa got mad, and slapped him, an' his mama came an' cried, and she slapped too. An' the man who was eating fish got mad, an' talked loud, an' they was all cross, an', an' I saw them all, for I was peeping in through the window, an' I stood on my tip-toes just so I could see Mosey over the top of the roast beef that's on the big blue plate in the window."

I became interested.

"What did he sing, dear?"

Rachael pulled at her black curls for a moment, looked down at her little toes, and then rolled her eyes all around the room until they reached the highest point above her. There she seemed to find what she wanted.

"O, he *would* sing, you know. It goes, 'Yes, Jesus loves me,' an' he singed it over in the little house where I go when my hair is curls."

"O," I said knowingly. This accounted for the wrath of the Jew father.

"An'," went on Rachael—

"Mosey, he say, 'I will sing it. Rakey sing it, an' all the little boys sing it, an', an', Yes, Jesus loves me,' an' his papa slap him again, an'—"

The next Sunday I saw Rachael and Moses hand in hand trotting off to the Mission School. They were chatting by the way, and I hurried to overtake them, longing to hear their conversation, which was always interesting. To-day it was theological. Rachael was sympathizing with Moses on account of the slapping he had received for singing his loved hymn. I stepped up behind them unnoticed. They were wandering along as children are wont to do, from one edge of the sidewalk to the other, oblivious of everything but their own little selves. Rachael,

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with her wonderful little reasoning powers, was repeating what she remembered of a little Christmas story she had heard in her kindergarten. There was little she ever forgot.

"An' you will, an' we will, sing 'Jesus loves me,' wont we, Mosey?"

Mosey grunted assent while Rachael hummed off a very high bar, tripping along as she did so, and dragging Mosey by the hand after her.

"O Mosey, I know all 'bout it. An' when we had the Christmas tree they told us a story, an' we singed 'bout Him, an' they had a red an' yellow picture, an' He carried lots of little sheeps in His arms, out in the woods. An' He didn't have on no boots, but He had curls all hanging down." She stopped for a moment and drew out one of her black curls to look at it.

"Not like mine, Mosey, not black, but curls like, like the sunshine. An' he died an' went to Heaven. An', an' He likes ye to save up your coppers an' not buy copper sticks. An', 'Yes, Jesus loves me.'"

Again the little treble voice broke into song, Mosey joining in, while the urchins hand in hand trotted off at a faster run, Mosey always bringing up the rear.

"I won't ever no more buy copper sticks, Rakey," he said breathlessly, "An' I will sing, Rakey, won't I?"

I overtook them at the door of the Mission. Rachael clung to my skirt, which is her usual greeting. I disengaged myself, however, and despatched her into the school. Then I took Mosey by the hand and led him home. We had a struggle at first. He cried bitterly for "Rakey," and stood firm as a little rock. Eventually, however, I led him away. Mosey is a dear child and has an iron will. I admire him for it. This mental strength in children is sometimes called obstinacy. It invariably degenerates into that when improperly trained. One of the best traits in the future man is frequently weakened and distorted by ill-treatment in childhood. One could reason with Mosey. He was not bad tempered, simply determined.

DRAWN BY TOM WILKINSON.

"He cried bitterly for 'Rakey'."

When we reached the little home, Mosey's father was smoking in the room back of the shop. The blinds were lowered in the front window, so that one could not see the stationary roast beef on the blue

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plate which interested baby Rachael, nor was there any fried fish visible to tempt the appetite of the passer-by.

Papa Lischniski smoked and thought, his arms folded over his broad chest, his eyes fixed on the floor. It is a mystery to know what occupies the minds of numbers of these lower class people who have such a passion for sitting in the sunshine and idly looking into space—whose weeks and months and years are spent within an area of a few feet, and whose mental strength is taxed only to the extent called upon by such accomplishments as frying fish or following the profession which is symbolized by three golden balls.

Nevertheless, Papa Lischniski smoked and dreamed. To be just, perhaps the good man was working out an entirely new menu for the coming week. There was certainly some deep hidden meaning on that thoughtful brow.

Mosey ran into the room, after which I introduced myself, and gently suggested the advisability of looking after the small boy on Sunday afternoons in order to prevent his running into the temptation of the Mission Hall.

When the Jew heard where the little lad had been he became wrathy, and shook his fist in the urchin's face. Mamma cried, and said Mosey had always been a trouble to them, but he would now grow to be a curse. They would thrash him, and if necessary lock him up. Poor little chap? These are the people who not unfrequently train up and supply the world with convicts. Moses has naturally a straightforward and honorable disposition. It will no doubt be dwarfed in his infancy.

We talked together for a short time, and gradually the Jew melted and promised to give Mosey another trial. Then the man courteously led me to his little front door, called me "one good young friend," and invited me to "call again."

And now the factotum of the Mission School has become at once angry and sorrowful. He says I have lost a little soul which we might have led to Christ. There are good people in the world who seem to find it difficult to distinguish between right and wrong, religion and conscience, creed and parental subjection—a soul lost that might have been led to Christ—a religion instilled into a child which would omit childhood's strongest commandment? What inconsistency! At present Mosey possesses an honest little heart. Soon he will have a clear understanding of right and wrong without the necessity of bringing discord and unhappiness into that little Jewish home behind the fish store. If his present nature clings to him till manhood, there is little fear but that the desirable religious attributes will attach themselves to him. Meantime one feels sure that should little Mosey and baby Rachael wander hand in hand into the presence of that Christ whom Rakey loves to picture as carrying little sheep, out in the woods, with no boots, but long curls like the sunshine, one feels quite sure that the Good Shepherd will be quite satisfied to allow Mosey time, after he has wandered into the fold, to learn the rest of that baby hymn he loved so well.

Esther Talbot Kingsmill.

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THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY.

BY ITS SECRETARY.

NEITHER so well known nor so powerful as the Royal Academy of Great Britain, yet with considerable influence and with a hope of a great future is the Canadian Royal Academy of Art. For over eighteen years it has been in existence, doing a good work, but being none too widely known, and none too generously appreciated. It has done something for those engaged in painting, sculpture and designing, and has aimed at improving the art quality of such Canadian manufactures as furniture, carpets, wall-paper and general house decorations.

His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, on being requested to become the patrons of the Ontario Society of Artists, in February, 1879, expressed the hope that it might not be long before a Royal Canadian Academy of Art would be instituted, to be composed and managed by Canadian artists. On May 26th of the same year the new building of the Arts Association of Montreal was opened by his Excellency and Her Royal Highness, and on this occasion the former again alluded to the prospects of forming a Royal Canadian Academy. In the June following, Mr. O'Brien, president of the Ontario Society of Artists, received a letter from His Excellency setting forth his scheme. It provided for the formation of a Dominion Art Association, having for its objects the exhibition of loan pictures, pictures of artists not previously exhibiting at any Dominion Exhibition, architectural drawings, designs for manufactures and all kinds of useful things for household purposes; and that these exhibitions be held in Ottawa, Halifax, St. John, Fredericton, Quebec, Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg. In September of the same year His Excellency and Her Royal Highness visited the gallery of the On-

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BUST OF MR. O'BRIEN, BY HAMILTON McCARTHY.

ITS FIRST PRESIDENT.

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A GROUP OF ACADEMICIANS.

TAYLOR. BELL-SMITH. HARRIS. DAY. FORSTER. McCARTHY.
BRYMNER. WATTS. JACOBI. O'BRIEN. HUTCHISON. SMITH. FORBES.

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PHOTO. BY TOPLEY.

A CORNER OF THE OTTAWA EXHIBITION OF 1894.

the Ontario Society of Artists, and presided at a meeting of the artists in Totonto, when the project of the formation of an academy was discussed, and the following resolution unanimously adopted :

Resolved that the members of this Society, having listened to the valuable suggestions of His Excellency in regard to the enlargement of the Society's usefulness by the establishment of a Royal Canadian Academy, to embrace the whole Dominion, (leaving all present art organizations intact), desire to express their cordial approval of His Excellency's views, and also that an early meeting of the Society be called for the purpose of taking practical steps in that direction.

At a subsequent meeting of the officers of the Ontario Society of Artists His Excellency submitted the following draft to the Ontario Society of Artists and the Art Association of Montreal, "they being the only important art societies in Canada," as a basis for the formation of a Canadian Academy of Art :

1. That a central Dominion association be formed, to be called "The Canadian Academy," and when formed the association apply for permission to be called the Royal Canadian Academy.

2. That academicians be selected from ladies and gentlemen of the present Art Association of Montreal and the Ontario Society of Artists who exhibit paintings or sculpture for sale.

3. The academicians so chosen shall be the governing body of the new Academy; that they shall elect a certain number of new members at intervals to be subsequently determined and that the Associates of the Academy be also elected by them.

4. That architecture and engraving be represented among the academicians.

5. That local associations shall in no way alter their present arrangements.

6. That the Academy hold the exhibition each year in the capital city of each province when possible.

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A GROUP OF WELL KNOWN ARTISTS EXAMINING A PIECE OF POTTERY.

PHOTO. BY TOPLEY.

PART OF THE OTTAWA EXHIBITION OF 1897.

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THE ACADEMY'S ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN.

7. The exhibition to consist of oil and water-colour pictures of the year, sculpture, architectural drawings and decorative designs.

8. That a loan collection be also shown at the same time.

In accordance with the request of His Excellency, a list of members was proposed for His Excellency's consideration. This small list, after much enquiry and consideration with artists and others interested in the subject was considerably enlarged, and finally received His Excellency's approval. His Excellency then directed that the Constitution, mainly founded upon that of the Royal Academy of Arts, should be printed and sent to those whom he had nominated as first members of the Academy. With very few exceptions all those nominated accepted the offered position, and undertook the responsibilities thus devolved upon them.

His Excellency appointed the following gentlemen as the first officers of the Academy, after which they were to be elected by the academicians as provided in the Constitution: L. R. O'Brien, President; M. Matthews, Secretary; N. Bourassa, Vice-President; Jas. Smith, Treasurer.

The Government of Canada gave the most generous and cordial support to the Academy, and placed at the disposal of the Academy for its first exhibition a commodious building.

On March the 6th, 1880, the first meeting of the members of the Academy was held, the Council for the ensuing year elected, and the first exhibition opened by His Excellency the Governor-General.

This first exhibition proved as interesting and successful as the promoters expected. It was attended by His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne. As Her Excellency the Princess Louise was unable to be present, she forwarded a message to the Academy saying that she regarded it as a great privation to be unable to be present to look upon the works of Canadian artists, as her whole heart and soul was with them in the object they had in view. She wished the Academy all prosperity and signified her willingness to render any help in her power. The members of the Government and the Parliament, and very many of the prominent citizens of Ottawa, were present, and expressed their pleasure at the exhibition.

The Council on May 17th, 1880, addressed a memorial to His Excellency the Governor-General to be forwarded to the Queen, respectfully praying that Her Majesty would be pleased to confer on the Academy the title Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, which was graciously acceded to by the Queen sanctioning the title as above.

The following is a portion of the form of diploma granted by the Governor-General to the Academicians of the Royal Canadian Academy:

Founded by the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise, 1880.

Whereas a Society for the purpose of cultivating and improving the Arts of Painting

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FROM A PAINTING BY G. A. REID, R.C.A.

MORTGAGING THE HOMESTEAD.

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THE EXAMINING COMMITTEE AT WORK.

Sculpture, Architecture and Industrial design has been established in the Dominion with the sanction of Her Majesty Queen Victoria has been entitled the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts ;

Therefore, in consideration of your skill in the art of———, you are by these presents constituted and appointed to be one of the forty Academicians of the said Royal Canadian Academy.

The Academy has held since its formation eighteen annual exhibitions in Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa, one in St. John and one in Halifax. The expense in connection with the holding of exhibitions in St. John and Halifax alternately with the other cities has been found to be too great for the financial ability of the Academy at present.

Since the formation of the Academy it has been enabled to accomplish much for art in the Dominion, and as one of its chief objects has been the establishment of a National Gallery in Ottawa, this has been done by the Academicians donating a picture as their diploma work, approved by the Council of the Academy. The Council has also from time to time, "as the funds of the Academy permitted," purchased important pictures from the members, and donated them to the National collection. The Government has also purchased pictures of eminent artists. Pictures have also been given to the gallery by private individuals, and by eminent English artists. Sculpture is represented by a work of Van Luppin, and a bust of the first President by Hamilton MacCarthy. The collection has now outgrown the space in the gallery, and the Government is considering the desirability of giving this National collection a home in the Geological Museum about to be erected in Ottawa.

The Academy, in addition to forming the National Gallery, has been enabled to give annual grants to the local Academicians of Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal for the establishment and

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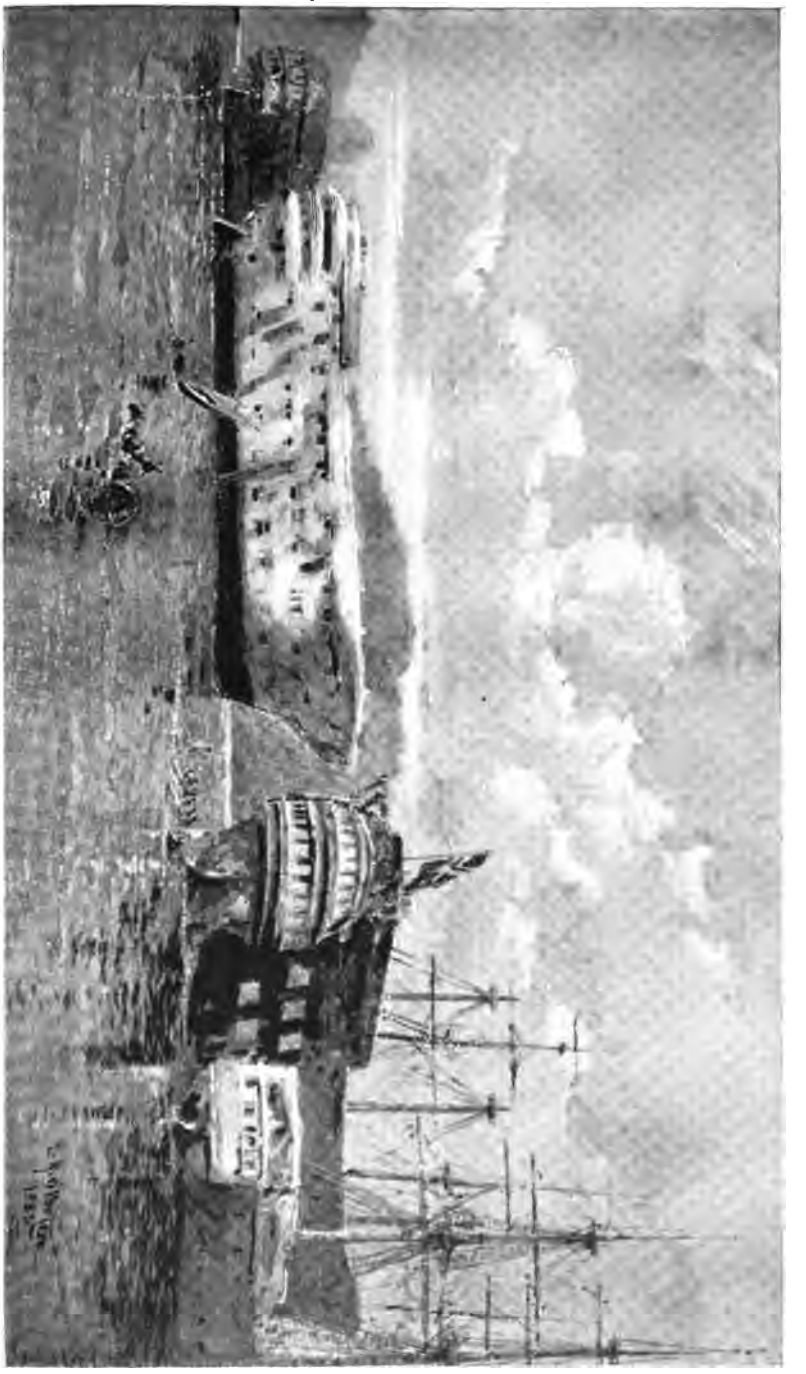

FROM A PAINTING BY L. R. O'BRIEN, R.C.A.

A REMINISCENCE OF ENGLAND'S NAVY OF THE PAST.

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FROM A PAINTING BY ROBERT HARRIS, P.R.C.A.
A PORTRAIT.

maintenance of free art schools of an advanced nature, attention being given to such subjects as lithography, wood-carving, and designing for wall papers, carpets, and other manufactures. These classes have been well patronized, and in consequence great success has been made in the various departments of art design.

Mr. L. R. O'Brien, of Toronto, retained the office of President of the Academy for ten years, and was succeeded by Mr. O. R. Jacobi, the veteran Canadian artist, who held the position for three years. Mr. Harris, of Montreal, has been the president of the Academy for the last four years. Mr. A. C. Hutchison, of Montreal, has been the vice-president since the resignation of Mr. Bourassa, about sixteen years ago. The present membership of the Academy consists of fifteen active academician painters, eight architects, one sculp-

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"THE SANDS O' DEE."

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FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT HARRIS, P.R.C.A.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

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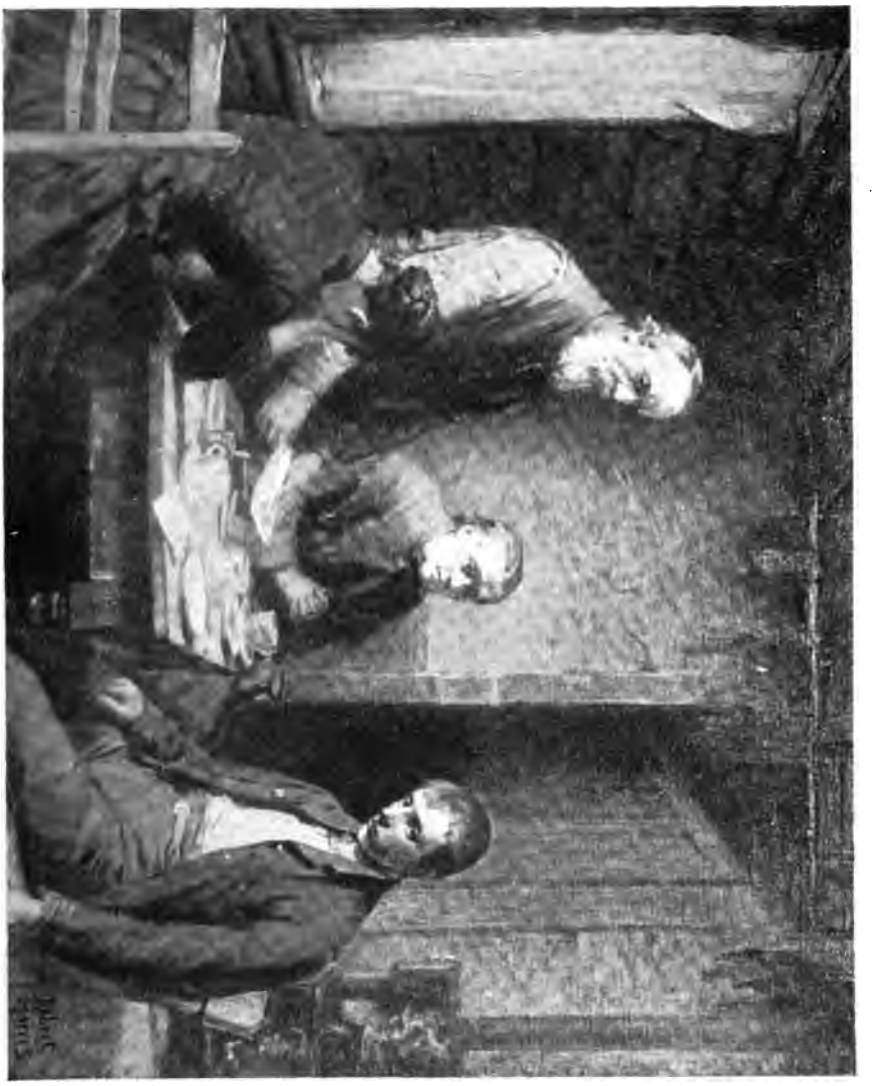
tor, two designers, and six non-resident honorary academicians, in all thirty-two members. Ten members have died since the formation of the society. The present associate membership of the Academy consists of thirty-one painters and nine architects.



FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT HARRIS, P.R.C.A.

"GOING WRONG."

The Academy at present is supported by an annual grant from the Dominion Government, supplemented by the fees of the academicians and of the associates; and as the expenses of the annual exhibition are so great, in consequence of the Academy being required by the constitution to exhibit in a different city each year, the freight and other expenses of the various works of art sent for exhibition by its members, and the grants to the free art schools of Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa, the Academy is not able to do as much in the advertising of art matters generally as its members would like. In order that it may be possessed of as ample information of art matters in the

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FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT HARRIS, P.R.C.A.

"PERE LE JEUNE IN THE FOREST."

Dominion as possible, it has in contemplation the gathering of information from the various Provinces of the Dominion as to what is being done in the way of art education; and should the finances of the Academy be increased by an extra grant from the Government, there is every reason to believe an extra effort will be made to increase the present grants to the local academicians in the cities of Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa, so as to enable them to encourage the free art schools in the above places with larger grants, and thus increase their usefulness in art education.

The next annual exhibition of the Academy will probably be held in the city of Toronto, when it is expected the artists of the Dominion will make an effort to provide an exhibition, not only of paintings, but of architectural drawings, sculptures, engravings, and other kindred works of art, such as will justify the establishment of the Royal Canadian Academy of Art.

A paragraph from the last report of the president in regard to the future of the Academy's progress is as follows:

"It may not be out of place again to draw attention to the great importance of deliberate quality in the works sent to the Academy exhibitions. It must be remembered that now we have to place our exhibitions in comparison with occasional displays of good foreign works, and it is to the interest of Canadian artists, collectively and individually, to keep the standard as high as possible, and to show no ill-considered productions. The ripest harvest of the year's work of our artists will provide an exhibition at which those interested in Canadian art need not blush."

James Smith.

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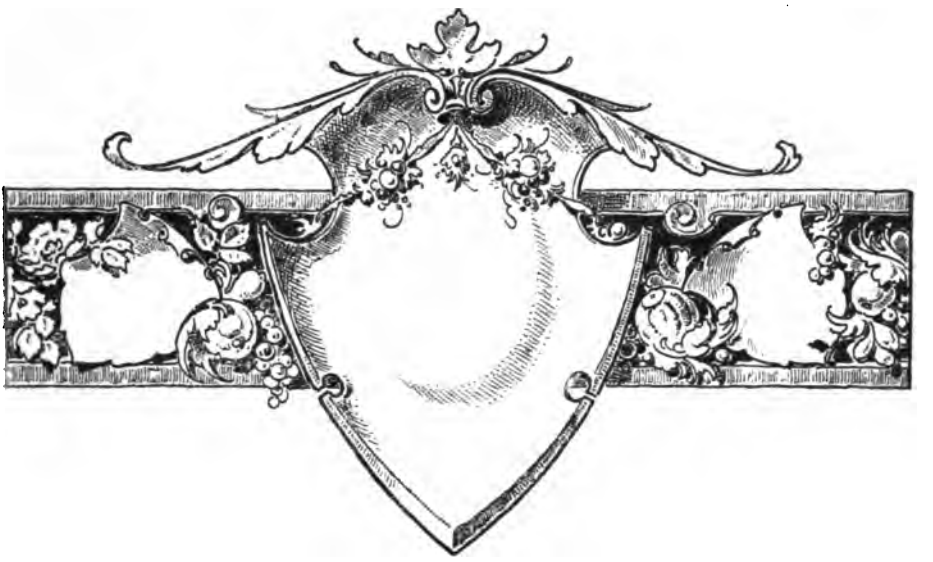

HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP.*

BY FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Monsieur Judas," "The Clock Struck One," Etc.

I.—THE COMING OF HAGAR.

JACOB DIX was a pawnbroker, but not a Jew, notwithstanding his occupation and the Hebraic sound of his baptismal name. He was so old that no one knew his real age ; so grotesque in looks that children jeered at him in the streets ; so avaricious that throughout the neighbourhood he was called "Skinflint." If he possessed any hidden good qualities to counterbalance his known bad ones, no person had ever discovered them, or even had taken the trouble to look for them. Certainly Jacob, surly and uncommunicative, was not an individual inclined to encourage uninvited curiosity. In his pawnshop he lived like an ogre in a fairy-tale castle, and no one ever came near him save to transact business, to wrangle during the transaction thereof, and to curse him at its conclusion. Thus it may be guessed that Jacob drove hard bargains.

The pawnshop—situated in Carby's Crescent, Lambeth—furthermore resembled an ogre's castle inasmuch as, though not filled with dead men's bones, it contained the relics and wreckage, the flotsam and jetsam of many lives, of many households. Placed in the centre of the dingy crescent, it faced a small open space and the entrance of the narrow lane which led therefrom to the adjacent thoroughfare. In its windows—begrimed with the dust of years—a heterogeneous mixture of articles was displayed, ranging from silver teapots to well-worn saucepans : from gold watches to rusty flatirons ; from the chisel of a carpenter to the ivory-framed mirror of a fashionable beauty. The contents of Dix's window typified in little the luxury, the meanness, the triviality and the decadence of latter-day civilization.

There was some irony, too, in the disposition of incongruous articles ; for the useful and useless were placed in

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significant proximity, and the trifles of frivolity were mingled with the necessaries of life. Here a Dresden china figure, bright-hued and dainty, simpered everlastingly at a copper warming pan; there a silver-handled dagger of the Renaissance lay with a score of those cheap dinner knives whose bluntness one execrates in third-rate restaurants. The bandaged hand of a Pharaohonic mummy touched an agate saucer holding defaced coins of all ages, of all nations. Watches, in alternate rows of gold and silver, dangled over fantastic temples and ships of ivory carved by labourious Chinese artificers. On a square of rich brocade, woven of silks multi-coloured as a parrot's plumage, were piled in careless profusion medals, charms, old-fashioned rings set with dim gems, and the frail glass bangles of Indian nautch-girls. A small cabinet of Japanese lacquer, black, with grotesque gilded figures thereon; talismans of coral from Southern Italy, designed to avert the evil eye; jewelled pipes of Turkey, set roughly with blue turquoise stones; Georgian caps with embroideries of tarnished gold; amulets, earrings, bracelets, snuff-boxes and mosaic brooches from Florence—all these frivolities were thrown the one on top of the other, and all were overlaid with fine grey dust. Wreckage of many centuries; dry bones of a hundred social systems, dead or dying! What a commentary on the durability of empire—on the inherent pride of pigmy man!

Within doors the shop was small and dark. A narrow counter, running lengthways, divided the whole into two parts. On the side nearest the entrance three wooden screens by their disposition formed four sentry-boxes, into which customers stepped when bent on business. Jacob, wizened, cunning, and racked by an eternal cough, hovered up and down the space within the counter, wrangling incessantly with his customers, and cheating them on every occasion. He never gave the value of a pawned article; he fought over every farthing; and even when he obtained the goods at his own price he grudged payment; for every coin he put down was a drop of blood wrung from his withered heart. He rarely went outside the shop; he never mingled with his fellow creatures; and, the day's chicanery ended, he retired invariably into a gloomy back parlour, the principal adornment of which was a gigantic safe built into the wall. Here he counted his gains, and saw doubtful customers not receivable in the shop, who came by stealth to dispose of stolen goods. Here, also, in his lighter moments, he conversed with the only friend he possessed in Carby's Crescent—or, indeed, in London. Jacob was in no danger of becoming a popular idol.

This particular friend was a solicitor named Vark, who carried on a shady business, in a shady manner, for shady clients. His name—as he declared himself—proved him to be of Polish descent; but it was commonly reported in the neighbourhood that Vark was made to rhyme with shark, as emblematic of the estimation in which he was held. He was hated only one degree less than Jacob, and the two, connected primarily as lawyer and client, had struck up a mistrustful friendship later on by reason of their mutual reputation and isolation. Neither one believed in the other; each tried to swindle on his own account, and never succeeded; yet the two met nightly and talked over their diverse rascalities in the dingy parlour, with a confidence begotten by an intimate knowledge of each other's character. The reputations of both were so bad that the one did not dare to betray the other. Only on this basis is honour possible among thieves.

Late one foggy November night Jacob was seated with his crony over a pinched little fire which burnt feebly in a rusty iron grate. The old pawnbroker was boiling some gruel, and Vark, with his own private bottle of gin beside him, was drinking a wineglass of it, mixed sparingly with water. Mr. Dix supplied this latter beverage,

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as it cost nothing, but Vark—on an understanding that dated from the commencement of their acquaintance—always brought his own liquor. A guttering candle in a silver candlestick—a pawned article—was placed on the deal table, and gave forth a miserable light. The fog from without had percolated into the room, so that the pair sat in a kind of misty atmosphere, hardly illuminated by the farthing dip. Such discomfort, such squalor, was only possible in a penurious establishment like that of Jacob.

Vark was a little, lean, wriggling creature, more like a worm than a man made in the image of his Creator. He had a sharp nose, a pimply face, and two shifty, fishy eyes, green in hue like those of a cat. His dress was of rusty black, with a small—very small—display of linen; and he rubbed his hands together with a cringing bow every time Jacob croaked out a remark between his coughs. Mr. Dix coughed in a rich but faded dressing-gown, the relic of some dandy of the Regency; and every paroxysm threatened to shake his frail form to pieces. But the ancient was wonderfully tough, and clung to life with a kind of desperate courage—though Heaven only knows what attraction the old villain found in his squalid existence. This tenacity was not approved of by Vark, who had made Jacob's will, and now wished his client to die, so that he, as executor, might have the fingering of the wealth which Dix was reported to possess. The heir to these moneys was missing, and Vark was determined that he should never be found. Meanwhile, with many schemes in his head, he cringed to Jacob, and watched him cough over his gruel.

"Oh dear, dear!" sighed Mr. Vark, speaking of his client in the third person, as he invariably did, "how bad Mr. Dix's cough is to-night! Why doesn't he try a taste of gin to moisten his throat?"

"Can't afford it!" croaked Jacob, pouring the gruel into a bowl. "Gin's worth money, and money I ain't got. Make me a little present of a glass, Mr. Vark, just to show that you're glad of my company."

Vark complied very unwillingly with this request, and poured as little as he well could into the proffered bowl. "What an engaging man he is!" said the lawyer, smirking—"so convivial, so full of spirits!"

"Your spirits!" retorted Jacob, drinking his gruel.

"What wit!" cried Vark, slapping his thin knees. "It's better than *Punch!*"

"Gin-punch! gruel-punch!" said Dix, encouraged by this praise.

"He, he! I shall die with laughing! I've paid for worse than that at the theatre!"

"More fool you!" growled Jacob, taking up the tongs. "You shouldn't pay for anything. Here, get out! I'm going to put out the fire. I ain't going to burn this expensive coal to warm you. And the candle's half-burnt too!" concluded Jacob resentfully.

"I'm going - I'm going," said Vark, slipping his bottle into his pocket. "But to leave this pleasant company—what a wrench!"

"Here, stop that stuff, you inkpot! Has my son answered that advertisement yet?"

"Mr. Dix's son hasn't sent a line to his sorrowing parent," returned the lawyer. "Oh, what hard-hearted offspring!"

"You're right there, man," muttered Jacob gloomily. "Jimmy's left me to die all alone, curse him!"

"Then why leave him your money?" said Vark, changing into the first person, as he always did when business was being discussed.

"Why, you fool!—'cause he's Hagar's son—the bad son of a good mother."

"Hagar Stanley—your wife—your gipsy wife! Hey, Mr. Dix?"

Jacob nodded. "A pure-blooded Romany. I met her when I was a Crocus."

"Crocus for Cheap Jack!" whined Vark; "the wit this man has!"

"She came along o' me to London when I set up here," continued Jacob,

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without heeding the interruption, "and town killed her; she couldn't breathe in bricks and mortar after the free air of the road. Dead—poor soul!—dead; and she left me Jimmy—Jimmy, who's left me."

"What a play of fancy——" began Vark; when, seeing from the fierce look of Jacob that compliments on the score of the dead wife were not likely to be well received, he changed his tone. "He'll spend your money, Mr. Dix."

"Let him! Hagar's dead, and when I die—let him."

"But, my generous friend, if you gave me more power as executor——"

"You'd take my money to yourself," interrupted Dix with irony. "Not if I know it, you shark! Your duty is to administer the estate by law for Jimmy. I pay you!"

"But so little!" whined Vark, rising; "if you——"

At this moment there came a sharp knock at the door of the shop, and the two villains, always expectant of the police, stared at one another, motionless with terror for the moment. Vark, who always took care of his skin, snatched up his hat and made for the back-door, whence, in the fog, he could gain his own house unquestioned and unseen. Like a ghost he vanished, leaving Jacob motionless until roused by a repetition of the knock.

"Can't be peelers," he muttered, taking a pistol out of a cupboard, "but it might be thieves. Well, if it is——" He smiled grimly, and without finishing his sentence he shuffled along to the door, candle in hand. A third knock came, as the clock in the shop struck eleven.

"Who is there, so late?" demanded Jacob, sharply.

"I am—Hagar Stanley."

With a cry of terror, Mr. Dix let the candle fall. For the moment, so much had his thoughts been running on the dead wife, this unexpected mention of her name made him believe that she was standing rigid in her winding-sheet on the other side of the door. One frail partition between the living and the dead! It was terrible!

"The ghost of Hagar!" muttered Dix, white and shaking. "Why has she come out of her grave?—and so expensive it was, bricked, with a marble tombstone."

"Let me in! let me in, Mr. Dix!" cried the visitor, again rapping.

"She never called me by that name," said Jacob, reassured, and scrambling for the candle; then having lighted it, he added aloud: "I don't know anyone called Hagar Stanley."

"Open the door, and you will. I'm your wife's niece."

"Flesh and blood!" said the old man, fumbling at the lock—"I don't mind that."

He flung wide the door, and out of the fog and darkness a young girl of twenty years stepped into the shop. She was dressed in a dark red garment made of some coarse stuff, and over this she wore a short black cloak. Her hands were bare, and also her head, save for a scarlet handkerchief, which was carelessly twisted round her magnificent black hair. The face was of the true Romany type: Oriental in its contour and hue, with arched eye-brows over large dark eyes, and a thin-lipped mouth beautifully shaped, under a delicately-curved nose. Face and figure were those of a woman who needed palms and desert sands and golden sunshine, hot and sultry, for a background; yet this Eastern beauty emerged from November mists like some dead Syrian princess, and presented herself in all her rich loveliness to the astonished eyes of the old pawnbroker.

"So you are the niece of my dead Hagar?" he said, staring earnestly at her in the thin yellow light of the candle. "Yes, it's true. She looked like you when I met her in the New Forest. What d'ye want?"

"Food and shelter," replied the girl curtly. "But you'd better shut the door; it might be bad for your reputation if any passer-by saw you speaking to a woman at this time of night."

"My reputation!" chuckled Jacob, closing and bolting the door. "Lord! that's past spoiling. If you knew how bad it is you wouldn't come here."

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"Oh, I can look after myself, Mr. Dix, especially as you're old enough to be my great-grandfather twice over."

"Come, come! Civil words, young woman!"

"I'm civil to those who are civil to me," retorted Hagar, taking the candle out of her host's hands. "Go on, Mr. Dix, show me in; I'm tired, and require sleep. I'm hungry, and wish for food. You must give me bed and board."

"Infernal insolence, young woman! Why?"

"Because I'm kin to your dead Hagar."

"Aye, aye, there's something in that," muttered Dix, and dominated, in spite of his inherent obstinacy, by the imperious spirit of the girl, he led her into the dingy parlour. Here she removed her cloak and sat down, while Jacob, in an unusual spirit of hospitality, induced by the mention of his late wife, produced some coarse victuals.

Without a word he placed the food before his guest; without a word she ate, and was refreshed. Jacob marvelled at the self-possession of the gipsy, and was rather pleased than otherwise with her bold coolness. Only when she had finished the last scrap of bread and cheese did he speak. His first remark was curt and rude—designedly so.

"You can't stay here!" said the amiable old man.

The girl retorted in kind: "I can, and I shall, Mr. Dix."

"For what reason, you jade?"

"For several—and all good ones," said Hagar, leaning her chin on her hands and looking steadily at his wrinkled face. "I know all about you from a Romany chal who was up here six months ago. Your wife is dead; your son has left you; and here you live alone, disliked and hated by all. You are old and feeble and solitary, but you are by marriage akin to the gentle Romany. For that reason, and because I am of your dead rani's blood, I have come to look after you."

"Jezebel! That is, if I'll let you!"

"Oh, you'll let me fast enough," replied the woman carelessly. "You are a miser, I have heard; so you won't lose the chance of getting a servant for nothing."

"A servant! You?" said Dix, admiring her imperial air.

"Even so, Mr. Dix. I'll look after you and your house. I'll scrub and cook and mend. If you'll teach me your trade, I'll drive a bargain with anyone—and as hard and fast a one as you could drive yourself. And all these things I'll do for nothing."

"There's food and lodging, you hussy!"

"Give me dry bread and cold water, your roof to cover me, and a bundle of straw to sleep on. These won't cost you much, and I ask for nothing more, Skinflint."

"How dare you call me that, you wild cat!"

"It's what they call you hereabouts," said Hagar with a shrug. "I think it suits you. Well, Mr. Dix, I have made my offer."

"I haven't accepted it yet," snapped Jacob, puzzled by the girl. "Why do you come to me? Why don't you stay with your tribe?"

"I can explain that in five minutes, Mr. Dix. We Stanleys are just now in the New Forest. You know it?"

"Truly, lass," said Dix, sadly. "'Twas there I met my Hagar."

"And it is from there that I, the second Hagar, come," replied the girl. "I was with my tribe, and I was happy till Goliath came."

"Goliath?" inquired Jacob doubtfully.

"He is half a Gorgio and half Romany—a red-haired villain, who chose to fall in love with me. I hated him. I hate him still!"—the woman's bosom rose and fell in short, hurried pantings—"and he would have forced me to be his wife. Pharaoh, our king you know, would have forced me also to be this man's rani, so I had no one to protect me, and I was miserable. Then I recalled what the chal had told me about you who wedded with one of us; therefore I fled hither for

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your protection, and to be your servant."

"But Goliath, this red-haired brute?"

"He does not know where I have gone; he will never find me here. Let me stay, Mr. Dix, and be your servant. I have nowhere to go to, no one to seek, save you, the husband of the dead Hagar, after whom I am named. Am I to stay or go, now that I have told you the truth?"

Jacob looked thoughtfully at the girl, and saw tears glistening in her heavy eyelashes, although her pride kept them from falling. Moved by her helplessness, mindful of the wife whom he had loved so well, and alive to the advantage of possessing a white slave whom he could trust, the astute ancient made up his mind.

"Stay," said he quietly. "I shall see if you will be useful to me—useful and faithful, my girl. If so, bread and bed shall be yours."

"It's a bargain," said Hagar, with a sigh of relief. "And now, old man, let me rest in peace, for I am weary, and have walked many a long mile this day."

So in this fashion came Hagar to the pawnshop; and it was for this reason that Vark, to his great astonishment, found a woman—and what is more, a young and beautiful woman—established in the house of Jacob Dix. The news affected the neighbourhood like a miracle, and new tales were repeated about Dix and his housekeeper, who, report said, was no better than she should be. But Hagar did not mind evil tongues; nor did the old man. Without a spark of love or affection between them, they worked together on a basis of mutual interest; and all the days that Jacob lived Hagar served him faithfully. Whereat Vark wondered.

It was not an easy life for the girl. Jacob was a hard master, and made her pay dearly for bed and board. Hagar scrubbed walls and floors; she mended such pawned dresses as required attention; and cooked the frugal meals of herself and master. The old pawnbroker taught her how to depreciate articles brought to be pawned, how to haggle with their owners, and how to wring the last sixpence out of miserable wretches who came to redeem their pledges. In a short time Hagar became as clever as Jacob himself, and he was never afraid to trust her with the task of making bargains, or with the care of the shop. She acquired a knowledge of pictures, gems, silverware, china—in fact, all the information about such things necessary to an expert. Without knowing it, the untaught girl became a connoisseur.

It required all Hagar's patience to bear cheerfully the lot which she had voluntarily chosen. Her bed was hard, her food meagre, and the old man's sharp tongue was perpetually goading her by its bitterness. Jacob, indeed—sure of his slave, since she had no other roof save his to cover her, exercised all the petty arts of a tyrant. He vented on her the rage he felt against the son who had deserted him. Once he went so far as to attempt a blow; but a single glance from the fierce eyes of Hagar made him change his intention; and, cowed for once in his tyrrany, Jacob never again lifted his hand to her. He saw plainly enough that if he once raised the devil in this child of the free gipsy race, there would be no laying it again. But, actual violence apart, Hagar's life was as miserable as a human being's well could be.

Stifled in the narrow shop in the crowded neighbourhood, she longed at times for the free life of the road. Her thoughts recalled the green woods, so cool and shady in summer; they dwelt on the brown heath lonely in the starlight, with the red flare of the gipsy fire casting fantastic shadows on caravan and tent. In the darkness of night she would murmur the strange words of the "calo jib," like some incantation to compel memory. To herself, while arranging the curiosities in the shop window, she would sing fragments of Romany songs set in minor keys. The nostalgia of the wilds, of the encampment and the open road, tortured her in the heat of summer;

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and when winter descended she longed for the chill breath of country winds sweeping across moors laden with snow, over pools rigid in the cold embrace of smooth and glassy ice. In the pawnshop she was an exile from her dream paradise of roaming liberty.

To make bad worse, Vark fell in love with her. For the first time in his narrow, selfish life, a divine passion touched the gross soul of the thieves' lawyer. Ravished by the dark loveliness of the girl, dominated by her untamed spirit, astonished by her clear mind and unerring judgment, Vark wished to possess this treasure. There was also another reason for the offer of marriage which he made, and this reason he put into words when he asked Hagar to become his wife. It took Vark twelve months to make up his mind to this course; and his wrath may be guessed when Hagar refused him promptly. The miserable wretch could not believe that she was in earnest.

"Oh, dear, sweet Hagar!" he whined, trying to clasp her hand, "you cannot have heard what your slave said!"

Hagar, who was mending some lace and minding the shop in the absence of Jacob, looked up with a scornful smile. "What you call yourself in jest," said she quietly, "I am in reality; I sold myself into bondage for bare existence a year ago. Do you want to marry a slave, Mr. Vark?"

"Yes, yes! Then you will no longer need to work like a servant."

"I would rather be a servant than your wife, Mr. Vark."

"The girl's mad! Why?"

"Because you are a scoundrel."

Vark grinned amiably, in no wise disturbed by this plain speaking. "My Cleopatra, we are all scoundrels in these parts. Jacob Dix is——"

"Is my master!" interrupted Hagar sharply. "So leave him alone. But this offer of yours, my friend. What benefit do you propose to gain if I accept it? You're not asking me to be your wife without some motive."

"Why, that's true enough, my beauty!" chuckled Vark; "Lord, how cunning you are to guess! The motive is double: one part love——"

"We'll say nothing about that, man! You don't know what love is! The other motive?"

"Money!" said Vark curtly, and without wasting words.

"H'm!" replied Hagar with irony. "Mr. Dix's money?"

"What penetration!" said the lawyer, slapping his knee. "My word, here's intelligence!"

"We'll pass over the usual compliments, Mr. Vark. Well, how is Mr. Dix's money to benefit you through me?"

"Why," said Vark, blinking his green eyes, "the old man's got a fancy for you, my dear; and all the liking he had for me he's given to you. Before you came, he made a will in favour of his lost son, and appointed me executor. Now that he sees what a sharp one you are, he has made a new will——"

"Leaving all the money to me, I suppose? That's a lie!"

"It *is* a lie," retorted Vark, "but one I wasn't going to tell you. No; the money is still left to the son; but you are the executor under the new will. Now d'ye see?"

"No," said Hagar, folding up her work, "I don't."

"Well, if I marry you, I'll administer the estate in your name——"

"For the benefit of the lost heir? Well?"

"That's just it!" said Vark, laying a lean finger on her knee—"the lost heir. Don't you understand? We needn't look for him, so we can keep the property in our own hands, and have some fine pickings out of the estate."

Hagar rose, and smiled darkly. "A nice little scheme, and worthy of you," said she contemptuously; "but there are two obstacles. I'm not your wife, and I am an honest girl. Try some of your lady clients, Mr. Vark. I'm not for sale!"

When she walked away Vark scowled. A scoundrel himself, he could not understand this honesty which stood

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in the way of its own advancement. Biting his fingers, he stared after Hagar, and wondered how he could catch her in his net.

"If that old miser would only leave her his heiress!" he thought, "she'd have no scruples about taking the money then; and if she had the money, I'd force her to be my wife. But Jacob is set on giving all his wealth to that infernal son of his, who so often wished his father to die. Aha!" sighed Vark, rubbing his hands, "I wish I could prove that he tried to kill the old man. Jacob wouldn't leave him a penny then, and Hagar would have the money, and I would have her. What a lovely dream! Why can't it come true?"

It was such a lovely dream, and offered such opportunities for diplomatic dealings, that Vark set to work at once to translate it into actual facts. He had many of the letters and bills of the absent Jimmy, who had been accustomed to come to him for the money refused by the paternal Dix. Counting on the old man's death, Vark had lent the son money for his profligacy at a heavy percentage, and intended to repay himself out of the estate. Now that Hagar was to handle the money instead of himself, he thought that there might be some difficulty over his usury, owing to the girl's absurd honesty. He therefore determined to give proofs to Jacob that the absent son had designed to rid himself of a troublesome father by secret murder. Once Dix got such an idea into his head, he might leave his wealth to Hagar. The heiress would then be wooed and won by skilful, scheming Mr. Vark. It was a beautiful idea, and quite simple.

Among his many shady clients Vark possessed one who was a clever forger, and who occasionally retired into one of her Majesty's prisons for too frequently exercising his talents in that direction. At the present moment he was at large. Vark gave him a bundle of Jimmy's letters, and the draft of a memorandum which he wished to be imitated in the handwriting of the absent heir. When this was ready, Vark watched his opportunity and slipped it into a Chinese jar in the back parlour, in which he knew Jimmy had been accustomed to keep tobacco. This receptacle stood on a high shelf, and had not been touched by Jacob since his son's departure. Vark, like the clever scoundrel he was, ascertained this fact by the thick and undisturbed dust which coated jar and shelf. The trap being thus prepared, it only remained to lead Jacob into it; and this Mr. Vark arranged to do in the most skilful manner. He quite counted on success, but one necessary element thereto he overlooked, and that was the aid of Hagar. But as he had designed the whole scheme primarily for her benefit, he never thought she would refuse to forward its aim. Which blindness showed that he was incapable of appreciating or even of understanding the honesty of the girl's character.

According to his custom, he came one evening to converse with Jacob. The room, with its solitary candle, the starved fire, and the foggy atmosphere, was the same as on the night when Hagar had arrived, save that now Hagar herself sat sewing at the table. She frowned when Vark came cringing into the room, but beyond greeting him with a slight nod she took no notice of the smiling scoundrel. Vark produced his bottle of gin, and sat down near the fire, opposite to Jacob, who on this night looked very old and feeble. The old man was breaking up fast, and was more querulous and crabbed than ever. As usual, he asked Vark if Jimmy had answered the advertisement, and as usual he received a negative reply. Jacob groaned.

"I'll die this winter," said he with moody face, "and no one will be by to close my eyes."

"What is this I hear Mr. Dix say?" cried Vark, smilingly. "He forgets our beautiful Hagar."

"Hagar is all very well, but she is not Jimmy."

"Perhaps if our dear friend knew all, he would be pleased that she isn't."

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Hagar looked up in surprise at the significant tones of Vark, and Jacob scowled. "What d'ye mean, you shark?" he demanded, a light coming into his faded eyes.

"Why," replied the lawyer, luring on the old pawnbroker, "Jimmy was a scoundrel."

"I know that, man," snapped Jacob.

"He wanted your money."

"I know that also."

"He wished for your death."

"It's probable he did," retorted Jacob, nodding; "but he was content to let me take my own time to die."

"H'm! I'm not so sure of that!"

Guessing that Vark had some scheme in his head which he was striving to bring to fulfilment, Hagar dropped her sewing, and looked sharply at him. As Vark spoke she saw him glance at the Chinese jar, and mentally wondered what possible connection that could have had with the subject of conversation. On this point she was soon enlightened.

"Vark," said Dix seriously, "are you going to tell me that Jimmy wished to kill me?"

The lawyer held up his hands in horror. "Oh, dear, that I should be so misunderstood!" he said in a piteous tone. "Jimmy was not so bad as that, my venerable friend. But if someone else had put you out of the way, he would not have been sorry."

"Do you mean Hagar?"

"Let him dare say so!" cried the girl, leaping to her feet with flaming eyes. "I do not know your son, Mr. Dix."

"What," said Vark, softly, "not red-haired Jimmy?"

Hagar sat down with a pale face. "Red-haired!" she muttered. "Goliath! No, it is impossible!"

Vark looked at Hagar, and she stared back at him again. With the approaching senility of old age, Jacob had ceased to take part in the conversation, and was moodily gazing into the miserable fire, a trembling and palsied creature. The idea hinted at by Vark—that Hagar had been employed by Jimmy to destroy him—so stupefied his brain that he was incapable even of expressing an opinion. Seeing this, the lawyer glided away from the dangerous topic, to carry out the second part of his scheme.

"Oh, dear, dear!" he said, hunting in his pockets. "My pipe is empty, and I have no tobacco with me."

"Then go without it, Mr. Vark!" said Hagar sharply. "There's no tobacco here."

"Oh, yes; I think in that jar," said the lawyer, pointing one lean finger at the high shelf—"Jimmy's jar."

"Leave Jimmy's jar alone!" mumbled Jacob savagely.

"What! will not Mr. Dix spare one tiny pipe of tobacco for his old friend?" whined Vark, going towards the shelf. "Oh, I think so; I am certain," and with this one of his long arms shot upward to seize the jar. Jacob rose unsteadily as Vark took down the article, and he scowled fiercely at the daring of his visitor. Indifferent to what was going on, Hagar continued her sewing.

"Leave that jar of Jimmy's alone, I tell you!" snarled Dix, seizing the poker. "I'll break your fox's head if you don't!"

"Violence—and from gentle Mr. Dix!" cried Vark, still gripping the jar. "Oh, no, no, not at all! If he ——"

At that moment Jacob lost patience, and delivered a swinging blow at the lawyer's head.

Ever watchful, Vark threw himself to one side, and the poker crashed down on the jar, which he held in his hands. In a moment it lay in fragments on the floor. A pile of broken china, a loose bit of dried tobacco, and a carelessly folded paper.

"See what your angry passion has done!" said Vark, pointing reproachfully to the *débris*. "You have broken poor Jimmy's jar!"

Jacob threw the poker inside the fender, and bent to pick up the folded paper, which he opened in a mechanical manner. Always methodical, Hagar went out of the room to fetch a dust-pan and broom. Before she could return with them she was recalled by a

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cry from Vark; and on rushing back she saw Jacob prone on the floor among the broken china. He had fainted, and the paper was still clutched in his hand.

"Bring water—salts!" cried Vark, his eyes filled with a triumphant light at the success of his plot. "My venerable friend is ill!"

"What have you been doing to him?" demanded Hagar, as she loosened the scarf round the old man's neck.

"I? Nothing! He read that paper which fell out of the jar—Jimmy's jar," added Vark, pointedly—"and went down like a ninepin!"

There was a jug of water on the table, used by Vark for diluting his gin, so Hagar sprinkled the wrinkled face of her master with this fluid, and slapped his hands. Vark looked on rather anxiously. He did not wish the old man to die yet; and Jacob was a long time coming out of his swoon.

"This paper made him faint," said Vark, removing it from Jacob's feeble grasp. "Let us see what it says." He knew the contents quite well, but nevertheless he read it aloud in a distinct voice for the benefit of Hagar. Thus ran the words: "Mem.: To extract the juice of foxglove—a poison difficult to trace—nothing can be proved after death. Small doses daily in old man's tea or gruel. He would die in a few weeks without suspicion. Will trust nobody, but will prepare drug myself."

Hagar looked steadily at Vark. "Who wrote that," she said in a low voice—"the old man's son or—you?"

"I?" cried Vark, with well-simulated indignation, "why should I write it?—or how could I write it? The penmanship is that of James Dix; it was concealed in his tobacco-jar; the jar was broken by accident; you saw it yourself. Do you dare to——"

"Be silent!" interrupted Hagar, raising Jacob's head; "he is reviving."

The old pawnbroker opened his eyes and looked wildly around. Little by little his senses returned to him, and he sat up. Then, with the aid of Hagar, he climbed into his chair, and began to talk and sigh.

"Little Jimmy wants me to die," he moaned feebly. "Hagar's son wants to kill me. Foxglove poison—digitalis—I know it! Not a trace does it leave after death. Hagar's son! Hagar's boy! Parricide! Parricide!" he said, shaking his two fists in the air.

"He wanted the money, you know," hinted Vark softly.

"He shall not have the money!" said Jacob with unnatural energy. "I'll make a new will; I'll disinherit him! Parricide! Hagar shall have all!"

"I, Mr. Dix? No, no!"

"I say yes, you jade! Don't cross a dying man. I am dying; this is my death-blow. O Jimmy, Jimmy! Wolf's cub! My will! my will!"

Pushing back Hagar, who strove to keep him in his chair, he snatched up the candle and staggered towards the safe to get his will. While he was looking within, Vark hastily fumbled in his capacious pockets. When Jacob replaced the candle on the table, Hagar saw thereon a sheet of paper covered with writing; also pen and ink. Jacob, clutching the will, beheld these things also, and anticipated the question on Hagar's lips.

"What's all this?"

"Your new will, Mr. Dix," explained Vark smoothly. "I never did trust your son, and I knew some day that you would find him out. I therefore prepared a will by which you left everything to Hagar. Or," added the lawyer, taking another document from his pocket, "if you chose to make me your heir——"

"You? You? Never!" shrieked Jacob, shaking his fist. "All shall go to Hagar, the namesake of my dead wife. I'm glad you had the sense to see that, failing Jimmy, I'd leave her my money."

"Mr. Dix," interrupted Hagar firmly, "I do not want your money; and you have no right to rob your son of—"

"No right! No right, you jade! The money is mine! mine! It shall be

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yours. I could have forgiven anything to Jimmy save his wish to poison me."

"I don't believe he did wish it," said Hagar bluntly.

"But the paper—his own handwriting!" cried Vark.

"Yes, yes; I know Jimmy's handwriting!" said Jacob, the veins in his forehead swelling with rage. "He is a devil—a par—par—!" The violence of his temper was such that Hagar stepped forward to soothe him. Even Vark felt alarmed.

"Keep quiet, you old fool!" said he roughly; "you'll break a blood-vessel! Here, sign this will. I'll witness it; and—" He stopped, and whistled shrilly. A man appeared. "Here is another witness," said Vark. "Sign!"

"It's a plot! a plot!" cried Hagar. "Don't sign, Mr. Dix. I don't want the money."

"I'll make you take it, hussy!" snarled Jacob, crushing the will up in his hand. "I shall leave it to you—not to Jimmy, the parricide. First I'll destroy this." With the old will he approached the fire, and threw it in. With the swiftness of a swallow Hagar darted past him and snatched the document away from the flames before it was even scorched. Jacob staggered back, mad with rage; Vark ground his teeth at her opposition. The stranger witness looked stolidly on.

"No!" cried Hagar, slipping the will into her pocket. "You shall not disinherit your son for me!"

"Give—give—will!" panted Jacob, and, almost inarticulate with rage, he stretched out his hand. Before he could draw it back he reeled and fell; a torrent of blood poured from his mouth. He was dead.

"You fool!" shrieked Vark, stamping. "You've lost a fortune!"

"I've saved my honesty!" retorted Hagar, aghast at the sudden death. "Jimmy shall have the money."

"Jimmy! Jimmy!" sneered Vark wrathfully. "Do you know who Jimmy is?"

"Yes—the rightful heir!"

"Quite so, you jade—the red-haired Goliath who drove you to this pawnshop!"

"It is a lie!"

"It is the truth! You have robbed yourself to enrich your enemy!"

Hagar looked at the sneering face of Vark; at the dead man lying at her feet; at the frightened countenance of the witness. She felt inclined to faint, but, afraid lest Vark should steal the will which she had in her pocket, she controlled herself with a violent effort. Before Vark could stop her, she rushed out of the room, and into her bedroom. The lawyer heard the key turn in the lock.

"I've lost the game," he said moodily. "Go and get assistance, you fool!" this to the witness; then, when the man had fled away, he continued: "To give up all that money to the red-haired man whom she hated! The girl's mad!"

But she was only honest; therefore her conduct was unintelligible to Vark. So this was how Hagar Stanley came to take charge of the pawnshop in Carby's Crescent, Lambeth. Her adventures therein may be read hereafter.

(To be Continued.)

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A WORD FROM CANADA.

BY

FRANCIS SHERMAN,

LEST it be said,
One sits at ease
Westward, beyond the outer seas,
Who thanks me not that my decrees
Fall light as love, nor bends her knees
To make one prayer
That peace my latter days may find,—
Lest all these bitter things be said
And we be counted as one dead,
Alone and unaccredited
I give this message to the wind:

Secure in thy security,
Though children, not unwise are we;
And filled with unplumbed love for thee,—
Call thou but once, if thou wouldst see!
Where the grey bergs
Come down from Labrador, and where
The long Pacific rollers break
Against the pines, for thy word's sake
Each listeneth,—alive, awake,
And with thy strength made strong to dare.

And though our love is strong as Spring,
Sweet is it, too,—as sweet a thing
As when the first swamp-robins sing
Unto the dawn their welcoming.
Yea, and more sweet
Than the clean savour of the reeds
Where yesterday the June floods were,—
Than perfumed piles of new-cut fir
That greet the forest-worshipper
Who follows where the wood-road leads.

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But unto thee are all unknown
These things by which the worth is shown
Of our deep love; and, near thy throne,
The glory thou hast made thine own
Hath made men blind
To all that lies not to their hand,—
But what thy strength and theirs hath done:
As though they had beheld the sun
When the noon-hour and March are one
Wide glare across our white, white land.

For what reck they of *Empire*,—they,
Whose will two hemispheres obey?
Why shouldst thou not count us but clay
For them to fashion as they may
In London-town?
The dwellers in the wilderness
Rich tribute yield to thee their friend;
From the flood unto the world's end
Thy London ships ascend, descend,
Gleaning—and to thy feet regress.

Yea, thou and they think not at all
Of us, nor note the outer wall
Around thy realm imperial
Our slow hands rear as the years fall,
Which shall withstand
The stress of time and night of doom;
For we who build, build of our love,—
Not as they built, whose empires throve
And died,—for what knew they thereof
In old Assyria, Egypt, Rome?

Therefore, in my dumb country's stead,
I come to thee, unheralded,
Praying that Time's peace may be shed
Upon thine high, anointed head.
—One with the wheat,
The mountain pine, the prairie trail,
The lakes, the thronging ships thereon,
The valley of the blue Saint John,
New France—her lilies,—not alone,
Empress, I bid thee, Hail!

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THE PILLARS OF THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.*

II.—THE SECOND MRS. BLAIRE.

SHE was from the back township, and the whole church membership had on its funeral face the day she came to meeting, a bride.

John Blaire's first had been dead and gone five years in June, and we'd grown accustomed to making allowances for his motherless children and pitying him, when, all of a sudden, he up and marries this Miss Spanner that nobody knew anything about. We all felt lost and angry with him for marrying a second time, and pitied the children with all our hearts.

Now, up to that time, I had a feeling that stepmothers were always sure to make mischief. I've changed my mind. They're not to blame for everything. Neither are the children. They'd usually get along as well as could be if outside folks would only pay strict attention to their own affairs. But they don't. The children's maternal relatives rub them the wrong way. They tell them things that make them feel their own dead mother is being insulted, and by the time the stepmother gets home the children are buzzing like mad bees, and ready to swarm if they're big enough.

We all had those bad feelings—that this Miss Spanner would sit in Marthy Blaire's place in meeting, and maybe be cross to little Bessie, John's youngest. But she was a Christian; not that she professed much, but she worked at it; and we all felt like sinners when she showed us where we stood.

As I said, we didn't know anything about her. She was in a store out at Peter's Landing when John Blaire met her, and the general joke was that she had grown tired working for wages and had somehow been attracted by this chance to work without them. There was no doubt that work was lying around just aching to be done, out at the Blaire farm, for John was not counted a good manager. He was kind-hearted enough; but he said he'd been crushed by trouble, and he seemed to find it easier to bear when he sat around and half-cried than when he worked it off. Of course, we aren't all built on the same plan; but most of us can lift more with our hearts if we keep lifting steadily with our hands. He was n't much to look at—John Blaire was n't—skimpy around the shoulders and small-eyed; so we didn't count on his getting much of a wife. But she made a big commotion the day she came to meeting. She had the sweetest, prettiest smile, and a soft colour in her cheeks and a lot of fuzzy hair. Her clothes were cut smart, but they were dark coloured, and she acted as if she had been coming to that meeting house and sitting in that seat ever since she was born.

Goody Thompson had said that like as not John and his new wife would come off to church alone and leave the children home, and she had worked herself up into a mournful state over the neglected little tribe, abused and left in tears by their "bossy new ma." But that was all a mistaken conclu-

* No. 1 of this series, entitled "Dr. Jordan," appeared in the July number.

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sion. The whole family came in the old democrat (notwithstanding that John had just bought a new top buggy), and the bride held Bessie on her lap. Bessie was sickly, and it was for her we felt most. The boys could take care of themselves, except Patsy, and he was ten; and it looked as if Sarah Ann was going to marry Tom Perkins; so really Bessie'd mind it more than the rest. But she did n't seem to need our pity that day; for she was dressed all sweet and clean, and she snuggled up to that stranger as if she loved her already. Goody Thompson looked beat. She could n't say, "I told you so," and even those of us who had kept "shet mouths" were nonplussed at the happy looks of that family of eight. She was a little woman, and Sarah Ann and those lumbering boys looked like beef beside her. If it came to rough-and-tumble, she would get the worst of it; but it often happens that a woman with that kind of a mouth and chin can turn people with her tongue, and so slow and gentle, too, that they have an idea they're going their own way, while they're doing her bidding.

Of course the Ladies' Aid and the Dorcas, the Missionary Society, the League, the Temperance Band, the Circle of Earnest Workers, and all the rest of them got right after her. She was nice to them all, but she just smiled and said that she and Mr. Blaire had talked it over and they had decided (the idea of John Blaire deciding anything almost made us laugh, but that was her nice way of putting it) that there was so much in their own home to work at just now, that they really could n't see their way clear to doing any labour in any of the "foreign fields." There was a good deal of discussion among the members about that, but most of them upheld her. It had been no secret that the Blaire boys were out every blessed night, and Sarah Ann could n't ask Tom Peters into the house because that Patsy and Bessie behaved so badly. John had been pretty much mixed up in all sorts of doings, which gave him excuses to be away most of the time, so it was no news to us that the Blaires would be pretty busy for some time if that untidy, neglected house was to be made into a home.

It was a square brick house, and it used to have brown shutters and a white veranda, but it hadn't been painted since Jack was a baby and he's the same age as the twin Currie girls, and they're eighteen. Poor Marthy used to say John was going to "next spring," but she only meant she wanted it done, and that did n't mean anything to John. It's a mean sort of a thing to say, and of course a body can't be sure, but I do think John had the upper hand of Marthy all her life, and she would n't have gone so soon if she hadn't been too broken-spirited to care whether she lived or died when the fever took her.

We didn't any of us think he'd get the upper hand of this one, and no one complained of her on that account. Seeing there is no marrying or giving in marriage in the next world, it is only fair that a man who has two marriages here should have them varied.

Things began to look better and better for the Blaires. They painted the house inside and out and sodded the front yard, and Bessie got doctored up, and stopped crying if you looked at her, and Dan, who had some cowboy notion or other, and wouldn't wear anything but one of those turn-down flannel collars, came out in a decent white collar and a very red face, exactly three weeks after the wedding.

It's queer the effect a woman who's a good manager has on a family. You could see the marks of Mrs. Blaire's fingers on every boy and girl in that pew, and they were not red marks either. Till she came Patsy's hair had been cut with a bowl, but a good shingling made him look as smart as the minister's son. Sarah Ann was good-natured like her father, but she was fat, and she seemed to be always coming out of her clothes. If she wore a tie it was under one ear. If the feather in her hat was meant to go up straight it laid over at 45°. If her gloves hap-

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pened to be clean they were sure to have holes, and she never blacked her shoes at the heels. In fact, Sarah Ann was just the kind of a girl who is a load on any tidy woman's mind, and it's likely her neat little step-mother had her own times with her.

John Blaire had always had the idea that the children were neglected, and merely because they had no mother, but it hadn't seemed to occur to him that he had any duty or example towards them. For instance, Patsy had been caught smoking and his father had threshed him. That was a year back, and it did n't cure him, of course. But Patsy's new mother settled it. She told Patsy that he and his father had better swear off together, and that struck Patsy as so unlikely that he said he would, and felt awfully important. Then she went to John and laid it all before him.

"You can't expect to train children," said she—John told all about it in class-meeting—"if your're not willing to train yourself. I'll do what I can, but this tobacco business is all yours."

John owned up he was ruffled. He was quite anxious she should find fault with the bringing up of his motherless little ones, but he did n't bargain she should get her training in on him.

"And it was a tussle;" he told us he never would have believed that it would be so hard to give up the chew and the pipe, but there was young Patsy, with the grit of a grenadier, and Patsy's old father could n't be outdone by his ten-year-old. They have both clean mouths now, and it may, or it may not be of much account, but it showed John Blaire where he stood in relation to his family. He was chief monkey in a tribe of imitators and he had n't sensed it before.

Billy, the second boy, was a little weak-minded. You would n't notice it at first sight. But he talked queerly and was clumsy with his hands when he went to do anything. Well, she set herself to teach him things no one else had ever bothered with—things that quick-witted folks learn with seeing done, and the others do not. We all saw how he was improved and it went to our hearts. Teaching clever children is a pleasure, but teaching another woman's dull child has a good deal of christianity in it.

We all came to approve of the second wife, though everyone still wondered why she married him, and that's natural enough—it's said of most every bride and groom, at most every wedding, and the family on each side thinks its representative is getting the worst of it (part of which is thick-headedness, and part, just human nature).

Well, Mrs. Blaire had been married three years before she was much of a "pillar," except in helping her husband and his children to do their plain duty, and doing hers as well as she could all the time. But in the fall the apple crop failed, Sarah Ann and Dan both went to homes of their own, and the others were grown up and smoothed down so as they could behave, and then John and his wife began to come to all the meetings. She didn't talk much, but she was a worker. She wasn't one of those women who always want to wear sashes or caps at socials, and sprogge around so much that they are sick in bed for a week afterwards. If she could n't do a thing without neglecting her family she would say so, but she was always one of the faithful few who turn up to help wash dishes after a tea-meeting or tidy the church after a Christmas tree. We were beginning to lean on her, for she was a good manager, when something happened to throw us back on ourselves and to take her right out of the meeting house to be a home-staying pillar as long as ever she lives.

She was walking down the lane with Bessie one evening, and Thompson's bull, which ought to have been killed long before, broke through the end gate and chased them. Mrs. Blaire could have got away herself, but Bessie, being weakly, was paralyzed with fear and had to be dragged along, and the mad creature caught up to them. John's hired man saw the whole thing and was running like wild to get to them. When the beast was

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just on them Mrs. Blaire let Bessie fall to the ground and she lay right over her and covered her arms over her head, and the bull charged and tramped and tried to gore the heap that the woman and the girl made. Old Jake gave them up for dead, but after a while they both came to, and Bessie was n't hurt a bit, but the stepmother was gored and bruised a good deal. At first they thought she would get over it, but her spine was hurt where the beast tramped on her, and she's paralyzed in one side, and always will be.

Her head's clear as a bell though, and she can smile and talk in a queer sort of way. Bessie waits on her hand and foot in a manner that's wonderful to see. It is strange how Bessie got strong all so quickly—just braced up when there was something for her to do. And she ought to, dear knows, for that stepmother laid down more than her life that day.

John has said since that she was a blessing to him and to his home from the day she first set foot in it, but more than ever since she was tied to her chair. He says he never saw her out of patience yet, and her face is the most peaceful one in the house. Every one respects her, every one loves her, and she's a sermon that has more effect on us than even our minister's. That is why we always count her in as one of the pillars of the church.

Ella S. Atkinson (*Madge Merton*).

A MOOD.

SONGS of birds and buzz of bees,
The air is full of sound,
The branches bow to the passing breeze,
And the brave old world moves round.

I hold in my hand a leaf that is dead,
And it whispers sad tales to me,
My heart becomes filled with an unknown dread
Of the sorrows that are to be.

The wind moans in the trees,
The air is full of sound,
The branches bow to the passing breeze
While the brave old world moves round.

Augusta Helen Thompson.

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THE YOUNG 'SQUIRE.

RICHARD, the young esquire, has ridden out—
Casque on his head and gauntlet on his arm,
Across the hills that circle round about.
Oh pray, Cordelia, that he meets no harm
From soldier's spear or angry wizard's charm.

The wooded hills are crimson in the west,
And eastward from the dusk, out-breaks a star;
Pray that the only crimson on his breast
Is that silk coat he won in Acavar,
And not the woeful hero-stain of war.

All night he rode. At early break of day
He reached a gloomy castle in a plain.
A mighty dragon slept beside the way—
Its scales all clouded with a horrid stain.
The young esquire, with quickened heart, drew rein.

He couched his lance—the monster's lurid breath
Scorched all the grass—it raised its head to him;
He spurred along, as if he courted death,
And drave his good lance in with knightly vim.
The monster fell—its eyes were wide and dim.

He fought the warders at the castle gate—
Three fierce, black men, and left them in their gore.
Beyond, a swordsman eyeing him with hate—
The cavalier quick forced him to the floor,
And dashing past flung wide the castle door.

He saw a comely maiden standing there,
Who smiled, and kiss't his hand with homage sweet.
All gold and glisten fell her perfumed hair,
And dazed, he knelt before her jewelled feet.
She led him out where there was wine and meat.

Oh pray, Cordelia, that he meets no harm,
From soldier's spear or angry wizard's charm.

The lady served him bread with her white hands,
And filled his golden flagon with the wine.
He told her wondrous tales of foreign lands,
And watched her eyes—she, with a black design,
Let fall her golden bracelet for a sign.

And as he stooped to raise it, o'er her face
Flashed silent laughter, that could scarcely hide
The hatred underneath. With knightly grace
He raised it to his lips—the door swung wide
And some one drave a dagger through his side.

Can you not see, in this my ancient rhyme,
Something that may apply to our own time?

Theodore Roberts.

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TO CAPE NORTH

BY HON. J. W. LONGLEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NOVA SCOTIA.

THE scenery of Cape Breton is world-famed. Charles Dudley Warner heard of it and made a tour thither, and the result was a charming book, "Baddeck and that Sort of Thing." Since then Cape Breton has become a favourite resort for summer tourists who care to escape from the great watering-places near home, or do not care or cannot afford to go to Europe.

The scenery of Cape Breton is lovely—all of it. The Strait of Canso, especially when calm and glassy, is a most striking bit of scenery, while the Bras d'Or Lakes, studded with foliage-covered islands and surrounded by wooded hills, reaching at places the dimensions of mountains, afford a most charming sail in the summer months. The lakes have two outlets to the ocean—one, the Great Bras d'Or, the other, the Little Bras d'Or, both of them long, narrow channels with a constant variety of shore scenery. The sail, on an early summer morning, through the Little Bras d'Or, when the surface is like a mirror, is unexpectedly charming. The steamer which bears you winds through channels so narrow that a pebble could be tossed to the shore on either side. The shores are a mixture of green fields, evergreen trees, and white cottages, and the whole scene is beautiful in the highest conception of beauty.

But, to speak truly, the great numbers of tourists who visit Cape Breton summer after summer and speak with rapture of its natural beauties have never seen its wonders of scenery at all. The part that is really sublime in its heights and sweep is rarely visited. I refer to the stretch of country extending for seventy or eighty miles above St. Ann's Bay to Cape North, the most northern point of Nova Scotia, and nearly the most eastern point on the continent of North America.

Some years ago there was a great short line enterprise conceived in New York, which was to run a fast line of railway to Cape North and thence transport it on large ferry boats to Newfoundland over the Bellisle Straits, across the island to an eastern point, and thence by steamer to Ireland. By this means it was alleged that the distance between New York and Ireland could be reduced to four and a half days, and with an enormously diminished sea voyage—about 1,700 miles, I believe—this route would supersede the present luxurious ocean steamers. The scheme has apparently fallen through, but it is referred to in order to induce the reader to take down his map and study this point of the continent. To follow me in the famous journey I made to Cape North, it would add greatly to the interest to follow at the same time the course of the map.

To be precise, the tourist may assume that he is in Halifax. To reach Cape Breton he will take the Intercolonial Railway to the Strait of Canso—the narrow bit of water which separates the Island of Cape Breton from Nova Scotia proper, to which politically it belongs. This is about 180 miles. The strait is crossed by ferry, and a train is taken on the opposite side which will carry him to the Sydneys, and intermediate points. Grand Narrows, Baddeck, Whycocomagh, Margaree and Sydney are the chief objective points, and all are well worth visiting. But to see them all will not afford any idea of the scenic grandeur of Cape Breton.

For the purposes of my journey, Baddeck shall be the starting-point. This was Mr. Warner's objective point. It is a thousand pities he had not ventured the journey to Cape North. Mr. Warner's book did Baddeck a great deal of good, for it has

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steadily grown as a favourite summer resort. Since then, Professor Alex. Graham Bell, of telephone fame, has fixed his residence there on the romantic tongue of land called Red Head, which lies across the harbour in front of the village. Professor Bell has spent a great deal of money and has already a most delightful place, with abundance of park land and all the facilities of comfort and luxury.

Not far from the village, and almost directly opposite Prof. Bell's residence, Mr. George Kennan, the celebrated Siberian explorer, and the author not only of the famous series of articles in the *Century* on Siberian Exiles and Prison Life, but of other literary work, has a most cosy and romantic residence, at which he and his wife seem to thoroughly enjoy themselves. From Baddeck to Cape North is about ninety miles, and this is the journey which will reveal wonders of scenery.

It was in July, 1892, that I made the journey. It is not a frequented section. Few persons from outside ever penetrate Cape Smoky. Public business called me thither—the investigation of certain alleged irregularities in the expenditure of Government road moneys. As it bade fair to be an interesting and romantic summer outing, my wife desired to accompany me. That settled it. Together we went.

To Baddeck is very easy. To Grand Narrows by rail. Then twelve miles by steamer to Baddeck. This is ordinary travelling. Nothing unusual about it in any way. Since Dudley Warner made his visit, however, there has arisen a brand new court house, and a new jail, and the edifice that gave so much scope to his grim humour has disappeared from among the interesting landmarks of the town.

At Baddeck we obtained a horse and buggy—that is, a top-chaise, as it used to be called in my early days. I have no fault to find with the outfit. The covered buggy was very comfortable as a protection against the rays of the scorching sun which pelted upon us from the beginning to the end of the journey. The horse was a very kind animal, with only one fault, namely, that nothing could induce him to walk down hills. He was steady and sure-footed, and behaved excellently in all cases of danger, but this determination to go at an accelerated pace down steep declivities constituted an important factor in that journey, as will be seen.

The first stage was to Englishtown, a settlement less than twenty miles north of Baddeck. This part of the journey was nothing different from an ordinary drive in any other part of the country. It is a very pretty section. Englishtown is on St. Ann's Bay, and most beautifully situated. The settlement is on one side of the bay, and slopes gently from the water. On the other side of the bay, which is not over a mile wide, is a steep and lofty hill—almost entitled to the dignity of mountain. When the bay is still, the whole wooded elevation opposite is reflected from the surface of the water, and the top peaks seem to extend to vast and mysterious depths.

Englishtown is the home of Angus McAskill, who, a generation ago, was exhibited over most of the continent as the Nova Scotia giant. He was between seven and eight feet high, of enormous frame, and weighed, I am afraid to say how many hundred pounds. At the house where we remained over night and over Sunday, we were shown one of his slippers which had been preserved as a sacred relic. At the first sight we exploded with laughter. It did seem positively ridiculous to see a regularly made leather shoe or slipper nearly a yard long, and broad in proportion. A piece had been cut out over one of the toes to relieve a corn. A child's shoe could have been made out of the piece. We visited his grave, which still seems gigantic, though its outlines are obscured considerably by a growth of grasses and weeds.

But Englishtown is only by the way. On Monday morning we started in earnest for Cape North. Even at Englishtown we could see the range of hills which stretched along the North

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Shore in front of us, terminating thirty miles distant in the famous Cap Fumee of the French, now, under English rule, developed into Cape Smoky.

At this distance of thirty miles its outlines were quite clear, and it looked formidable even though softened by a haze which hung over it like a drab veil.

To reach the North Shore road from Englishtown it is necessary to cross a ferry, and this we did, horse, carriage and all in a lumbering row boat, which landed us serenely in a bank of sand. Then we followed the road at the foot of the chain of hills along the North Shore, till Smoky was reached and had to be crossed.

This drive is nothing unusual. It is very pretty and very much out of the way. We saw the witch of the North Shore, a sort of local Meg Merrilies, about whom a great number of stories are told. We heard of the bottomless well and other incidents which might be worked up, but not here and now.

It was about three or four in the afternoon when we approached the foot of Cape Smoky. The road we were taking terminated on one side of this rocky eminence. To go farther it had to be crossed. Until very recently it had not been crossed. The people who settled in Ingonish, Neil's Harbour, Aspy Bay, Cape North and Bay St. Lawrence had for years their only communication with the rest of the world by water. Why any person should have settled in such a place may be a source of wonder. But it is an excellent fishing locality. Men have made small fortunes in the fisheries there. Besides, the land is fertile and the climate genial. To all this must be added the unaccountable hunger for land characteristic of the age, and the unexplainable impulse which takes settlers to unopened regions in every part of this continent.

At last, by special grants from the Government, a road was projected over this steep and rugged Cape Smoky, so that the people north of it should have land communication with the rest of the world. A road *over* it would be utterly unpracticable. Nobody could traverse such a road. But the problem was solved by constructing a road around it, winding up along its steep sides by a gradual ascent. To accomplish this a path about ten feet wide was cut to a level on the side of the mountain. This is wide enough for a horse and carriage to pass, and a foot or two on either side to spare, and not any more.

For the last two or three miles my wife and I had been wondering how the great monster was to be surmounted. It was getting near and the question grew every moment more formidable. It was all strange to us, and we were alone. Presently, looking up at the frowning eminence above us, we perceived at the same moment what seemed a line winding along the steep side of the precipice, and constantly ascending till it was lost to sight near the top as it passed beyond the line of observation.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "It cannot be that we pass over that hanging precipice along that little winding line."

"I have been watching it," rejoined my wife. "That must be the road. What other way is there to pass?"

Both of us held our breath. The cowardly thought of turning back occurred to me, but it was not cherished long. Others had gone with safety—why not we?

Then our road turned into a dense bit of woods at the foot of the mountain. This was comforting, for it hid everything from our view, so that when the ascent began we could see nothing but what was about us.

For the first hundred rods or so it was nothing but the ordinary ascent of a mountain road. We walked, and the horse was steady and pulled in a perfectly satisfactory manner. The mountain was covered with foliage on the one side, full grown trees forming a perfect shield on the other; we were getting along splendidly; crossing Smoky was nothing very wonderful after all.

But soon the trees disappear. We have got far enough up to see pros-

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pects below. Then we suddenly find that we are traversing the side of a steep mountain—a narrow path is our way. On the left the rock-masses; on the right nothing but a declivity, and one carriage wheel within eighteen inches or two feet of the edge of it!

Up, up, we go, the pathway seeming to get narrower, and the sense of danger increasing; up, up we still mount, proud of the horse who walks as steady as an ox. Now we come to a turn on the side of the mountain. The pathway had to be cut through the stone. The carriage hangs over a precipice, apparently perpendicular for hundreds of feet. It is a trying moment for nerves. If we had some one with us who was familiar with the road. But we are alone, and a feeling of deepening awe is coming over us. Up, up, we still go, and so absorbed are we with the perils and excitements of the way that we have not ventured to look about. At last I take a glance towards the sea, which lies at the foot of the mountain, and stretches off to the hazy headlands of Cape Breton near the Sydneys and northward to the wide and wakeful Atlantic.

Heavens, what a view! Here is the sublimity of scenery. I touch my wife upon the arm and point my hand in the direction of my eyes. Overcome with the majesty and sublimity of the scene, she stays her course and stops to gaze.

At this point the pathway widens a little and I stop the horse, bracing large boulders under the wheels of the carriage. The horse behaves beautifully, and we have time to stand and take in the magnificent and stupendous scene. We are only a little more than half way up, but the view is as grand as at the summit. We are practically clinging to the side of a precipitous mountain. The little pathway is all that sustains us. To pass over the precipice on our right would be to roll into the sea. No foliage shields us.

But the sea—the view, it cannot be described. There is no limit to the view. It is vast, and, at our height, this hot and hazy summer afternoon, there is a dimness, a haze over the water which is indescribably soft, mystic, enchanting. The idea of beauty is merged in a sense of the sublime. All seems vast, wondrous, awful.

Mrs. Longley's sight is better than mine, and soon she exclaimed, "See the sail boat beneath us." I could see nothing, but she guided my eyes to the spot. I caught sight of the sail. It seemed like a bit of birch bark floating on the water, and it was so completely beneath us that it seemed to me that I could destroy it by dropping a pebble over the precipice.

After we had gazed upon the scene for some minutes—with rapture and with a sense of grandeur altogether unknown before, I started the horse and we finished the ascent, a mile and a half in all. As we neared the top we wound round out of the sight of the sea, and at the summit we were again in thick foliage. The view from Cape Smoky had passed out of our sight, but into our visions forever.

Descending gradually on the other side for some three miles or more, in an instant the Bay of Ingonish bursts upon the vision. It is now nearing sunset, and the water is like a sea of glass. Every object from the shore is reflected from its bosom as from a mirror. The white cottages of the fishermen, the small fields of green, and the darker green of the clusters of spruce and fir trees, fringing the bay, on that summer night constituted a picture of beauty and repose rarely seen. But it was not the sublimity of Cape Smoky. That is a view which will destroy one's taste for scenery. Everything seems tame and common after the awful grandeur of Smoky.

From Baddeck hotels are laid aside. There are none such. Travel is very rare in those regions, and those who go have to rely upon private hospitality. No one need fear in this regard. The preponderating population is highland Scotch, and these are certain to extend a warm and open hospitality. We fared well. At one time it was at Big Rory's and at another in some very well ordered home, where every kind-

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ness was accorded and every comfort secured.

Between Ingonish and Cape North the road is through a sea of mountains, so many and so varying in their direction that no idea of their geographical location can be formed. The roads in the main are bad, and under certain circumstances dangerous. Those were the circumstances under which we made the journey.

The roads are necessarily threaded through and across the mountains, following the sides in various windings. There are severe hills to climb and long and steep hills to descend. I have spoken of our horse as the victim of one weakness—the determination not to walk down hills; and as a consequence on this road from Ingonish to Cape North we had several thrilling adventures. The descent of one of these hills is long, from a quarter to a half mile. At the beginning the decline is gradual, but it steadily increases, until near the foot it is very steep. The road is one series of windings, so that it is impossible to see the way more than a few yards ahead. Every few moments a sudden bend in the road introduces a new vista.

With a steady horse, which would quietly and sedately walk down these hills holding the carriage back with the breeching, the journey would be fairly exciting. There would still be a sense of danger in the precipitousness on one side of the curving way. The road is not fenced, and often enough it looks like standing on a plank a thousand feet in mid-air to glance the eye on one side and feel that a very slight movement of the carriage would plunge you into an abyss.

But on the descent of the first of these hills our position was altogether more stimulating. The horse began the descent at a moderate trot. Noting that the hill seemed to be of some length and growing steeper, I felt it necessary to pull him up. As I pulled the reins and called out "Whoa," it had just the opposite effect from that intended. The horse was determined to go faster. Another sharp turn revealed not only a steeper descent, but a road way exceedingly rough, full of stones and with gullies left by rain storms. On goes the horse still faster. I stand up and make desperate efforts to give him a check—worse than useless. He dashes on faster. The carriage flounders with rattling force over the loose boulders. Every few moments a fresh turn in the road reveals new dangers. We are now tearing down absolutely without control. At last the end bursts in view. It is terrible! We see the hill ends in a fearful gorge, fifty feet deep, through which mountain torrents flow in the spring, while in midsummer a small stream runs, and about it masses of white rocks. Over this gorge is thrown a bridge. And such a bridge! Two beams are thrown across, and upon these are placed loose poles not over twelve or fifteen feet long, and with no rail whatever. The approaches to the bridge are narrow. The last curb in the descent reveals the gorge and the bridge. We are almost upon it. The bridge is very low, and the last twenty feet are enormously precipitous, and at a sharp curve. The horse is at full tearing speed. What will be the result?

If the last leap lands horse and carriage in the middle of this frail bridge of poles, there is a hope of life. A misstep means that we shall be hurled fifty feet into a rocky gorge and be dashed to pieces. My wife clasped her hands and closed her eyes in terror. In desperation I rose, and holding the reins as steadily as possible, sought to guide the horse. Then came the last furious leap. The horse struck the bridge exactly in the centre, and the carriage followed safely. We rattled and shook over the old structure till the other side was reached with a similar incline upward. The horse comes to a walk, we draw a long breath of relief, and mutely thank God we still live.

The danger is past, but the incident lives. It fills our dreams for many nights, and it lives, with all its rushing terrors and dread visions, in our mem-

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ories forever. Not this appalling scene alone, but others which marked that ride.

We had time in ascending the hill to think upon and talk over the marvellous escape we had just had. We had undertaken the trip in a spirit of adventure. We supposed the roads would be bad, the hills steep and the surroundings exciting. But real danger we had not counted on. I began to think that, perhaps, I had been a little rash in venturing my wife on such a journey over a route which had seldom been traversed by ladies, and that, too, without guide and with a strange horse, which proved to have one very serious fault. But what was to be done? It was idle to think of turning back. There was only one alternative, and that was to go forward. Perhaps no such dangers were ahead.

And so on we went. The hilltop was reached, and then we encountered a few slight hills, a mere ordinary undulation. About us on every side were peaks and mountain sides, and the sea was not in sight. Still we rode on until we reached what seemed the beginning of another descent. It was gradual as before. Still we were nervous. A sharp turn in the road revealed to us that we were really once again face to face with another condition of things similar to that which we had passed. Perhaps it might be worse. The horse began to go. I made a more desperate effort to hold him in. It was futile. My wife wanted to get out of the carriage. I would have given anything to have allowed her; but it was impossible; we were again at full rush, with a road rougher and rockier than before; with the horror of the former scene fresh in our minds the situation was terrible, both in the sense of the danger present, and of danger unknown. As a last resort I leaped from the carriage and seized the horse by the head. In this move I gained a momentary advantage; I was able to give quite a check to the beast. Still we were tearing on, I clinging to the bridle and bit, and pulling in desperation with all my might. At length in one of the turns I saw the end. It was appalling. Another gorge wider and deeper than before, a bridge narrow, but differing from the other in having upright posts on either side connected by framework. I had no power to guide the horse, on my feet as I was, and struggling to prevent his bolting. If he failed to strike the centre, the carriage would be dashed against the posts on one side, and all would be lost. As at this moment I was struggling with the horse I caught a glimpse of my wife, the picture of despair, holding her hands together in a fearful clutch, and expecting the worst. We had almost reached the bridge. It was now terribly precipitous, and the last leap for the bridge would be at an angle of nearly forty degrees. On the side of the horse at which I was struggling the horrible precipice leading to the gorge began before the bridge was reached, and I suddenly discovered that I had pulled his head round, and looking about me I saw I was on the brink of the gorge, and unless I let go the horse's head I should be hurled on to the bleached rocks sixty feet beneath, and the horse and carriage would follow. Quick as a flash I let go the bridle, shouting to my wife to guide him. The moment my hold was loosed the horse sprang. The wheels of the carriage grazed by me, standing as I was on the very brink. It was twenty feet from where I stood to the bridge. God, it was terrible! The way narrowed so that the road at the bridge was exactly the same width as the bridge. I had drawn the horse to one side, so that in trying to make the last leap for the bridge, the wheels on one side of the carriage actually overhung the side of the road; but the speed was great, and the centrifugal motion of the carriage was towards the road, and for several feet the carriage was supported by the two right wheels, while those on the other side were actually passing over space!

Never, never shall I forget that moment. The instant I let go the reins and saw the situation of the carriage, I believed no human power could prevent horse, carriage and wife going

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over the precipice into the yawning chasm beneath. In imagination my wife had gone forever, and I should never see more of her than the mangled remains of her loved form. The whole scene was over in less than two seconds, and yet in those supreme moments I solemnly declare that the whole history of the mysterious relations of man and wife flashed through my mind. I thought of her as the fresh young girl whose free and innocent heart I had sought to win. I saw her standing at my side at the altar. I felt the tender embraces of years, the dear children who nestled about her, and cherished her image as sacred, and the loss of whose love no one could weigh or measure. Alas! I thought, it is all over. I closed my eyes in horror for a moment. When I opened them the horse was upon the bridge. The wheel of the carriage had struck the post, as it must. The animal behaved wonderfully. The instant he was checked by the carriage he stood still, and, to my unspeakable astonishment and ineffable joy, the carriage was secure, and my dear wife was seated in it safe, safe, safe!

With a little effort I so adjusted the carriage that it could pass the bridge. Up to this there had not been a word said. When the bridge was safely passed I stopped the horse, and turning, looked at my wife, who was still clutching her hands in mute agony.

"My dearest wife!" I exclaimed, throwing my arms about her. "I have you still. Only one instant ago and I thought I had lost you forever."

She threw her arms about my neck and broke into tears of gratitude. The terrible tension was over, and the reaction had come.

Above us were the trees, laden with the rich and luxuriant foliage of early summer. Cloudless sunshine illumined the world about us. And in those moments of wrought up feelings again flowed the stream of pure, deep love, which, while never running dry, often has its periods of abatement amid the multitude of monotonous cares which make up the routine of this mystic life of ours.

We continued the journey to the Halfway House with no incidents worth noting except that the roads were generally bad, and we had some down-hill work, which, however, did not involve danger. The Halfway House is a sort of halting place between Ingonish and Cape North, where the traveller can feed his horse and get a plain meal himself. The Government has been paying $300 a year to keep it up for many years. From this place a view can be obtained of the sea about a mile or two distant. Neil's Harbour, a fishing village, lies upon the shore in full view.

After refreshments we passed on to Aspy Bay, under the shadow of Cape North, which we reached before sunset. The scene was magnificent. The bay nestles among the hills as quiet and serene as a pond. Between it and the harbour is a rushing shallow, which prevents vessels from entering the bay. In the background to the left is the chain of mountain peaks which ends abruptly at Cape North. Conspicuous in the range is Sugar Loaf Mountain, named for its shape, and most perfect in its outline. In front is the ocean wide and blue.

Soon after our arrival we were comfortably lodged in a very pleasant private house. In a tiny boat we rowed over the beautiful placid bay as the sun went down behind the mountains. No scene in Switzerland could be more entrancing. At last we were in a comfortable bed, and asleep—but not a peaceful and undisturbed slumber. The horrors of the day came back in troublous dreams again and again. At least a score of times in the night I started with visions of deep gorges, and of unsubstantial bridges spanning awful chasms, and hung in the air like frail stems which the moment they were touched crumbled and fell. As soon as the horror was banished by a sense of being safe and snug in a Christian bed, and once again a sense of slumber stole over me, a fresh vision of fathomless gulfs and fairy bridges

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would return. And thus passed the night. My wife had an exactly similar experience. And strange to say these nightmares lasted for several nights. All the while we were at Cape North, though the scenery was grand and the people most kind, we had an ever present dread of the return journey.

It came and passed; we had fresh dangers and most thrilling adventures. The only incident to which I am going to make a reference is the descent of Cape Smoky. The ascent has been described. But there is a new sensation and an added thrill to the descent. Going up, the horse simply walked quietly, and the only idea of fear was the sublimity of the view and the sense of the terrible precipice on the edge of which we were treading. The descent involved the conduct of the horse, and then while on going up we had only occasional glimpses of what was behind us, on the descent we should be facing the view, at once awing with its grandeur and thrilling with terrible possibilities of danger. At the top of the mountain we both left the carriage. My wife, full of nervous anxiety, walked behind, and I took my place at the horse's head. I do not mind confessing that I planted myself on the upper side of the roadway. If the horse became unmanageable, which seemed likely, I was fully determined that he and the carriage might go over this precipice, but I intended to remain to enlighten and amuse the world for a bit longer. With considerable effort I kept the horse well in hand, though the ceaseless effort spoiled to a considerable extent my enjoyment of the wonderful scene—one of the greatest, I believe, to be found in America, not excepting the Rockies. When we reached the spot where the road was hewn out of the rock, around a sharp corner with an abyss of hundreds of feet perpendicular beneath, I preferred to close my eyes. At a wider place in the road I braced the wheels and took a few moments of leisure, during which we had a long and profoundly impressive view. It was indescribable. Let the artist go thither, if he wishes to behold a scene which would arouse him to the phrensy of despair. He could not throw it upon canvas. Never!

We got safely to the foot without accident, and with no incident unusual in ordinary travel we returned to the city. We had, before this, made many tours, some of them covering thousands of miles, over the various favourite resorts on this continent and we have had delightful tours since; we have heard Niagara's roar, and threaded the wonderful pass of the New River through the Alleghanies; but the tour to Cape North will outlive them all in the impressions it made upon us. Since then, I confess it, my taste for scenery has been spoiled. One who has crossed Cape Smoky, and seen the frowning and gloomy grandeur of old Cape North will see little in ordinary sights and scenes, even in this country, so full of the picturesque, that will suggest comparison.

To conclude. Let me say a word to the romantic traveller in search of the beauties of nature and yearning for rustic grandeur. When visiting Cape Breton be not content with the tame beauties of the usual travelled routes. Be bold. Starting from Baddeck, journey northward until Cape Smoky has been passed and Ingonish Bay lies in sight. Let the journey be made when the weather is fine, when the sun is bright and when summer mists throw their mystic haze over earth and sea and sky.

J. W. Longley.

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THE RIDICULOUS COURTING OF URSULE CLARISSE.*

A French-Canadian Story.

BY G. M. FAIRCHILD, JR., AUTHOR OF "ROD AND CANOE IN QUEBEC'S ADIRONDACKS," "NOTES OF ANGLER," ETC.

PRAXADE JENESSE stood leaning over his pig-pen one early morning quite unmindful of the noisy clamour of its two occupants. They had, however, reminded him of a conversation the curé had had with him the night before, after he had made his confession. The good man had rebuked him again for continuing to live like a—yes, like one of his own pigs, instead of marrying and becoming a respectable citizen. Mon dieu! this getting married was a very great responsibility; but what could the curé know of this, who had never thought about such matters. Where was he, Praxade Jenesse, to find a wife who would fulfil all the conditions so necessary in a life partnership? Had he not canvassed the possibilities of every spinster in the parish, and they were all wanting in some particular. He wished the curé was not so set about his marrying, so that he might take more time to look about him; for really one could not be too careful in taking so important a step. At this point his meditation was interrupted by the sound of an approaching cart, and looking up the road he saw Prudent Tranquille, the pork butcher from Terre Blanche, his round red face beaming like a sun burst as he stopped in front of him and dismounted.

"*Bien* Praxade! wishing you had a wife as fat and tender as one of your own pigs?" Here Prudent laughed at his porcine wit. Everything was piggy with Prudent, from long association with that animal alive and dead.

"How do you know I am thinking of a wife?" answered Praxade somewhat sheepishly.

"Bah! when a man of your age is not married he thinks of nothing else, my friend, and it keeps him poor in flesh, and mangy. What you want is a nice plump little wife."

"Perhaps."

"With some streaks of lean through her?"

"Of course!"

"Not too heavy or old."

"The Lord forbid!"

"And easy on her feed."

"Quite true!"

"With a nice little outfit and a full bin."

"You are inspired, Prudent!"

"And lots of root in her."

"Ha! ha! Prudent, you have described an angel!"

"Bah! I find such every day grunting because they can't find husbands. It takes a pork butcher to weigh you all up and pen you," laughed Prudent. "Come, Praxade, promise me the fattest pig in your pen here in exchange for a wife."

Prudent's freehand sketch of charming femininity had quite captivated Praxade, and the offer seemed to promise him relief from his perplexity. He closed with Prudent at once, only cautioning him to be very sure, one could not be too careful in such a matter.

"*Bon*, you will see. Come to me Sunday after mass," replied Prudent, as he drove off.

About half way down the long hill, which led directly into the heart of the village of Terre Blanche, lived Urbain Clarisse and his daughter Ursule. His house was high peaked and dormered, and stood flush with the roadway. It

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was painted a pale green with orange trimmings. A highly polished brass knocker graced the door, but the house's principal claim to distinction lay in its windows, which were ablaze with gorgeously printed paper shades representing pots of rare exotics in fullest bloom. It was very deceptive, very gay, considered, in fact, quite ha-ha ; but then Urbain could afford such luxuries. Was he not entered on the rolls of the Secretary-Treasurer of the parish as a *rentier*, and his income from his investments was certainly not less than one hundred and fifty dollars a year. To live up to all this with dignity, Urbain did nothing but smoke and talk politics with his neighbours. He was a widower with only the one daughter, Ursule. She had passed the first blush of maidenhood, but was still comely of appearance, dark-haired, black-eyed, and round of figure. As became the daughter of a *rentier*, she possessed a number of accomplishments not given to girls less fortunately born. She could play an accompaniment on the wheezy little harmonium that graced the parlour while she sang "A la Claire Fontaine" and "Vive la Canadienne" in fair voice, if in somewhat uncertain time with the instrument. At the village convent she had also learned that pleasing art of embroidering on perforated board the figures of saints and angels in heavenly colours, so much admired when framed and hung in the Sunday room. She was a thrifty housewife, moreover, and could spin and knit and make her own *catalagne*. The only reason she had not married will shortly appear.

Close beside the pretentious house of Urbain Clarisse, hovering under it, as it seemed for protection, stood the modest tiny home of the Widow Denancour. It was whitewashed very clean and red gabled. In the one little window, which looked upon the street, were several pots of real geraniums, by no means as effective as the printed flowers upon the shades of the windows in Urbain's house ; but the Widow Denancourt was not entered as a *rentier*, and such things make all the difference in this world in the point of esteem in which our surroundings are viewed.

The widow at one period of her loneliness had cast tender eyes at Urbain, and had hoped—but that was all past. Her woman's subtle arts for some years prior to our story had been directed to making a match between her son Joe and Ursule, as the only means left for uniting the fortunes of the two families. The Denancour's consisted of the little cottage, two feather beds and a chest of homespun, hand-woven linen carefully packed in bergamot ; but then they had expectations. The widow's uncle, the Abbé Pontin, was very old and rich, and he had no other relatives. This relationship enabled the Denancours to hold their heads high in the parish.

When the widow went to *veillée* for the afternoon with Ursule, and the two spinning wheels were humming in unison, the former would cunningly turn the conversation to Joe. Poor fellow ! he worked so hard, she was really anxious about him. M'sieu' La Farge, the mill owner, had told her that Joe was the steadiest fellow in his employ Had Ursule noted how thin Joe had grown lately ? Her uncle, the Abbé, had made Joe his heir and some day he, too, would be a *rentier*.

There was a time when Ursule enjoyed listening to these praises of Joe, but of late she had grown somewhat impatient of the discourse, and the subject of it Her wheel would go completely out of time with the widow's, an occurrence which never failed to break the latter's thread, as well as the thread of her argument.

It was about time Joe proposed if he was ever going to, thought Ursule. Her looking-glass told her she had lost some of the freshness of youth, and the hour-glass of Time that she was older. Most of her school companions were married, while she remained single. She would soon be called an old maid, and that was a disgrace. Here a vicious dig on the pedal was certain to break her own thread ;

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then she would leave her wheel to make the cup of tea that brought the spinning to a close for the day.

A friendship had begun between Joe and Ursule in mud-pie-making childhood. It had endured through the callow period of youth, when it found expression in bouquets of marguerites on Joe's part, and book-markers on hers, inscribed in wools "*A mon ami.*" In maidenhood and manhood it found its note in a liking for each other's company, and that perfect freedom of intercourse that follows an early and uninterrupted friendship; but Joe had never breathed of love or marriage, though he was impatient of any other suitors, and Ursule had hitherto been indifferent to them. Urbain had once said to Joe: "Whenever you want to marry Ursule I will buy you a farm and we will all live together." Joe had laughed and replied, that there was no hurry, that his mother must be cared for yet awhile. Sly Joe! It was all so pleasant as it was. He felt so sure.

When Prudent Tranquille drove into Terre Blanche in the evening of the day of his interview with Praxade Jenesse, he met Ursule coming from vespers.

"Good evening, little piggy,"—Prudent was on terms of easy familiarity with everyone in the parish, as a man of substance and weight, and of intimate acquaintance arising from his frequent visitations in the way of business—"I found a fine bachelor grunter to-day who is coming to be weighed next Sunday after mass, but he is losing flesh fast in his anxiety to meet you, and he is soft, very soft of heart. What do you say, little squealer, shall I bring him to you to be cured?"

"You may do just as you like, Prudent Tranquille. Bachelors are always pigs, anyway, and I've no use for them."

"So, so, little one, but not after they have had their bristles shaved and the matrimonial ring put through their noses. They lead easily then."

Praxade came on Sunday, but with some misgivings—one had to be so very careful. He made a fine appearance, however, in his *castor*, frock-coat, flaming red tie and kid gloves. He drove in a *buggie*, and seemed to have difficulty in restraining the fiery ardour of his horse, and actually brought him on his haunches at Prudent's door before he could be stopped, after many *ayes-doncs*. It was very well done, and showed a high spirit in the horse and a nice mastery on the part of Praxade. Prudent awaited him, and after *un coup* they drove away to the house of Urbaine Clarisse.

Ursule welcomed them in the parlour, and during the general conversation both she and Praxade took note of each other. Prudent quickly departed to walk home.

"Have you ever been in the parish of Belle Isle, Ma'mselle?" asked Praxade.

"No, M'sieu'," replied Ursule, then, somewhat inconsequentially, "but I sometimes go to Quebec."

"Ah! Quebec is grand, magnificent! Belle Isle, though, *Ma'mselle*, is a paradise for tranquillity. I have a *beau cage* there, but"—with a slightly nervous laugh—"no bird in it yet."

"Birds in Belle Isle, *M'sieu'* Jenesse, must be shy of cages."

"Not so, Ma'mselle, but when one has a *beau cage* one does not want a crow for an occupant, and sometimes we must go far for a *rossignol*. They are scarce, Ma'mselle, and one must be so very careful."

"Rossignols soon cease singing when caged," M'sieu' Jenesse, and then what matters it, there is only the difference of plumage."

"If fine feathers make fine birds, Ma'mselle, then there are two important differences. Will you permit me, Ma'mselle, to offer to drive you as far as my *beau cage*, that I may have the pleasure of showing it to you!"

"You are too kind, M'sieu' Jenesse. I should, however, like to see the church of Belle Isle."

When Praxade gallantly handed Ursule into the *buggie* she glanced triumphantly towards the Denancourt house, but as neither Joe nor the widow was

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visible her pleasure was somewhat dampened. She made herself agreeable to Praxade, however, and the drive was an enjoyable one.

The following Sunday Praxade came again, but this time he drew up before Urbain Clarisse's door with a great flourish. His caution had now given place to the ardour of a man whose mind was quite made up to a certain line of action without having to lose any further time in considering it. Ursule played and sang for him, and when she had finished she seated herself at one end of the little hair-covered sofa. Praxade took the other. The time had come for him to declare himself.

"I trust, Mamselle, that you found a liking for Belle Isle after your drive there?"

"The church of Belle Isle, M'sieu' Jenesse, is very pretty."

"And what do you think of my *beau cage*, Mamselle?"

"An empty cage, M'sieu' Jenesse, is but a dreary place."

"You are right, Mamselle, but all that would change if you would consent to occupy it."

"But my papa, M'sieu' Jenesse?"

"He shall live with us, Mamselle."

"In that case, M'sieu' Jenesse, I consent."

"Ursule, you are an angel."

"Praxade, you are crushing my sleeve."

"Will you name the day, Ursule?"

"Let us say the Wednesday before Michaelmas, Praxade."

"I will tell the curé to publish the first notice next Sunday."

Gossip sped swiftly in the parish of Terre Blanche; Madame Sylvain, who kept the toll bridge, was the receiver and despatcher. As she slowly made the change for passer-by she asked the news, and then gave her own budget, interspersed with liberal comments considerably tinged with maliciousness. It was not good to come under her unsparing review, but it was quite delicious to listen to her discussing the affairs of others. When old Madame Neveau, early on Monday morning, on her rounds through the village with her little load of eggs, parsley, onions, potatoes, and other odds and ends, came to the bridge, Madame Sylvain held her in conversation while she fumbled about in her pocket for a penny in change.

Bon Dieu! the duplicity of some people. To think of Ursule Clarisse keeping Joe Denancour hanging about her, and yet receiving the attentions of Praxade Jenesse. Unmarried women no longer possessed any modesty. When Praxade passed last night she had asked him if he were coming often to Terre Blanche, and he had replied with a laugh, not after Michaelmas. What did that mean? If Joe Denancour had any spirit left in him he would send Praxade to the right-about and give Ursule a piece of his mind. But he is so soft and slow, one has no patience with him. "Ah! here is the penny, Madame Neveau."

Before midnight everybody in Terre Blanche had discussed the affair, but it is a curious phase of gossip that the parties most concerned in it are always the last to learn what is said. This lends to it that delightful charm of mystery. Joe and his mother had spent the Sunday with Madame's uncle, the Abbé Pontin. Monday evening, however, he dropped in to pass an hour with Ursule, as was his wont. She wore a ring which Praxade had given her, and she took several occasions to make it conspicuous, but Joe seemed most stupid, and failed to notice it. Neither did he observe a nervousness of manner on her part. Would he never understand? Was he never to show any sign, thought Ursule; must she tell him?

"Joe."

"Well, Ursule."

"I am going to be married at Michaelmas."

"What!" exclaimed Joe, and his heart gave a big thump.

"I have accepted Praxade Jenesse."

"That fellow!" said Joe in disgust. "Why, Ursule, I always intended marrying you myself some day."

"Did you Joe; and do you still feel the same about it?"

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"Such a question, Ursule."

"Would you marry me yet, Joe?"

"*Mon dieu!* just you try me, Ursule."

"But what about Praxade, Joe?"

"Bother Praxade!"

"Let us go to the curé, Joe, and hear what he has to say."

"He must be made to listen to us, Ursule."

Curé Saucier was at work in his little garden when they arrived. He pushed his spectacles over his forehead, and just the faint tremor of a smile appeared at the corners of his mouth. He more than half suspected the errand which had brought them. Searching minds through the confessional must, in time, give one the power of divining motive.

"Good evening, my children."

"Father Saucier," said Joe, after acknowledging the curé's salutation, "Ursule's banns with Praxade Jenesse were to be called next Sunday in church."

"Yes, my son."

"Now, father, for Praxade you substitute Joe Denancour."

"How is that, my son, we do not marry by proxy?"

"Praxade's proxy," roared Joe, "the saints forbid! No, Father Saucier, Ursule has changed her mind and she is going to marry me."

"This is a serious matter, my children, and we must consider."

"But it must be done," persisted Joe.

"And what do you say to all this, Ursule?" asked the curé.

"I will marry only Joe now, Father Saucier."

"You have received a ring from Monsieur Jenesse."

"Yes, father, but Joe will send him its cost, and I will keep it as Joe's gift."

"Since it must be, my children, come into the house and I will dictate a letter for Ursule to send to Monsieur Jenesse."

It read about as follows: "I have reconsidered my answer to you, Monsieur Jenesse, and I am to be married to Joe Denancour at Michaelmas. Accept my sincere wishes for your future happiness."

Praxade's reply came a few days later. It was laconic, but appeared to breathe a generous spirit. "Mademoiselle Clarisse will receive a wedding present from me the day after she becomes Madame Denancour."

"How nice of him," said Ursule. "What do you think it will be, Joe?"

"Perhaps the pig he promised Prudent," slyly insinuated Joe.

"O, Joe!"

The wedding was a very smart one. After the ceremony the bride and groom entered an open barouche drawn by a pair of white horses, driven by by a coachman in top boots and livery, with whip bedecked with bright ribbons. A retinue of friends followed in less pretentious rigs, and a round of the parish followed with much feasting and dancing wherever they stopped; the fiddler accompanied the party from the start. When the bride and groom reached home the following morning a courtly stranger met them at their threshold. "Madame and Monsieur Denancour, I presume," politely touching his hat.

"Yes," said Joe.

"I've a wedding present for you both from your friend Monsieur Jenesse," and the courtly gentleman smiled and handed each of them a bulky envelope.

Ursule quickly tore hers open. "The wretch!" was all she said as she handed the paper to Joe.

The courtly gentleman came to Joe's assistance. "It is the service of a writ at the instance of Praxade Jenesse in a suit for $40.00 damages against Ursule, wife of Joe Denancour, for the loss of her affections, the cost of a stove, and the value of a new suit of clothes," and here the courtly gentleman smiled again.

"Pshaw!" said Joe, "it were cheap to get rid of Monsieur Praxade at such a price."

G. M. Fairchild, Jr.

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BELLAMY AND HOWELLS.

A Comparison and Some Remarks.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS has a most thoughtful article in the July *Harper's*, entitled "The Modern American Mood," in which he endeavours to explain the peculiar genius of the United States nation. Mr. Bellamy in his new book, "Equality," has some significant chapters dealing with the same subject. A comparison of the sentiments of these two great writers is decidedly interesting.

Mr. Howells points out that a signal change in the mood of his fellow-citizens has been effected since the "effulgent days following the close of the civil war." This new mood is marked by seriousness and thoughtfulness; while the old mood was distinguished by the quality of "vainglory." "The American who now goes exulting, and deriding and pitying through Europe, if there is such an American at all, is infinitely outnumbered by his compatriots, who are quite silent in making comparisons which may be in our favour, but which cannot flatter us when we consider our advantages."

He points out that "after once indulging a riotous exaltation that we had more millionaires than any other nation in the world, it is safe to say that our national pride no longer centres in them, nor even in their money. . . . . Our plutocracy cannot turn aristocracy on this soil. . . . . The time is past when it could be said that our best young men were tempted away from the arts and humanities by the greater allurements of money-making. On the threshold of a new century, the portal of the future, we see more clearly than ever that America is the home of work, of endeavour, of the busy effort in which man loses the heavy sense of self as he can in no pleasure, and tastes the happiness of doing something, making something, creating something. Our problem is how to keep the chance of this free to all; how to find work for all; how to render drones impossible, either rich drones or poor drones, voluntary or involuntary. We have been a little drunk with our prosperity; our luck had gone to our heads, perhaps; but we had not forgotten our duty, which is not the duty of people to prince, of class to class, but of man to man. . . . We intend the good of all; that is what we understand America to mean; and those forms (monarchy, aristocracy, autocracy) have been found by quite sufficient experiment never to be for the good of any. . . . If our literature at its best, and our art at its best, has a grace which is above all the American thing in literature and art, it is because the grace of the moral world, where our women rule, has imparted itself to the intellectual world where men work. When it shall touch the material world to something of its own fineness, and redeem the gross business world from the low ideals which govern it, then indeed we shall have the millennium in plain sight. The common man, with his rights and needs, is here forever."

Mr. Howells, it will thus be seen, is in a most complacent mood. He believes that the United States nation will work out its destiny in such a way as to make all its citizens men. He sees much in the present position to gratify, and much to be changed; but at present there is nothing very much to raise a row over. While he flatters the nation, he points out that progress is just as necessary in the future as it has been in the past.

When we turn to Mr. Bellamy's remarks, we find a man much less complacent, and a much more disgusted citizen of the country which is supposed to hate monarchy, aristocracy and plutocracy. Mr. Howells says

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that America, which being translaetd means the United States, has solved the problem of inequality ; Mr. Bellamy says, "It is doubtful if there was ever a greater disparity between the conditions of different classes than you would find in a half hour's walk in Boston, New York, Chicago, or any other great city of America in the last quarter of the nineteenth century." Further, speaking as a man looking backward at the present era, he says, "There was more difference in the position of the rich and the poor man before the law than in any other respect. The rich were practically above the law, the poor under its wheels. . . . . Capital had practically monopolized all economic opportunities ; there was no opening in business enterprise for those without large capital save by some extraordinary fortune." The capitalists were the rulers of the country. The kings of olden times professed to govern for the welfare of their people, but the new kings did not even pretend to feel any responsibility for the welfare of their subjects.

Bellamy maintains that the government has enough to do to keep the peace. "The strife for wealth and the desperation of want kept in quenchless blaze a hell of greed and envy, fear, lust, hate, revenge and every foul passion of the pit. To keep this general frenzy in some restraint, so that the entire social system should not resolve itself into a general massacre, required an army of soldiers, police, judges and jailers, and endless lawmaking to settle the quarrels. Add to these elements of discord a horde of outcasts degraded and desperate, made enemies of society by their sufferings, and requiring to be kept in check, and you will readily admit there was enough for the people's government to do. . . . . The capitalists advanced the money necessary to procure the election of the office-seekers, on the understanding that when elected the latter should do what the capitalists wanted. . . . . The people who voted had little choice for whom they should vote. That question was determined by the political party organizations, which were beggars to the capitalists for pecuniary support. No man who was opposed to capitalist interests was permitted the opportunity as a candidate to appeal to the people. For a public official to support the people's interest as against that of the capitalist's would be a sure way of sacrificing his career. . . . Our politicians and office-holders, with few exceptions, were vassals and tools of the capitalists."

In an outburst of anger he caps the climax by designating republicanism as "the colossal sham of our pretended popular government"; a mere mask for plutocracy; and, in its susceptibility to corruption and plutocratic subversion, the worst kind of government possible.

Apparently Mr. Howells is exceedingly well satisfied with the present position of social affairs in his country, though he admits that there are "low ideals" in its "gross business world." Mr. Bellamy, having a new scheme to boom, can see nothing noble in the systems of economics and of government that at present obtain in the United States. Perhaps the true thinker would be a man who is slightly less complacent than Mr. Howells, and slightly less desirous of economic revolution than Mr. Bellamy.

Both have lessons for the Canadian student of affairs. There is a tendency in Canada to give to him that hath, and to take away from him that hath not. A close study of Mr. Bellamy's idea of "economic equality" may lead Canadians to see more clearly the danger of large financial accumulations, of corporations and of monopolies, and may lead to legislation more in the interests of the mass of the people. The number of private bills which pass through the federal parliament and the provincial legislatures each year is enormous, and every one bears with it some special privilege. In the business world combination on the part of capitalists is a recognized expedient with which to obtain some special advantage, either with or without the aid of legislation. Whe-

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ther this combination is expedient and beneficial, or whether it should be carefully regulated and kept within bounds, is one of our greatest problems.

Mr. Howells and Mr. Bellamy both touch on the form of government, and have to some extent opposite ideas of the value of a democratic republic; (for Mr. Howells admits that there are monarchical republics in England, Italy, Sweden, Belgium and Holland.) Mr. Howells is quite confident that the United States' form of government is the only proper one, and the only possible one for this continent. If this is so, and a few Canadians agree with him, then it would be well for us to study it thoroughly. Mr. Bellamy condemns it out and out, not theoretically, but in its practical working as exhibited in the country of which he is a citizen. He seems to believe that democratic republicanism will be worked out successfully only in a country where one man cannot buy the votes of a hundred others; that is, in a country where credits cannot be transferred. If the financial men thus control the United States government—and few will deny it—then it behooves Canadians to so direct their legislation and their economic system that this danger may be avoided.

Canada seems to be entering upon a golden age of development, and it is necessary for her thinkers and her legislators to see that the benefits shall be distributed among the many and not among the few. The middle classes of the present are the backbone of our country, and all progress must be along the line of transforming and eliminating the classes which lie above and below. If our present and future prosperity leads only to a growth in the number of our millionaires, our trusts and our monopolies, then it will do little to elevate the masses and we shall soon be face to face with a state of affairs similar to that which is to-day worrying the leading men of the United States. If men learn to become members of our legislative bodies in order that they may secure special privileges for their friends and fat berths for themselves, then we cannot expect legislation which will do the greatest good to the greatest number.

John A. Cooper.

A PROPHECY.

THOU shalt walk the earth by the radiant light
Of high desire:
In thy soul shall burn, unquenched and bright,
A holy fire.

From the thing that is false, or low, or base,
Thou shalt turn aside:
Thou shalt spurn the power of gold, or of place,
With a noble pride.

Towards the lofty heights where the Truth holds state
Thou shalt aye aspire;
Till thou com'st at last to the Golden Gate,
And the deathless choir.

Lee Wyndham.

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THE NOVELS OF BALZAC.

AN English publisher, to whom we are already indebted for an altogether delightful little edition of Shakespeare (The Temple), as well as of the British Dramatists, and British Classics, has increased our gratitude by the recent publication of an excellent edition in English of Honoré de Balzac's "La Comédie Humaine."* The volumes have appeared at short intervals during the past year, and, if I am not mistaken, we have not yet received the entire series.

Until one looks over a list of the books composing "The Human Comedy," one can have no adequate conception of the immensity of the task undertaken by Balzac, or of the enormous field covered. The best known edition of the original text comprises fifty-five volumes, divided into "Scènes de la Vie Privée," "Scènes de la Vie de Province," "Scènes de la Vie Parisienne," "Scènes de la Vie Politique," "Scènes de la Vie Militaire," "Scènes de la Vie de Campagne," "Études Philosophiques," "Études Analytiques," "Contes Drolatiques," "Théâtre," and "Œuvres de Jeunesse."

In the present translation this arrangement has been pretty closely followed, though not absolutely. It has, apparently, not been attempted to issue the separate volumes in the original order, as the introductory volume contains "The Wild Ass's Skin," a portion of "Études Philosophiques" in the original; and the succeeding volumes have appeared with equal disregard of the order followed in the French edition.

In the first volume is included a General Introduction to the entire series. The whole is under the editorship of Mr. George Saintsbury, than whom no better man could be found to carry such a work to a successful issue. In critical insight, conscientious and impartial treatment, and breadth of knowledge and of view, he is a worthy successor to the greatest of all English critics, Mathew Arnold.

The translations have been done by several hands, but the bulk of the work has fallen to Miss Ellen Marriage. Her translations, though they might in some slight particulars be improved, are on the whole careful and accurate, and much superior to the English versions that we have had to be satisfied with in the past.

Although many volumes have been written on the subject of Balzac and his life's work, but a small proportion of these have been in English, and what there is, beyond Frederic Wedmore's valuable but too brief account, and perhaps one or two other books, lies scattered far and wide in the pages of magazines and journals. Consequently the following very brief sketch of Balzac and his novels may perhaps not be out of place.

What Charles Dickens has been to the English-speaking race, Honoré de Balzac has been to the French. In spite of many points of difference, notably Balzac's lack of that sense of humour so remarkably characteristic of Dickens, there is a striking similarity between the two great writers. Each was strongly imbued with the national spirit; Dickens a simple and typical Englishman, Balzac a simple and typical Frenchman. Each was a born novelist, gifted with the faculty of faithfully interpreting and reproducing for all time in the form of books the actual life of his country and period. Each possessed a keen analytical mind, a wide and varied knowledge of human nature in its varying moods and manners, as the result of strong and ac-

* "Comédie Humaine," edited by George Saintsbury; translated by Ellen Marriage, and others: "The Wild Ass's Skin," "The Chouans," "At the Sign of the Cat and Racket," "The Country Doctor," "Eugénie Grandet," "The Quest of the Absolute," "Ursule Mirouet," "Old Goriot," "The Unknown Masterpiece," "César Birotteau," "Louis Lambert," etc., etc. Published by J. M. Dent, London, and the Macmillan Company, New York.

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curate powers of observation, and a habit, either natural or acquired, of minute and conscientious workmanship.

Balzac was born in the town of Tours, on Saint Honoré's Day, May 16th, 1799. He came a little too late to witness the fury of the great revolution in his country. The house in which he first saw the light, No. 39 Rue Royale, still stands almost unchanged, after the lapse of nearly a century, bearing silent witness to the lasting qualities of old-time architecture.

His father had been an advocate under the old government of Louis Sixteenth. Afterwards, and for some time before Honoré's birth, he had been the fortunate occupant of an important office in the Commissariat Department of the Army. He is spoken of as being of a genial and affectionate disposition, but of no particular ability. His mother, who was much younger than her husband, was of a rather domineering nature, but possessed "a rare vivacity of imagination and mind."

Honoré was the eldest of a family of four, consisting, besides himself, of a brother and two sisters. The brother was a good-for-nothing, and "went to the Colonies," as others have done before and since. The younger sister, Laurence, died early. The elder, Laure, (afterwards Madame Surville) became her brother's first and chief literary confidant. To her he carried all his youthful aspirations, his hopes and fears; and from her he received such warm and tactful sympathy as the affection of a sister and the appreciation of a kindred spirit could supply.

His education practically began at the age of seven, when he was sent to the College de Vendome. His career here was anything but a successful one. Every spare moment, and every minute that could be borrowed or stolen from study hours, was devoted to the eager reading—devouring one might properly call it in his case—of all kinds of books, but especially those of a mystical nature; and to long reveries. The inevitable result was that he was branded as a mere dreamer, who was simply wasting his time at school, and was sent home almost in disgrace, and in miserable health. His most unhappy life at this school he afterwards embodied in one of his novels, "Louis Lambert." Those who have read the book can picture to themselves the kind of existence he lived at that time. Years afterwards he speaks of a wonderful treatise which he had written while at school, on the Will, a "Theorie de la Volunte," which was intended to supplement and complete the works of Mesmer, Lavater, Gall and Bichat. His genuine sorrow over its loss (it was burned by one of the masters at the school) at a period when he was at the very height of his fame, and was publishing his masterpieces, makes one wonder what kind of precocious theorizing this treatise contained.

A few years were now spent in desultory study, and in long rambles in the country, absorbing the natural beauty of his native hills and valleys, and storing up in his wonderful mind a mass of information regarding animate and inanimate nature, to be developed in later years into a marvellous series of novels, or studies, powerful and realistic in the truest sense.

At the request of his father, who designed him for the practice of the law, he next attended lectures at the Sorbonne, in Paris, where the family had by this time removed. Here he heard Guizot, Villemain and Cousin, and became much impressed by their eloquence and logical methods. Incidentally he acquired a minute acquaintance with the tricks and chicanery of the law, afterwards turned to good account in his books. Without any desire to adopt this as his profession, he yet obtained in a short time a thorough knowledge of legal principles and practice. Indeed a story is told by his sister of a certain notary of her acquaintance, who gravely assured her that he kept "Cesar Birotteau" among his law books not by accident or for recreation, but, he protested, as a text-book, invaluable

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for reference on any question of Bankruptcy. The anecdote is rather amusing under the circumstances, but we must take it with a very considerable grain of salt.

Although his parents at length yielded reluctantly to his strong desire to adopt literature as his profession, in preference to the law, they, or rather his mother, hoped by lodging him in a small garret, and allowing but a pittance for living expenses, to convince him that the paths of literature were thorny and unprofitable. With what success his future career showed. Here he spent ten long years, not altogether unhappily, in spite of physical discomforts and a perpetual fight against actual poverty. Here also he attained his first actual triumph in literature. He had made a brief excursion into the realm of verse, and another into that of the drama, but with little or no success. He now launched out into what was beyond all question his true vocation, novel-writing. The earlier attempts in this direction do not compare at all favourably with his later and more finished work, but they served to introduce him to the public, and give him that practice in composition which he chiefly needed. They are now comprised in the division of the Comédie Humaine known as "Œuvres de Jeunesse."

The first book which brought him any lasting fame was "Les Chouans," published in 1829. This was one of the few of his novels which might be called historical. In it may be traced the influence of one for whom he always expressed a great admiration, Sir Walter Scott. After this book came an exquisite tale of rural life, "La Maison de Chat-qui-pelote," now forming part of the section "Scènes de la Vie Privee." Following these appeared in rapid succession "Eugene Grandet," "Illusions Perdues," "Peau de Chagrin," "Le Médecin de Campagne," and a host of others. With "Le Père Goriot" he may perhaps be said to have reached the summit of his fame. It is too well known to require any detailed description. It has been called the "Lear of the Bourgeoisie."

Space will not permit me to touch, even briefly, upon Balzac's acquaintance with his famous contemporaries, Victor Hugo, De Stendhal, Theophile Gautier, Charles Nodier, Charles de Bernard; and among women-writers, Madame Emile de Girardin and Madame George Sand. His was a nature always susceptible to the gentle influences of women, and he was particularly fortunate in securing the warm friendship of such women as Madame de Berny, Madame Zulma Carraud, and Madame de Hanska. The latter became his wife. With her, after years of incessant literary toil, in the accomplishment of an almost superhuman task, he was permitted to spend a few months of perfect happiness. Finally, however, his overwrought constitution broke down, and he sank to rest on the 18th of August, 1850, in his beautiful home in the Rue Fortunée. Victor Hugo, for many years his warm friend, visited him on his death-bed, and went away deeply affected. He paid this splendid compliment to the genius of his departed friend, a notable tribute from France's chief poet to her chief novelist: "Europe is on the point of losing a truly great mind."

Lawrence J. Burpee.

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BY THE EDITOR.

THE NEW EMPIRE.

MEMORIES, pictures, and journalistic and official records are all that remain of the great celebration having the London pageant of June 22nd for its centre, but being made up of smaller displays in all parts of the world. Throughout the British Empire especially there was universal rejoicing over the fact that for sixty years, under the guidance of a beloved Empress-Queen, the British people had made such progress as the world had not before seen. The purpose of it all was to lead the people of this Empire to think upon their own greatness, their own power for good or evil, for progress or regression, for civilization or barbarism. Above all it was intended to stir up the affections of the people in the distant parts of the Empire, so that the mother nation might have a chance to know whether or not she still retained the loyalty and good-will of those nations to which she has given laws and government and protection.

And what a stirring of that affection there has been! Canada is ten times as British to-day as she was a year ago. Her debt to the Mother Land has been clearly shown, as have been the advantages which she may yet reap by maintaining that connection. And the same must be true of the South African and Australian parts of the Empire—we must not call them colonies now. On the other hand, the attention of the people of the British Isles has been drawn in a greater degree to these distant parts of the Empire. The presence of colonial troops has shown what latent military strength lies in Canada, Cape Colony, and Australia. The presence of the colonial premiers has proven that the new generations arising abroad possess culture, grace, and mental strength which may be brought to bear on the general statesmanship to be employed in directing the affairs of this great combination of nations. Thus on both sides there has been a drawing together which has resulted in the real creation of the Empire.

No man can foretell the future of this new Empire, and no man can foresee what manner of government will control it hereafter. Canada has, by the adoption of preferential trade, set a ball rolling which may gather force enough to connect the whole Empire in one great Trade League. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has intimated that he desires to see Canada more thoroughly and practically represented at Westminster, and the other colonial representatives seem to be of the same mind. Five years ago the man who ventured to advocate such representation was counted a dreamer; yet to-day no one dares class the greatest statesman of Canada as such. The Jubilee celebration has broken down all the barriers, and the dreams of five

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years ago are to-day practical suggestions. The statesmen of Great Britain would not five years ago have condescended to ask the colonies for either moral or financial support; to-day they are asking for both, knowing that if the request is granted, Great Britain will cease to be wholly controlled by the residents of the British Isles.

The new Empire will be based on this new general sentiment which has so suddenly been produced, but this sentiment must rest on material welfare and financial advantage. If this great combination of English-speaking nations can be made a financial and material success, there is no reason why the lost tribes should not return. The United States would find, perhaps, that their well-being, moral, intellectual and material, would be best promoted by a reunion of the Anglo-Saxon races. Such a union would be productive not only of great benefit to all concerned, but of the best interests of civilization, progress and development. Such a union would mean that Christianity and Liberty would rule the world.

RAILWAY STEALS.

According to the present tone of our best newspapers, there is a chance that Canada may soon cease to create a railroad aristocracy. Up to the present time too many of the rich men of Canada have become such by means of our railroad policy. There are men to-day who are rapidly amassing wealth by reason of their connection with railroad charters, railroad building and railroad bonding—not railroad running, for there is only strict business in that. In short, as has been said before in these columns, Canada's generous railroad policy has done but one great good, that of creating a number of exceedingly rich men. This policy has not developed the country, has not made circumstances better for the producer, has not enriched the community. What progress has been made, has been made in spite of this extravagant system of bonusing every individual who can find a piece of land on which to lay ties and rails.

The Toronto *Globe*—and no journal in Canada has devoted so much energy to elucidating this problem—says in its issue of July 10th: "*The system of granting public money to railway builders has led to abuses which may not yield to any treatment less heroic than a radical change in the railway policy of the Dominion.* . . . In the past the granting of railway charters has been almost as free as the incorporation of other companies, and public aid has been so liberal that the profits from building have been a more material object than the subsequent returns from operation. It is time for a thorough revision of this policy, to the end that useless and unprofitable railways may not be promoted for the sake of the public 'aid.'"

This is an exceedingly frank statement from a government organ, and Mr. Willison deserves the sympathy and commendation of all independent individuals for his continued pleas for honest government.

The Ottawa correspondent of the Kingston *Whig* (Liberal) writes in a similar vein. He says: "Then look at plundering roads of the class of Qu'Appelle, Long Lake and Saskatchewan. Western members say that railway was built for a song, with the aid of a Dominion land grant and a postal subsidy of $80,000 a year, and was then bonded in England for $3,800,000, or $16,000 a mile. It runs for the most part through an alkali plain. The charge is that in order to get all the land they could the promoters carried it by a circuitous route to Prince Albert, so circuitous indeed, that they have made the distance from Prince Albert to Winnipeg by rail 175 miles further than it need have been." After citing other incidents of similar plundering, the writer concludes: "It would be well, I repeat, to appoint a commission to look into all the companies that have received Federal subsidies, so that the honest men in the country may learn the truth. It is all very fine talking about the 'development of our great

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THE INSOLENT TURK.

—*Mail and Empire.*

natural resources' and so on, but it is plain that under the subsidy system we are developing altogether too much talent for boodling and chartermongering, and acquiring an unenviable name abroad by our depredations upon others."

The frankness and honesty of these two Liberal organs, and of the Montreal *Witness*, reflects great credit on the Liberalism of this country, and if the party now in power can rise to the height of these sentiments it will earn the gratitude and votes of all those who earnestly desire honest and upright government.

However, the credit does not lie wholly with the Liberal Party, for the Opposition in the Senate, led by Sir Mackenzie Bowell, did a great deal to call public attention to our wasteful railway policy, when it refused to rush through the Drummond County Railway Bill. The graceful yielding of Sir Oliver Mowat to the request for a thorough enquiry made by Senators Bowell and Miller, showed clearly that "the Grand Old Man" from Ontario is on the side of honest and economical administration.

Both political parties require purifying, and it is gratifying to note that the best men of each party recognize this need.

FATHER AND SON.

A brilliant citizen is always admired, and if he gives his services to the State he is accounted a public benefactor. If he becomes one of the leading citizens of the country his name is engraven in brass and carved in stone, and his deeds are recorded in the annals of the nation. But amid all this praise and honour he will go down to his grave with the marks of discontent upon his brow if he leaves not behind him descendants who will worthily guard and honour the name he bore. Many a man who has done honour to the good name which he has inherited, or who has been successful in bringing a previously unknown patronymic into some prominence, finds that he has no sons worthy of the trust which, on his deathbed, or perhaps sooner, he must transfer to other hands. Sons he has, but, owing to physical, intellectual or moral weakness, none of them are capable of carrying on the work which the father must lay down.

It is commonly believed, in this democratic country and age, that the children of rich parents cannot be raised and educated amid wealth so as to be as efficient men and women as the children who are raised under circumstances which make their lives one long fight for existence aud subsistence. The offspring of poor parents are made to labour at an early age, are thrown on their own resources, and soon learn the severe lessons of life. But there is no reason why the children of weathy parents should not be disciplined in a somewhat different way, yet with the same result. If they are taught to prac-

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tise self-control and temperance, if they are filled with ambition and the knowledge that "life is not an empty dream," if they are fed with the proper ideas of what is heroic in mankind, they may become even more useful citizens, for they will possess more culture, more refinement than their less wealthy competitors.

Where a rich, progressive father has but prodigal sons it is usually the father's fault. He has allowed his pursuit of wealth and fame to engross all his time, attention and energy. He has neglected his children or has out of his great love for them given them "too good a time." He has not gone with them to the swimming-bath, the gymnasium or the library; he has not learned their difficulties and their perplexities; he has not, as only a father can, placed before them the ideals which should be theirs; he has not disciplined them and taught them self-control; in short, he has been their procreator but not their father. He has left his work to the modern schoolmaster and to the world—but he would not leave his business affairs in the hands of another.

The father who gives his son abundant leisure, perfect freedom to do as he pleases, and a plenteous supply of money, is committing a crime against the youth and against the commonwealth. If the son become a profligate, a gambler or a drunkard, his father has made him such. It is a terrible accusation to make; but to be the father of children is to be saddled with duties which may not be shirked.

The education of our children is the great problem of this country's citizens, for Canada's future is in the hands of those children; therefore, unless we have a proper ideal of education, we cannot perform our duties as citizens. It is, perhaps, safe to state that not over five per cent. of the parents of Canada have any ideal of education. To many it means a few years in a public school, a few more at a high school and four years at a university. But all this is but a small part of real education; it may make the boy a true

man, but if it does it is because the teachers and companions of the boy have furnished what the father has withheld. Education includes much that cannot be got from books. It includes teaching a boy to do, to will, to love, to think, to know. He must learn to take care of his body, to develop his spiritual and moral natures, to gain and use knowledge—and he cannot learn these things out of books. He may be a university graduate and still be uneducated.

THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE.

When the safety bicycle with its pneumatic tires was introduced some six years ago the bicycle was generally thought to be a more or less useful and pleasant fad, but to-day it is re-

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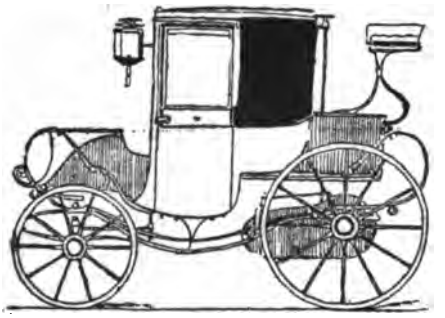
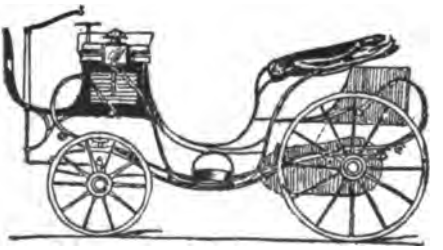


garded as a necessity by a very large number of people. It is ridden by both sexes and all ages, and even the deformed and the crippled find it useful. It was at first used by the middle and upper classes; now a good bicycle can be purchased anywhere from $30 to $90, and thus the poor man may afford it. The larger towns and cities are studded with bicycle liveries, and the street car and the horse-carriage have a strong competitor.

In New York to-day some ten or a dozen electric carriages are being used every day. This is the latest novelty, and those who should know predict that inside of ten years the cities of America will be full of horseless carriages. These vehicles are especially suitable for delivery waggons and for cab service. They are easily guided, quickly stopped and need but little attention. They require recharging every few hours, but as soon as a system of electrical stables is worked out for the large cities this difficulty will be overcome.

One of these modern conveyances has been running on the streets of Toronto during the past month, and Canadians are thus becoming familiar



with the novelty. The manufacture of them in this country will soon commence. It is reported that one of the largest bicycle firms in the United States contemplates entering upon the manufacture of the new vehicle, recognizing, no doubt, that the day for large profits in bicycles has gone forever. A similar course here is quite probable.

A UNITED STATES VIEW OF THE COLONIES.

Harper's Weekly refers editorially to "The Jubilee and the Colonies" as follows:

"The greater colonies which Englishmen have established are no longer colonies, but in every essential sense but one they are independent nations. Notwithstanding the Governor-General, the colony governs itself, just as, notwithstanding the Queen, the English people at home govern themselves. Through their years of growth they have had the protection of the home country. Her splendid navy and her army have been at their service, and they have gone on asserting themselves and taking lands from inferior races, in the confident belief that if they got into difficulties, England would never enquire into the justice of their cause, but would defend them against all assaults. It is doubtful if in all material respects the mother-country has been repaid for the great cost of her colonies. It is enough, perhaps, that she has seen the English race spread over the earth and flourish, and the English tongue become dominant in every quarter of the globe. However that may be, she has nourished her colonies until they have become great states, and none knew better than the premiers of Canada and Australasia that their people and their lands are as truly independent of England as are the United States. It is because these colonies are great and self-governing nations, their growth having been fostered and hastened by reason of their relief from all cost of military establishments, which the mother-country has assumed, that it was well for England, and well for the English-speaking world, that an opportunity was given to them to manifest their loyalty. England deserves the loyalty of her colonies, and all the sacrifices on their part that her needs demand. From the demonstration of last week in London it may be assumed that England has her children behind her, and that they will do for her all that they have expected that she would do for them when the time came. That this is so is an added proof of the character and the worth of what we are wont to call the Anglo-Saxon race."

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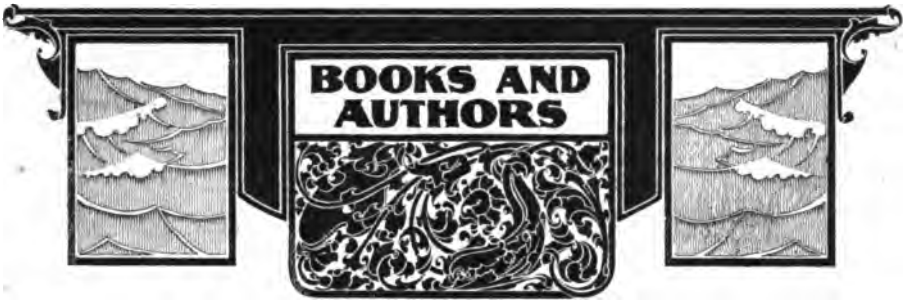

HE TRIED TO DO HIS DUTY.

THERE are some novels in which it is extremely difficult to find a flaw; yet they do not stir or stimulate the reader. They fail to enthuse. This is not the kind of story which Octave Thanet writes. His new book,* entitled "The Missionary Sheriff," contains six splendid stories, each describing a charming incident in the life of a plain man who tried to do his duty. Sheriff Wickliff lost his mother when he was a baby, and about the same time his father was killed in battle. But he had their pictures and the report of his father's captain that his parent had been "a good man, who could always be depended on to do his duty." That report was his guide through life, and whether he was a detective or a sheriff he tried to do good to his fellow man. He was sorry for those who were down in the world, and was always willing to lend a helping hand.

The author delineates this noble character in such a way that his manliness is most striking and stimulating, and tells his story with the power of the true raconteur. The women whom he introduces are cleverly drawn, and the common life of common people is pictured with a true appreciation of the drama which it displays. The stories are not of society life, but of the people.

OLIVE SCHREINER'S SERMON.

Olive Schreiner's "The Story of an African Farm" had a popularity which few books receive because it possessed force. It is just a question whether her new book † does not possess too much of this quality. Trooper Peter Halket, of Mashonaland, is free with black women, and does not value very highly the lives of the natives of Africa. Yet he is described as being more merciful than most of the soldiers and adventurers who have established European governments and control in South Africa. Being lost one night on an African plain, he is forced to spend the night on a koppje, a little hillock, and is there visited by the Man of Galilee. He points out to Peter the cruelty of this invasion of Africa by Europeans, and touches his heart. This conversation is the whole of the book. It is a bitter invective against the treatment now being accorded to the natives, and severely scores Rhodes and Barnato, and those who follow in their footsteps. It condemns the marauder and the speculator in a bold and vigorous manner such as is seldom found in books. One cannot help but feel, while appreciating the author's earnestness and vigour, that the picture is some-

* "The Missionary Sheriff," by Octave Thanet. Illustrated by A. B. Frost and Clifford Carleton. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cloth, 248 pages.

† "Trooper Peter Halket, of Mashonaland," by Olive Schreiner. Boston: Roberts Brothers; Toronto: Tyrrell's Bookshop. Cloth, $1.25.

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what overdrawn. Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged to be a powerful story masterfully told.

BELLAMY'S NEW BOOK.

To the thousands of Canadians who have read and re-read "Looking Backward," Bellamy's companion volume,* "Equality," will be most welcome. To those who have not read the first volume, the preface of this second volume, with its admirable digest of what was there covered, will be instructive. The basis of the whole of Bellamy's ideas and ideals is set forth in a paragraph on page 7:

"But, dear me, Julian, life itself and everything that meanwhile makes life worth living, from the satisfaction of the most primary physical needs to the gratification of the most refined tastes, all that belongs to the development of mind as well as body depend first, last and always on the manner in which the production and distribution of wealth is regulated."

He believes that to be happy a man must have enough wealth to satisfy all his reasonable wants, but no one must be overburdened and no one stinted. There must be simple *economic equality*. This is his text, and on it he bases his sermons.

A few headings of chapters will give an idea of what Mr. Bellamy treats in this most remarkable and interesting of recent economic books: Why the Revolution did not Come Earlier; A Twentieth Century Bank Parlour; Life the Basis of the Right of Property; How Inequality of Wealth Destroys Liberty; Private Capital Stolen from the Social Fund; The Revolution Saved Private Property from Monopoly; What the Revolution did for Women; Protection and Free Trade; What Universal Culture Means; Theatre-Going in the Twentieth Century. The contents of the whole volume are devoted simply to an explanation of the economic position of affairs in the United States as Mr. Bellamy thinks they should be worked out. It is lamentable that he believes a revolution necessary; evolution would be much better. But he is impatient of delay, although this impatience does not lessen the value of the Utopian picture which he so strongly delineates.

The book should have an enormous sale in Canada, as it is decidedly readable. The Canadian edition is exceedingly creditable to the publisher; the type being clear, the paper bright, and the cover chaste yet striking.

TWO NOVELS FROM HARPERS†

William Dean Howells' "The Landlord at Lion's Head" is now published in book form, with a number of excellent illustrations by W. T. Smedley. The Lion's Head is a mountain whose top resembles a sleeping lion, the head being especially distinct. The best view of this is from a farmhouse owned and occupied by a shiftless farmer named Durgin. A painter happens along, arranges for board, and commences to paint this freak of the New England hills, and this event starts the family into the summer-boarder business. The old man passes away, and Mrs. Durgin, a strong, energetic woman, comes to the fore. She, her son Jeff, and the artist Westover are the leading characters, although some others appear rather prominently. The progress of summer hotel keeping is noted side by side with Jeff's educational progress; and these finally combine to place him at Harvard. Here he has some sad experiences, due mainly to the fact that he is neutral in his moral feelings—neither very bad nor very good. The book is certainly a clever piece of work, although at times the work seems to be done too mechanically.

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* "Equality," by Edward Bellamy. Toronto: George N. Morang, 63 Yonge Street. Cloth, 412 pp.
† "The Landlord at Lion's Head," by William Dean Howells (illustrated), and "Leonora of the Yawmish," by Francis Dana. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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Somebody should, however, invite Mr. Howells over to Canada for a season. His Canuck is an under-sized tree-chopper; and his Canadian year is divided into three months summer and nine months winter. Mr. Howells is unjust. In Ontario last week the thermometer ranged during the day from 90° to 99° in the shade. Canada has eight months of weather which is very little different from that of New York, and Mr. Howells should know this.

Another volume, just issued by Harpers, is "Leonora of the Yawmish," by Francis Dana. It is also a tale of the mountains, but this time of the Pacific Coast elevations. The style of the author is free and easy like the life he is describing, and is always on the verge of the ludicrous. Mr. Dana apparently intends to create a style of his own, a free, careless, caustic, and see-the-joke style. Personally I cannot say that I care for it, but nevertheless I am quite prepared to hear that it "took." The tale is simply one of adventure, or rather a series of adventures, with the usual love-story thrown in to please the female reader—and the male reader.

TWO THESES.

A University professor remarked to the writer a few months ago that Canada had too many schools, too many pupils, but no scholars. Occasionally a young Canadian attains to the dignity of being termed a scholar. Two of these have recently published their theses. H. Rushton Fairclough, of Stanford University, California, has had published by Rowsell & Hutchison, Toronto, "The Attitude of the Greek Tragedians towards Nature," being his thesis accepted for the degree of Ph. D., by Johns Hopkins University; Arthur Beatty chose as his subject "Browning's Verse-Form: Its Organic Character," and Columbia University accepted his work. Canada's national publication is always pleased to notice the work which Canada's sons may accomplish abroad.

THE HISTORY OF PORT ROYAL.

"History of the County of Annapolis, including Old Port Royal and Acadia," by the late W. A. Calnek, edited and completed by A. W. Savary, is one of the most important and scholarly of recent Canadian historical publications.* When a resident of this country publishes a Life of Queen Victoria, of Mr. Gladstone, or Prince Bismarck, one may be quite sure that there is nothing original about it, and that it is simply a rehash, though possibly a good rehash, of what original workers have collected and published. When, however, a man publishes such a book as the one under consideration, one is inclined to consider it with reverence, to view it as the honest contribution of an intelligent and enterprising citizen. Mr. Calnek did not live to receive from Nova Scotia's sons the praise to which he was entitled for his labours, the finishing touches to which have been given by Judge Savary. The book is bulky, contains over six hundred pages and sixteen illustrations, and its style may be gathered from the opening paragraph:

> What memories cluster around the basin of old Port Royal! What visions of brave hearts and strong hands, of adventurous enterprise and religious zeal, of toil and hardship, and of alternate success and failure, rise before the mind at the mention of its name! It was beside its waters that the first permanent settlement was made by European immigrants in this great Canadian Dominion. Three years before a white man's hut had been built on the site of Quebec, a fort and village were to be found on its shores, and the problem of the cultivation of Acadian soil had been successfully solved by the production of both cereal and root crops. Its waters also received on their smiling bosom the first vessel built on the continent, and the first mill constructed in North America was built on a stream whose limpid waters found their way into its hill-surrounded and protected reservoir. Its shores, too, witnessed

* County of Annapolis, Nova Scotia—Calnek and Savary. Toronto: William Briggs; London, Eng.: Phillimore & Co., 36 Essex St., Strand.

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the first conquest made by Christianity in the conversion of the brave and friendly old Indian Sachem, Memberton, and there also echoed the first notes of poetic song heard in British America—sung in honour of the founder of the French Dominion in the New World. Its shores formed, for more than a hundred years, the centre of civilization and progress in Acadia—a civilization that was to extend to the valleys of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence; and its waters were reddened by the first blood shed in the long and fiercely contested struggle between France and England for the possession of the continent. . . . . .

A POETICAL ROMANCE.*

"John St. John and Anna Gray" is a poetical romance of old New Brunswick, by Margaret Gill Currie. Anna Gray was the child of a U. E. Loyalist who settled in New Brunswick. She had an honest lover named John St. John, but preferred to marry a dashing stranger, "Marmaduke, of Tempest Hall," who took her to England and subsequently, at his mother's instigation, put her in an insane asylum. Her friends in New Brunswick heard of this after many years and procured her release. So she returned to spend her last days in her old home, though many of the neighbours were dead, among them John St. John. Several poetic fragments are introduced in connection with a crazed but gentle young woman who tries to charm away Anna's sadness when in the asylum. The smooth flow of the versification is well maintained, but it seldom rises to noticeable beauty. Perhaps the finest lines are the following, which occur in a descriptive account of John St. John's death. They strike a true note in emphasizing the colour contrasts that form so distinct a beauty of our scenery. The reference to the dark appearance of pine trees at a distance is very good:

Blue as the sapphire of the heavenly pavements,
Glittered the cloudless sky of the winter morn,
White as the linen vestments of the ransomed,
Seemed the pure garb by hill and valley worn.

The woods of evergreen stood black and comely,
Cresting the little hills, the mountains' brow,
The spectral leaves of winter beach were tapping,
With every breath of wind, both trunk and bough.

—*Montreal Witness.*

TWO SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.†

Sir William Dawson has added another book to his long list of contributions to scientific literature. It is entitled "Relics of Primeval Life," and deals with the beginning of life in the dawn of geological time, the letter-press being supplemented by sixty-five illustrations. In this book the venerable author explains more fully and with more proof why he maintains that life existed in earliest geological period, and those who have been interested in his great discovery will be pleased to have this further and conclusive information.

Herbert Brown Ames is also a scientific student of strata, and the forms of life therein; but he studies the strata of society, and the habits and characteristics of individual humanity. His book, "The City Below the Hill," is a sociological study of a portion of the city of Montreal, and he deals with such subjects as Employment, Family Incomes and Workers' Wages, Homes of the Wage Earners, Comparative Rentals, Death Rate, etc. It is an exceedingly valuable and painstaking piece of original work, the charts being especially instructive and interesting.

Both these books merit more extended notice, which will be given later.

* John Saint John and Anna Gray, by Mrs. Margaret Gill Currie. Toronto: William Briggs.
† Relics of Primeval Life, by Sir J. William Dawson. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Cloth, $1.50. "The City Below the Hill," by Herbert Brown Ames, B.A. Montreal: Bishop Engraving and Printing Co.

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A CANADIAN ROMANCE

The novel of the next few months, as far as this country is concerned, will be "The Romance of a Jesuit Mission," by Mary Bourchier Sanford* (of Barrie, Ont.). It is a seventeenth century love story, the scenes being laid in the almost unknown regions in and about the Georgian Bay, where the Jesuits had established their missions among the doomed Hurons. From the moment that the story opens, to describe the mysterious arrival of the first white woman at the mission of Fort Sainte Marie, to the last little episode, there is always something to interest. Dorothy's tangled love-tale, her trials and her adventures, her buffets and struggles add romance to the wonderfully adventurous life led by those noble and self-sacrificing sons of the cross who, banished from society, civilization and kindred, lived, served, preached, prayed and died among the Redmen of the Canadian forests. But beyond the story is the admirable picture of the forts of the missionaries, the dwellings of the Indians, the troubles among the tribes, the conflicts, the converts and the other varying excitements of this backwoods life. It is a panoramic view of life in this country two hundred and fifty years ago.

The style of the author is gentle and pleasing, always forceful enough, however, by virtue of its quiet strength. Both the style and the language have a quiet dignity which would convince any reader that the author had learned the true art of writing through much experience—and yet it is this gifted lady's first bread cast upon the literary waters of her beloved country.

A RARE MANUSCRIPT.

There are in existence a few printed copies of an anonymous "Lettre D'un Habitant De Louisburg," containing a narrative by an eye-witness of the siege of that great Cape Breton fortress in 1745. George M. Wrong, M.A., professor of history in the University of Toronto, has taken the trouble to translate this and to publish† both the original and the translation in one volume.

* Romance of a Jesuit Mission, by M. Bourchier Sanford. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Cloth, illuminated cover, two-color title page, rough edges, 292 pp., $1.25.

† Louisburg in 1745. Prof. George M. Wrong. Toronto: Wm. Briggs, paper, 74 pp.

NATIONAL SPORT.

MR. GEO. W. ORTON, who has just taken the degree of Ph. D. at the University of Pennsylvania, is spending his holidays in training for the championship races that take place in the States in August. He will contribute an article to the September CANADIAN MAGAZINE on "Athletics in American Universities."

Mike O'Neill, of Ridgetown, claims the wrestling championship of Canada for having defeated Harrison. William H. Quinn, of Montreal, also claims the honour, and is anxious to meet O'Neill.

At the Sheepshead races which closed July 12th, the Seagram (Waterloo, Ont.) stables won four firsts and a third, netting $4,130.

Mitchell Bowling Club seem to be the champions of Ontario. They won the Walker Cup at the recent Dominion Bowling Tournament in Toronto.

The St. Lambert, Montreal, Boating Club held its annual regatta on July 10th, and fourteen races were decided. The Single Canoe open was won by A. De Repentigny, and the Men's Double Scull by Laing and Scott.

The *Avoca* (Duggan and Shearwood) seems to be the champion 20-footer of Montreal, and the *Viva* (Routh and Shearwood) the champion 15-footer.

The friends of the Canadian representatives in the Eastern Baseball League are jubilant over the Toronto team's continued wins. At the time of writing they have a firm hold on third place, and as in the series of eight games with Buffalo they won five, and in a similar series with Syracuse they won six, the hope that the pennant will come to Toronto is amply justified.

While negotiations were going on for the transference of the Wilkesbarre franchise to Montreal, the grand stand at Rochester was burnt down, and immediately the name of the Rochester team was changed to "Montreal." Although Canadians would like to see another

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team from this side of the border in the league, it is doubtful whether the Rochester team, with the start at the bottom of the ladder, even if the strengthening that has been going on were continued, would draw paying crowds in Montreal.

Although the games in the Canadian Baseball League have been close and interesting, everything does not appear to be "lovely." One drawback is the absence of a fourth team, which seems to be necessary to create the desired enthusiasm. There were rumours a few weeks ago to the effect that the Guelph team would disband, but lately, after a little strengthening, it has been winning games and drawing larger crowds. It is to be hoped that the champions will stay in the race. At the present time London seems the likeliest team for the pennant, with Hamilton a close second. New players are being signed by the managers of all three teams, and the complexion of the race may soon be changed.

The Executive of the Canadian Wheelman's Association is to be congratulated on the success of the annual meet which was this year held at Chatham. The Chathamites opened their gates and brought in the crowds, while the racers did the entertaining. The races were all interesting, and in the amateur championships the competition was so keen that the Executive of the Association could scarcely decide whom to send as Canada's representative to Scotland at the National Meet, but they have finally decided that to C. W. Richardson of Toronto will be given the difficult task of competing with the fastest riders of the world. The championship races at Chatham resulted as follows :

PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS.

(1) Half mile—Won by Harley Davidson, Toronto ; T. B. McCarthy, Toronto, second.
(2) One mile—Won by Harley Davidson, Toronto ; T. B. McCarthy, Toronto, second.
(3) Five mile—Won by Angus McLeod, Brantford ; Chris. Greatrix, Toronto, second.
(4) Two mile tandem—Won by Harley Davidson and Angus McLeod ; T. B. McCarthy and Chris. Greatrix, second.

AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS.

(1) Half mile—Won by F. A. Moore, Toronto ; James Drury, Montreal, second.
(2) One mile—Won by R. E. Axton, Brantford ; Frank Moore, Toronto, second.
(3) Five mile—Won by G. W. Riddle, Winnipeg ; R. E. Axton, Brantford, second.
(4) Two mile tandem—Won by Robinson and Cousserat, Montreal ; McEachren and McGill, Toronto, second.

Everything in connection with the "Big Four" Lacrosse League is decidedly doubtful. Each of the clubs claims that its team is the best in the league, and those that are not recorded at the head are not there, in their own opinion, only through hard luck. The Capitals, however, have, if reports are true, and they surely must be when such determined action has been taken, had the hardest luck, and yet they have a tight hold on the coveted position. The Shamrocks seem to have the weakest team, but still it has never been beaten badly, and their old prestige ought to be of value. The Cornwalls are this year putting on the field almost the same team that won so many games at the end of last season, and that lost the championship on account of poor condition in the first games. The Torontos in every game that they have played have scored the most number of games during the first part of the two hours, but poor condition, ignorance of one another's style of play at the beginning of the season, and a series of accidents in the last games have contributed to their losing sometimes to weak-teams.

The people of Winnipeg, and indeed of all Canada, felt disappointed when they heard the news that the Winnipeg four were defeated in the semi-finals at Henley-on-Thames. It had been hoped by the admirers of the crew that the Canadian four would at least be in the finals. Now consolation must be sought in the direction in which the friends of the Argonauts obtained it when their crew were defeated in the semi-finals. It was claimed that the Argonauts gave the winning crew the hardest race they had, and the same result has again occurred as Winnipeg had a race with the winner, the New College crew having vanquished the Leanders in one race and being barely beaten in another. Canadians are assured that the Winnipeggers put up a stubborn fight, and that they have well earned the welcome home that is in store for them. If they could not win, no other crew in Canada could.

When the Canadian team of cricketers left to do battle with St. Louis and Chicago, it was hardly expected that the weakened eleven would make such a record in all departments of the game. Their bowling and fielding, however, won them every match, as the batting did not make as many runs as a national team should score. Below is a list of the matches played :

July 3 and 5, v. All Chicago—All Chicago, 39 and 139 ; Canadian eleven, 110 and 71 (for five wickets). Won by five wickets.

July 6, v. St. Louis—St. Louis 53 and 60 (for six wickets) ; Canadian eleven, 150. Won by 97 on the first innings.

July 8 and 9, v. The Wanderers—Wanderers, 105 and 124 ; Canadian eleven, 171 and 61 (for four wickets). Won by six wickets.

July 10, v. The Chicago Club—Canadian eleven *198 (for eight wickets) ; Chicago C. C., 86. Won by 112 runs.

*Innings declared closed.

Terry's batting and wicket-keeping, and the bowling of Lyon Mackenzie and Wadsworth were the chief features of the Canadians' play.

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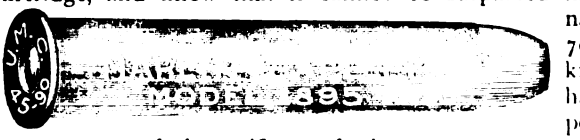

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THE

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AND MASSEY'S MAGAZINE COMBINED.

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

PUBLISHED BY
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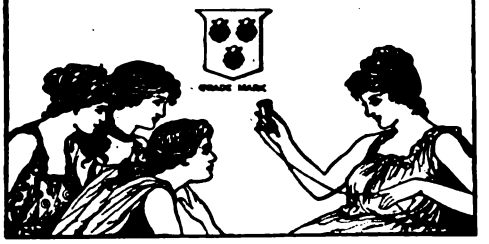

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX. SEPTEMBER, 1897. No. 5.

SHAKESPEARE OR BACON?

The proof (partly from a just discovered anagram) that the real Author of the so-called "Shakespeare" drama was Francis Bacon.

IT is now just fifty years since Delia Bacon published her "Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded," in which work she sought to show that Lear, Hamlet and the rest were not written by the actor whose name they bear, but by the author of the Novum Organum and the De Augmentis. From that day until now the subject has been debated with ever-increasing warmth and interest. Upon it a library has been written, and year by year this is added to. It may be said, too, that by dint of constant digging the writers get deeper into the subject. Superficial resemblances between the plays and Bacon's prose are being almost lost sight of in the deeper and more vital connections which are constantly being unearthed, until something like proof of the Baconian authorship had been reached, when only a few weeks ago a friend of the present writer made a discovery which, taken in conjunction with prior arguments, may be fairly considered to close the case in favour of the great prose writer.

It will not be expected that within the limits of a magazine article anything like justice can be done to this immense subject; still, I believe I can show the impartial reader that justification exists for the title which I have been bold enough to apply to the following condensed review.

We know that the plays were written towards the end of the sixteenth and in the beginning of the seventeenth century. We know that though published anonymously until 1598, they mostly bore on their title pages after that date the name of William Shakespeare. We know that they were collected and published in a large folio volume in 1623, and that this volume was entitled "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies." We know that there was an actor and theatre manager of that name in London at that time, and that he has been supposed by nearly all the world since then to have been their author. But we know also that many other plays were printed in London during the time that the folio plays were coming out bearing the same name, William Shakespeare, on their title pages, and that no one pretends to-day that these were written by the man who wrote Macbeth. Did this William Shakespeare, this actor, this theatre manager, write the folio plays? And if not, who did write them?

There was another man living in London during all the time that Shakespeare lived there who is known to have

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been one of the greatest, if not the greatest man, that England has produced. He was a student, a scientist, a philosopher, an orator, a statesman, a wit, and we are told by himself a concealed poet. The man I refer to was called Francis Bacon, and it has been suggested that he and not the actor was the author of the works in question.

Taking it for granted, for the moment, that one or other of these two men wrote the plays, our business is to ask which of the two it was.

On the side of Shakespeare we have the undisputed fact that his name appears on most of the title pages of the works in question. On the side of Bacon we have an enormous mass of evidence of which I will try to give some idea.

But first let us glance for a moment at the two men, so as to set before ourselves the most salient points in their lives and characters. As regards Shakespeare, I will give you all the facts positively known, which I can do in a few minutes. As regards Bacon, the known facts could only be given in an immense book, and I shall have to content myself here with a very bare outline of his history.

Shakespeare (we do not know exactly when he was born) was baptised at Stratford-on-Avon 26th April, 1564; was licensed to marry Mary Ann Hathaway 28th November, 1582. His daughter Susanna was baptised 26th May, 1583. His children, Hamnet and Judith, twins, were baptised 2nd Feb., 1584. In 1592 his name was parodied in London as "Shake-scene" in Greene's Groatsworth of Wit. On 11th August, 1596, his son Hamnet was buried at Stratford. In 1597 he built New Place. In 1598 he was returned on the rolls of Stratford as the holder (during a famine) of ten quarters of corn. The same year he sold one load of stone to the town of Stratford for 10d. On 4th Feb., 1598, Richard Quiney addresses a letter to him, asking a loan of £30 on security. This is the only letter to him extant; it is not positively known that he ever wrote a letter himself to any one. In 1599 he applied for a grant of coat armour to his father. In 1600 he sues John Clayton for £7, and obtains verdict. In 1602 he buys two parcels of land and a cottage in Stratford. In 1603 he is appointed one of Her Majesty's servants for theatrical performances. In 1604 he sues Philip Rogers at Stratford for £1 15s. 10d. for malt delivered, including 2s. for money loaned. In 1605 he purchases a moiety of the tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton and Welcombe, for £440. On 5th June, 1607, his daughter Susanna marries Dr. John Hall at Stratford. In 1608 he sues John Addenbrake of Stratford for £6, together with £1 4s. costs; obtained judgment, but Addenbroke not being found sues his bondsman, Hornby. Same year he was present as sponsor at the baptism of Henry Walker in Stratford. In 1610 he purchased 20 acres of pasture land in Stratford. In 1612 he brings suit to protect his interest in the tithes of corn, grain, hay, wool, lambs, etc., of Stratford. On 10th March, 1613, he purchases a house in London for £140, next day mortgages same for £60. In June same year Mrs. Hall brings suit against John Lane for slander. On 28th October, 1614, he was guaranteed by William Replingham against loss by enclosure of commons at Stratford; 16th Nov., 1614, he comes to London, and the next day he explains to Thomas Greene how far the enclosure at Welcombe will extend. On 11th Feb., 1616, his daughter marries Thomas Quiney without a license; the bridegroom and bride are arraigned at Worcester before the Ecclesiastical Court for violation of law. On 25th March, 1616, makes his will, and in doing so omits his wife's name entirely, but has it written in by interlineation afterwards. On 23rd April, 1616, he died.

After nearly three hundred years of rigorous search this is all that has been discovered of this man whose writings, or supposed writings, have exalted him by the united suffrages of civilized men to the position almost of a demigod.

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Is it strange that, considering the man and considering the plays — the one apparently so uncouth, so unlearned, so commonplace, the other so full of erudition, of wisdom, of tenderness, of wit, of pathos, of insight, of qualities which in their coexistence and combination seem almost superhuman—is it strange that Emerson should say: "I cannot marry the facts of this man's life to his verse; other admirable men have led lives in some sort of keeping with their thought, but this man in wide contrast"?

For all I know, Shakespeare may have been the noblest man who ever lived, but nothing noble is known of him. He may have been the ablest man the race has produced, but unless we ascribe the plays to him nothing is known of him that indicates any ability. He may have been a learned man, if so we know nothing of it; no scrap of his writing, with the exception of five very badly written signatures, has ever been seen, as far as we know. It may be, for all we know of the matter, that these five, and probably other signatures, was the only manuscript he ever penned. It is possible that, like many other persons who have never learned to write, he acquired the art of tracing his signature, and that this was the limit of his education in this direction.

Francis Bacon was born on 22nd January, 1561, and was therefore probably some three years older than Shakespeare. He was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Keeper of the Great Seal, and Ann, daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, an able woman and most accomplished scholar. At the age of twelve years and three months Francis Bacon entered Trinity College, Cambridge. He remained there until the age of fourteen and a half years, by which time, it is said, he had learned all that Cambridge had to teach. While still at college, and therefore while still a boy under fifteen years of age, he saw that the Aristotelian method of study then in use was erroneous, and planned, of course only in outline, the new method which he later taught to men, and by means of which modern science has been created. In September, 1576, when not yet sixteen, he went with the Ambassador, Sir Amias Paulet, to France, and remained there a year and a half, chiefly at Paris, Blois, Tours and Poitiers. Early in 1578 he was recalled to England by the sudden death of his father. When he was in his eighteenth year Hilliard painted a miniature of him, and around it inscribed the words: "Si tabula daretur digna, animum mallem." (If one could but paint his mind!) The picture shows his head almost abnormal in its magnificent development, and the Latin words express the feelings of those who knew him, that his intellect, even at that age, was beyond that of ordinary men.

The provision which his father had intended making for Francis was prevented by his sudden and unexpected death, and when the young man returned to England he found himself unprovided for. He then studied law at Gray's Inn, and was admitted Utter Barrister 27th June, 1582. In 1584, in his twenty-fourth year, he was elected to Parliament, and by successive re-elections remained a member of the House of Commons for something like thirty years.

Now, the plays began to be published in 1591. For some years before and after that date, Bacon, possessed at the time of some six languages and of all the learning and science of his time, was doing comparatively little. So true is this that his indefatigable biographer, Spedding, who spent his life studying Bacon, can give no account of what he was doing at this time. It is known, however, that he kept himself very close at Gray's Inn and at Twickenham, and that at times it was difficult to gain access to him. A note by himself, a brief diary jotting made in the early nineties, and which has by chance come down to us, seems significant. It is: "Law at Twickenham for the Merry Tales." It is supposed by some to mean that he was engaged then and at that place in studying law for the purpose of the comedies,

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and perhaps histories, in which so much legal learning is embedded.

At this time where was Shakespeare, and what was he doing? We do not know. He was probably in London. In 1591, when the first play was published, he was twenty-seven years old, a raw countryman, uneducated; yet he had written King John. And two years later he prints Venus and Adonis, a poem full of classical learning, and the next year Taming the Shrew, Henry V., 2nd part Henry VI., Richard III. and Lucrece. He, being at this time in his thirtieth year, has done, without any of the usual helps such as education, means to live, friends, leisure, preliminary travel and observation, such work that it would place an additional crown on the head of the greatest poet our planet has ever produced. From this time until 1609 the plays flow from their divine source, whether this was in Shakespeare or Bacon, in a steady stream of one, two or more a year, and then suddenly the flow is arrested. In 1609 were published the Sonnets, Troilus and Cressida and Bacon's Wisdom of the Ancients. After that absolute silence on the part of Bacon for eleven years, or until the Novum Organum was issued in 1620; and on the part of Shakespeare (who meantime had died) silence for thirteen years. Then all at once, in 1623, the floodgate was opened and out poured from the hands of Bacon the History of Henry VII., the History of the Winds and the History of life and Death; and from the hands of the dead Shakespeare eight or ten new and twelve rewritten plays. What does this mean? Well, perhaps it simply means this: That from 1590 to 1605 Bacon had ample leisure, and wrote and issued under a pen-name twenty-one plays, and under his own name two small prose works. That from 1606 to 1621, being in office and his time fully taken up, he wrote and published almost nothing either in his own or any other name. That after his fall in 1621 he, having nothing else to do and being then in the plenitude of his powers, had set to work in good earnest to finish what he had on hand or what was partly thought out—to put all in shape preparatory to his necessarily near exit from life. And so he passed through the press in the four years, 1622-25, the enlarged edition of the Advancement of Learning, some five other books with his own name on their title-pages and the new and enlarged plays as said above. And what makes the Shakespeare-Bacon publications of these years look still more like work projected and carried through by one mind is the fact that the Shakespeare Folio Edition of 1623 is in exactly the same form as Bacon's De Augmentis Scientiarum, published the same year, and as the Frankfort Edition of Bacon's Works, published 1665—that is, they are all printed on foolscap measuring eight and a quarter by thirteen inches, and I believe on paper of similar quality and in similar type.

Suppose now we arrange the thirty-six plays in their order of production as accurately as that can be done: shall we find in the subjects successively treated any relation between them and the life of the poet? If the poet is supposed to be William Shakespeare, the actor, the answer is emphatically, No! But then we know so little of the actor's life. However, it is almost certain that he never was in France or Italy, and it is certain that the man who wrote the plays had seen many of the streets, houses, towns, and country places described more or less in detail in those dramas whose scenes are laid in the countries in question. Francis Bacon, as we have seen, knew France from residence there, he may never have been in Italy, but his brother Anthony lived there for years while the plays were being written, and they kept up an elaborate and intimate correspondence, so that Francis could easily have obtained from him any detailed descriptions he wanted to use. Then as to other aspects of Bacon's life—his debts and money difficulties and his relief therefrom by his brother Anthony—mirrored in the Merchant of Venice by the relief of Bassanio by Antonio (even the names almost the

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same); the madness in the plays, as in Lear and Hamlet, reflecting the madness of Bacon's mother and his observations and studies that sprung from that; the relations of Bacon, through the Virginia Company, with the Bermudas (called then the Isle of Devils), from which probably sprang suggestions for The Tempest; but especially the intimate connection between the natural science of many of the comedies, Macbeth, etc., and Bacon's natural history studies, going on at the same time.

Another point in the geography of the plays seems significant: Bacon's home, St. Albans, is named in the plays twenty-three times; Stratford, Shakespeare's native place, not once. Many scenes in the historical plays are laid at St. Albans—Ancient St. Albans is the scene of Cymbeline; no scene is laid at or near Stratford. So York Place, in London, where Bacon was born, is tenderly referred to in Henry VIII; but there is no mention in the plays of any house or place that we know to have been dear to Shakespeare. So Bacon's fall in 1621 is mirrored in Wolsey's fall in Henry VIII., and Wolsey addressing the King is made to use words actually written by Bacon to James, but omitted from the letter as finished and sent.

Shakespeare left London about 1610, and no one pretends that he took with him to Stratford any library, or that he wrote any plays after his retirement into the country.

Now, in the first place, imagine a man capable of producing such works, and who had formed habits of study and of composition, cutting himself off voluntarily and absolutely from science and literature while still in good health and only forty-six years of age—scarcely, in fact, at mental maturity! Imagine Goethe doing so, or Milton, or Tennyson, or Whitman, Longfellow or Lowell! For my part, I confess the proposition is to me inconceivable.

The next point is: If the plays were all written before, say, the end of 1611, where were those of them which were not printed until 1623, during the intervening twelve years? And why should they be so long unprinted when the sale of those that had been published proved that there was a market for them?

The Shakespeare argument is: Shakespeare left London and ceased to produce plays in 1611. Shakespeare wrote the plays; therefore all the plays were written before the end of 1611.

But let us look a little more closely at this point, and for this purpose let us use the last edition of the plays that has been published; namely, The Temple Shakespeare. According to the editor of this edition, who certainly has no Baconian leanings, the following are a few of the facts:

(a) Timon of Athens—first printed in 1623—no record of it before that year.

(b) Cymbeline—first printed in 1623—no record of it before that year.

(c) Anthony and Cleopatra—first printed in 1623—"not formerly entered to other men"—a play on same subject entered 1608, but no evidence that it was this work or related to it.

(d) Macbeth—first printed 1623—"not formerly entered to other men"—said to have been acted at Globe Theatre, 1610, but impossible to say whether it existed then as printed in 1623

(e) Julius Cæsar—first printed in 1623—never heard of before that year.

(f) Henry VIII.—first printed 1623—"undoubtedly acted as a new play," 29th June, 1613—but no evidence that the play then acted corresponded in text with that printed in 1623.

(g) 1st part Henry VI.—first printed in 1623—no evidence of earlier existence.

(h) Winter's Tale—first printed 1623—not heard of earlier.

(i) Twelfth Night—first printed in 1623—probably in existence in 1601, though perhaps not completed then as printed in 1623.

(j) All's Well That Ends Well—first printed in 1623—probably exist-

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ed earlier and rewritten for folio of 1623.

(k) As You Like It—first printed in 1623—"not formerly entered to other men."

(l) Measure for Measure—first printed in 1623—never heard of before.

(m) Two Gentlemen of Verona—first printed in 1623—but probably is an earlier play rewritten for the 1623 folio.

(n) The Tempest—first printed in 1623—said to have been played 1613, but impossible to say, even if the same work, whether finished then as printed in folio of 1623.

Not only this, but when the plays were printed in the folio in 1623, important changes, additions and improvements were made in the following old plays: "King John," "Taming of the Shrew," "Henry V.," 2nd and 3rd "Henry VI.," "Comedy of Errors," 1st and 2nd "Henry IV.," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Titus Andronicus," "Merry Wives," and "Lear."

It is about certain that the earlier dramas were written and played some time, probably some years, before they were printed; then we must allow a little time for thinking them out and preparing them. All things considered, I submit that the evidence is as good as conclusive that work on the early plays was done long before Shakespeare could have done it, and that much work on the later plays and editions was done after Shakespeare's death in 1616.

But it is time we came to the more specific arguments which seem to demonstrate a connection, and a close one, between the Shakespeare drama and Francis Bacon. These may be enumerated as follows: 1. The Promus Argument. 2. The Argument from Words. 3. From Language. 4. From Style. 5. From Expressions. 6. Identity of Opinions. 7. Similar Studies. 8. From Bacon's Henry VII. 9. From the Northumberland House MS. 10. From Ben Jonson's Testimony. 11. From Bacon's Words and Those of Cotemporaries. 12. From the Anagram. And there are plenty of others, but these are more than can be properly set forth here.

I.—THE PROMUS ARGUMENT:

About 1594 Francis Bacon made a collection of words, sayings, notes, proverbs, and suggestive phrases from the Bible, from Virgil, from Erasmus, from many other sources, and from his own thoughts, which he called "The Promus of Formularies and Elegancies." It is written on some eighty odd large folio sheets. We know it is Bacon's since it is mostly in his hand, and besides that contains notes used in his book, "Colours of Good and Evil." Besides the use made by Bacon of these comparatively few notes in his Good and Evil, hardly one of the Promus entries has been used by him in his acknowledged works. The number of entries in the Promus is nearly 1,700. Now these notes, words, phrases, thoughts, are scattered through the plays as thick as grains of wheat through the surface of a fresh sown field; the total number of times they individually occur (for many of them are used more than once) being several thousand. Among other things in the Promus are quite a number of forms of salutation, as: good morning, good evening, good morrow, and so on. Some of these are used nearly a hundred times each in the plays. These forms of salutation were not in use in England before Bacon's time, and it was his entry of them in the Promus and use of them in the plays that makes them current coin day by day with us of the 19th century. Now, as said, these Promus notes are not used by Bacon in his acknowledged works, and indeed very few of them are applicable for such writings, but far more for conversational works such as the plays. Well, since Bacon did not use them what did he make them for? It costs no slight labour to collect some 1,700 passages in six languages, from all sorts of books and on all sorts of subjects, but each of them of course having a bearing on some scheme in the collector's mind. I repeat, What

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did Bacon make this collection for? And suppose that question answered, then comes the other: How did these proverbs, notes, texts, passages, turns of expressions, become worked into Shakespeare's works as thick as currants in a cake? What had the actor to do with Bacon's private MSS.? The literature of England immediately preceding the issue of the Shakespeare plays has been almost exhaustively examined, and it appears that in almost every instance the expressions and thoughts found in the Promus and transferred from it to the plays are new in the language.

II.—THE ARGUMENTS FROM WORDS

may be briefly stated. The author of the Shakespeare drama introduced into the English language about five hundred new words, mostly from Latin. Its second clause is that Bacon in his prose uses practically the same language that is found in the plays. To be exact, it has been found by actual count that Bacon uses 98.5 per cent. of the words of the plays.

The first remark we have to make upon this fact is: The man who introduced these five hundred words into English must have lived in an atmosphere of Latin, read that language habitually, and almost, or quite, thought in it. This we know was true of Bacon; but was it of Shakespeare? The second is: Suppose Shakespeare wrote the plays, and introduced into them these new words, is it not curious that Bacon should have imported into English the same new words?

III.—THE ARGUMENT FROM LANGUAGE.

Neither is it the mere words of the two men, but still more the way these words are used that draw as it were these two writers into one. One or the other of them (it must have been Bacon, because we see the work of creation in actual progress in the Promus) originated an immense number of new expressions, such as:

"What will you? For the rest, Is it possible? All this while, Of grace, Let it not displease you, All will not serve, Where stay we? I find that strange, Not unlike, If that be so, It comes to that, Well remembered, I arrest you there, See them how, I cannot tell, O, the——, O, my! Believe it, Believe it not."

And so on. And they both use them, or some of them, on every page of Baconian prose and Shakespearean poetry.

IV.—THE ARGUMENT FROM STYLE.

The average man who has read a little will tell you, with full assurance that he is ending the argument, "Oh! Bacon could not possibly have written the plays, if for no other reason, for the one that his style is entirely different from Shakespeare's." Is it? Let us see. I will introduce this subject with a short story of Walt Whitman's. He said that one evening, in a company of literary men, a gentleman recited quite a long passage which sounded like blank verse. He then asked who wrote it. Several guessed. Most thought the lines Shakespeare's. Whitman said that he felt sure the quotation was from one of the plays and wondered he could not place it, as it seemed very familiar, and at that time he knew the drama almost by heart. The passage was from Bacon.

It is not generally known, but it is true, that Bacon's prose is full of blank verse, as if he was in the habit of writing it and constantly kept lapsing into it. To illustrate I will quote a few lines picked out by myself in an hour or two reading. I have no doubt I could pick out a small volume if I took time to it. Every line quoted is from Bacon's so-called prose. The following are from his history of Henry VII.:

A great observer of religious forms.
The law of nature and descent of blood.
Both knee and heart did truly bow before him.
The coronation followed two days after.
At which time Innocent the Eighth was Pope.
His royal proclamation, offering pardon.
So long expected and so much desired.
But his aversion toward the house of York
Found place not only in his wars and counsels.
The dregs and leaven of the northern people.
And none could hold the book so well to prompt.
Their great devotion to the house of York.
To change the inward troubles and seditions

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Into an honourable foreign war.
But by the favour of Almighty God,
And from that land to the wide wilderness.
He that is born to a great kingdom hath.

The next three lines are from the Essays:

Lord, thou hast formed us in our mothers' wombs.
No passion in the mind of man so weak.
He breathed light into the face of man.

The remainder are from "The Wisdom of the Ancients":

And first he struck him with a thunderbolt
Which made a wound the blood whereof
Engendered Serpents.

A just and honourable cause of war.

Innumerable thoughts
Which prick and knaw and corrode the liver.

Heroes may therefore stand unshaken,
Even in the steep-down paths of pleasure.

Consider for a moment that word "steep-down." It was, I believe, along with almost innumerable others, confined, down to that date, to the Bacon-Shakespeare writings. It occurs in Othello, in the line:

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire.

Afterwards Beaumont uses it in his Psyche, in the line:

You see Him till into the steep-down west.

But this poem was published in 1648, and its author was no doubt familiar with both Othello and the "Wisdom of the Ancients."

But there is a closer relation between the style of Bacon and that of Shakespeare even than this; it consists in the triplex form of that of both men. I mean a tendency to run into sentences with triple clauses. For instance, take the following from Bacon:

1. Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability.
2. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them.
3. Read not to contradict and refute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse.
4. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.
5. Give ears to precept, to laws, to religion.
6. They dispose kings to tyranny, husbands to jealousy, wise men to irresolution.
7. Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished.
8. It is heaven upon earth to have man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

Then these from Shakespeare:

1. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.
2. It would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest forever.
3. One draught above heat makes him a fool, a second mads him, and a third drowns him.
4. This peace is nothing but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.
5. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast.
6. This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.
7. Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich, being poor;
   Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised.
8. Like lean, sterile and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled.
9. Who is here so base as would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended.

V.—IDENTICAL OR SIMILAR EXPRESSIONS.

We come now to The Argument From Identical or Similar Expressions found in the two authors. Of these over a thousand have been picked out and recorded. I will give a few just as a sample, and I want to say that those I give are no more striking than are the immensely greater number that I cannot give.

(*a*) Bacon misquotes Aristotle as follows: "Young men are no fit auditors of moral philosophy."—(Advancement of Learning.) Shakespeare misquotes the same passage as follows:

"Young men whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy."
—Troilus and Cressida.

In the passage in question Aristotle speaks of political and not moral philosophy.

(*b*) Bacon writes: "Be so true to thyself, as thou be not false to others."—(Essay, Friendship.) Shakespeare writes:

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

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(*c*) Bacon writes: "We say that a blister will rise on one's tongue that tells a lie."—(Essay.) Shakespeare writes:

"I'll take it upon me,
If I prove honey-mouthed, let my tongue blister."—A Winter's Tale.

(*d*) Shakespeare writes:

"O, Heaven! a beast that wants *discourse of reason*
Would have mourned longer."—Hamlet.

The italicized expression was unknown down to the time of Shakespeare and Bacon. So true is this that critics have thought that Shakespeare must have written "discourse and reason." However, very strangely, Bacon writes: "Martin Luther but in discourse of reason, finding." (Advancement of Learning.) Again, speaking of Elizabeth: "God has done great things by her past discourse of reason." Once more: "True fortitude is not given to man by nature, but must grow out of discourse of reason."—(Bacon to Rutland.)

(*e*) Shakespeare writes: "What a piece of work is man! The paragon of animals; *the beauty of the world.*"—(Hamlet.) Bacon writes: "The souls of the living are *the beauty of the world.*"—(Essay.)

(*f*) Shakespeare writes:

"You know *that love*
Must creep in service where it cannot go."
—Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Bacon writes: "Considering *that love must creep where it cannot go.*"—(Letter to King James.)

(*g*) Both use "disclose" for "hatch," a very unusual form. Shakespeare writes:

"The female dove
When that her golden couplets are disclosed."—(Hamlet.)

Bacon writes: "The ostrich layeth her eggs upon the sand, where the heat of the sun discloseth them."—(Natural History.)

(*h*) Both are admirable anatomists and use the language of that science as freely as if they both had been surgeons, not forced, but as their natural speech. Note in illustration these references to the Vena Porta. Bacon says: "He could not endure to have trade sick, nor any obstruction to continue in the gate vein which disperseth that blood." And Shakespeare: "The natural gates and alleys of the body."

(*i*) They both had the notion that the sea swells before a storm. Bacon writes: "It is everywhere taken notice of that waters do somewhat swell and rise before tempests."—(Natural History of Winds.) And again: "As there are certain hollow blasts of wind secret swelling of seas before a tempest, so are there in states."—(Essay Sedition.) And in Shakespeare we have the same thought expressed in the same language:

"Before the days of change, still is it so;
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm."
—Richard III.

(*j*) Bacon writes: "Your life is nothing but a continual acting on the stage."—(Mask for Essex.) Shakespeare writes:

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."—(As You Like It.)

(*k*) Bacon says of the stars: "The question whether the stars are real fires."—(Int. Globe.) Again: Another question is, "Are the stares true fires?"—(Ibid.) Shakespeare writes: "Doubt thou the stars are fire," etc.—(Hamlet.) Again:

"The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all fire."—(Julius Cæsar.)

(*l*) Lastly, Bacon writes: "Suspicions among thoughts are like bats among birds; they ever fly by twilight."—(Essay, Suspicion.) And Shakespeare:

"The ornament of beauty is suspect (suspicion),
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air (the twilight)."
—Sonnet LXX.

In Bacon's apothegms the following story is told:

Sir Nicholas Bacon had, as judge, to sentence a criminal. When all his

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pleadings were in vain the condemned man appealed to the mercy of Sir Nicholas on account of kindred. "Prithee," said my lord judge, "how came that in?" "Why, if it please you, my lord, your name is Bacon and mine is Hog, and in all ages Hog and Bacon have been so near kindred that they are not to be separated." "Ay, but," replied Judge Bacon, "you and I cannot be kindred, except you be hanged; for Hog is not Bacon until it be well hanged."

The pun is repeated in "The Merry Wives." The Welsh schoolmaster, Evans, says:

Evans.—Nominative hig, hæg, hog; pray you marke: genetivo huius; well; what is your Accusative case?

William.—Accusativo hinc.

Evans.—I pray you have your remembrance (childe) Accusative hing, hang, hog.

Quickly.—Hang-hog is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

VI.—IDENTITY OF OPINION.

The next clause of my thesis is the identity of opinion of the two men. I have not space to develop this point, and will merely say that while Bacon and Shakespeare touch upon the same subjects hundreds, perhaps thousands, of times, they never disagree; in the most minute points, as well as in all greater ones, their minds are always (as far as I know) in accord. In fact, the more I know of the two sets of books the more I am persuaded and convinced that almost throughout Bacon's prose is simply a storehouse of facts and thoughts for the use of the Shakespeare drama. The Essays are a study of human passions (as envy, jealousy, hatred, cunning, ambition) and conditions (such as bastardy, deformity, death, fortune, etc.) in the abstract; while in the plays we have the same subjects treated much more in extenso in concrete. But between the (supposed) two authors there is never a contradiction, a disagreement, or even a diversity of opinion. Then again, in Bacon's Natural History books we have such subjects treated as the Winds, Light, Heat, Color, Sound; and many of the plays (as The Tempest, L.L.L., etc.) are simply crammed full of the same matter. But there is never the slightest disagreement, the subjects are often treated almost in the same words, and, curiously enough, when Bacon's thought is in advance of his age (as it frequently is) so in the same subject and in the same way will Shakespeare's be. As an example of this take the idea of the indestructibility of matter, a new thought in that age as the conservation of energy is in our own. Bacon says in his "History of Life and Death": "There is no consumption unless that which is lost by one body passes into another;" and in "The Tempest" (first printed in the same year as "Life and Death"—1623,) Ferdinand says of his father:

"Nothing in him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange."

Again, in "The Wood of Woods," Bacon presents in scientific gradation:

Unmusical sounds—noises,
Musical separate sounds—tunes,
Musical sequences—melody,
Musical combinations—harmony,
Instrumental music,
Vocal music;

And in "The Tempest," Caliban, in merry, rippling verse, speaks of the various sounds heard on the enchanted island, under the same gradation, as follows:

"Be not afraid, the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not;
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about my ears, and sometimes voices."

So, again, Bacon says: "The heavens turn about in most rapid motion, without noise to us perceived; though in some dreams they have been said to make excellent music." And the following from Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" is doubtless one of the dreams referred to:

"There's not the smallest orb that thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims."

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But there is no end to this subject of parallelism, whether it be in words, turns of expression, speculations, or opinions—it is simply endless. As a recent profound writer on the subject says: "These coincidences are so numerous, pointed, special, coherent, and systematic that it would violate all the doctrine of chances to consider them casual." And the same author in seven hundred closely printed pages points out that the plays minutely follow and illustrate the rules and doctrines laid down in Bacon's "De Augmentis." The truth is, the prose of Bacon and the plays are parallel throughout.

VII.—IDENTITY OF STUDIES.

The next point is The Argument from Identity of Studies of the two men—if they are two. They are both deeply versed in natural history, in the physical sciences, astronomy, witchcraft, music, gardening, medicine, oratory, law, statecraft, and in their works they each invariably approach these subjects from the same point of view. They are both among the supreme masters of language and of style. They both knew and used Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian and French. The books most read and most constantly quoted by one are those most read and quoted by the other. Prominent among these books are the Bible (especially the Proverbs), Seneca, Tacitus, Plautus, Plutarch, Cicero, Horace, Virgil, Ovid. Also, they both quote and refer to Plato, Sophocles, Euripides, Catullus, Lucretius, Statius, Tibullus, Pliny and many others.

VIII.—BACON'S HENRY VII.

I pass now to a brief consideration of the position occupied by Bacon's Henry VII., in relation to the historical plays. Shakespeare wrote John, Richard II., Henry IV., Henry V., Henry VI., Richard III. and Henry VIII. Between the last two is a gap which is filled up by Bacon's Henry VII. Let us study for a moment this interesting juxtaposition. The first thing we notice is that the play of Richard III. ends 22nd August, 1485, on Bosworth field, and that Bacon's Henry VII. begins the same day on the same field. The one ends abruptly, the other, without a word of the usual preface, begins just as abruptly. Then, the Henry VII. ends with the king's death (as it must), 21st April, 1509. But the play of Henry VIII. does not open until eleven years later, on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, in 1520. To fill this gap between Bacon's Henry VII. and Shakespeare's Henry VIII. we find that Bacon writes a fragment of the reign of Henry VIII. in prose, and so the whole chasm, left (evidently on purpose) in the series of the historical plays, is bridged. But this is not all. A study of the end of Shakespeare's Richard III., and of the beginning of Bacon's Henry VII., will reveal the fact that these two works are welded together by special, and evidently intentional, mention of the same things in the same manner, and even in the same words. So, also, is the end of Bacon's Henry VII. by the same devices (by glances forward from the one and backward from the other) welded on to the beginning of Shakespeare's Henry VIII. Want of space prohibits here proof of this by quoting passages, but each can easily verify the fact for himself. There is another point I must touch upon: I have shown what a quantity of blank verse there is in the Henry VII.; it seems as if in writing it either Bacon half fancied he was writing another play, or else that he wanted to call up in the mind of the reader an image of the historical plays allied to this history; for not only is his language (as I have shown) highly suggestive of blank verse, but he alludes in the history to plays and acting no less than thirty times. I cannot quote all these references, but give a few to show how pointed they are:

"To instruct his player, either in gesture and fashions."

"And none could hold the book so well to prompt and instruct this stage-play as she could."

"He thought good (after the manner of scenes in stage-plays and masks) to show it afar off."

"Whereas fortune commonly doth not bring in a comedy or farce after a tragedy."

"The part he was to play."

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"The stage where a base counterfeit should play the part of a King of England."

"Therefore, now, like the end of a play, a great number came upon the stage at once."

"His first appearance upon the stage in his new person."

IX.—NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE MS.

I pass now to the argument drawn from a certain old document called The Northumberland House Manuscript. No MS. of any Shakespeare play has come down to us. In fact, the MSS. disappeared in the lifetime of the generation in which they were written. Now, it must seem a curious thing to a Shakespearean that the only place known in which did once exist such a MS. is in a MS. book of Bacon's. This old book was discovered in a private library in London, in a box of old papers in the year 1867. On the front leaf is a list of contents, and in that list occur the titles Richard II. and Richard III. The rest of the contents of the old book are works of Bacon. The MSS. of the two Shakespeare plays have been removed from the book. On the front leaf of the volume is written the name of Francis Bacon, as author; and lower down, the words Shakespeare and William Shakespeare are scribbled half-a-dozen times. The experts date this MS. in the time of Elizabeth. What, now, is or can be the meaning of this intimate association of the works and names of these two men, *i.e.:* if they were really two? If they were not two, but one, no difficulty exists.

X.—BEN JONSON'S TESTIMONY.

This writer was, at one time, and perhaps for a long time, private secretary to Bacon. He was a fine Latinist, and it is supposed had a good deal to do with translating the Novum Organum, the Advancement of Learning and other of Bacon's books into Latin. There cannot be a doubt that Jonson knew where the plays came from—at least, he knew beyond a peradventure whether or not Bacon wrote them. In the preface to the great Folio, Jonson (in a most elaborate eulogy) pronounced the works of Shakespeare superior to "all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome had sent forth." A few years afterwards, in his "Discoveries," he applied the same language to certain works by Bacon, saying that they were to be preferred to those "of insolent Greece and haughty Rome." In the same connection he tells us that Bacon "had filled up all numbers," that is, that he was a great poet.

Jonson therefore used the same language in praising Bacon that he had used in praising Shakespeare, which last would seem to have been a pen name for Bacon. Not only so, but he tells us explicitly that Bacon was a great poet. But if Bacon did not write the plays, what else did he write which would justify Jonson in bestowing upon him this title? To "fill up all numbers" is to be not only a poet but a supreme poet. If Bacon wrote the plays he was that—if he did not write the plays it is an absurd misnomer. But this is not a subject in which Jonson would or could speak carelessly—his feeling toward Bacon was far too deep for that. To show this I will quote a passage from his "Discoveries," as follows: "My conceit of his (Bacon's) person was never increased toward him by his place or honours; but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men and most worthy of admiration that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue but rather help to make it manifest." This shows how deeply Jonson reverenced Bacon's character and memory, and also, I think, how impossible it would be to him to write hastily or recklessly about him. But if, as I think, we are right in supposing that Jonson knew who wrote the plays—and if, further, we do right to give his words in this connection their full meaning, then I claim we have a right to say: Jonson knew who wrote the plays and he says that their author was Francis Bacon.

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XI.—BACON AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

But what do Bacon's intimate friends, and what does Bacon himself, say upon the point? If Bacon wrote the plays others besides Jonson must have known it, and the fact must have been ever present in his own mind. Did not these friends or himself let drop, intentionally or unintentionally, expressions more or less directly implying that he was the real author? Let us see:

John Aubrey, a friend of Milton's, born the year Bacon died, a man who knew well some of Bacon's closest friends, said that Bacon "was a good poet, but concealed."

Florio, an intimate friend of Bacon's, speaks of him as "loving better to be a poet than to be counted so."

Then upon the death of Queen Elizabeth John Davies, the poet, went to Scotland to meet James I. He was a close friend of Bacon's, who wrote him to use his kind offices for him with the new king, and in closing his letter he asks Davies "to be good to concealed poets." That is, to himself, Bacon.

These casually-dropped words might help to raise a doubt, but we do not need to rest upon them—we have infinitely stronger expressions to the same effect. And I claim that in at least two of these Bacon distinctly claims that the plays proceeded from him. In one of these places the claim is as dropped by accident—perhaps indeed quite unintentionally. The phrase to which I allude is in Bacon's great prayer, written just after his fall from power in 1621—of which Addison said that it was more like the devotion of an angel than of a man. I would like to quote the whole of it, but space is limited. Beginning then in the middle, Bacon says to God: "Remember how thy servant hath walked before thee; remember what I have first sought and what has been principal in mine intentions. I have loved thy assemblies, I have mourned for the divisions of thy church, I have delighted in the brightness of thy sanctuary. This vine which thy right hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed unto thee that it might have the first and latter rain; and that it might stretch her branches to the seas and to the floods. The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in my eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart. I have, though in a despised weed, procured the good of all men." This last clause has never been explained, and I say boldly that it cannot be explained except on the supposition that it refers to the plays. It is something immense of which he is speaking: "The good of all men;" something that is to benefit the race. Now it could be said of Bacon's prose that it has done that—that it has infused into the common mind elements which in their operation have more or less ameliorated man's lot. But it would be absurd to say that this was ever in a despised dress or weed. It is all most nobly composed, is put into the best Latin and published in the best manner; nobody ever dreamed of despising any of it from any point of view. The plays, again, have done ten times more for the race than have the prose works, and they have probably only now begun their divine mission; also, they are (or at least were in Bacon's time) distinctly and unmistakably in a "despised weed." Whoever will look into the matter may very easily satisfy himself that the plays, and the plays alone, fulfil the conditions—they were in a "despised weed," and they are calculated to procure "the good of all men."

The next clause of the argument is much more serious; so important, indeed, do I feel it to be that I doubt if I can do it justice, and I invite all those who feel any interest in this great question to carefully study it for themselves. Just as the synthesis philosophy was the life-work of Herbert Spencer, planned when young and ended forty years afterwards; just as "The Leaves of Grass" was the life-work of Whitman, planned in youth and finished forty years afterwards, so Bacon also had a life work, also planned in youth. The name of it was the "Instauratio Magna;" it was divided,

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he tells us, into six parts. In 1620, when Bacon was in his 60th year, more than forty years after he had planned and begun his life-work, he published the "Novum Organum," and with it a preface to the "Instauratio." In this preface he describes these six parts, and intimates that they are all written; or if each one is not finished it is at least well advanced. Let us now try to see what these six parts are, and where they are. Part I. Bacon calls: "The Divisions of the Sciences." It is represented in Bacon's works by the "De Augmentis Scientiarum." Part II. he calls "Directions for the Interpretation of Nature." It is represented in Bacon's works by the "Novum Organum." Part III. is named "Description of the Phenomena of the Universe." It is represented in Bacon's works by the "Silva Silvarum," "Dense and Rare," "Life and Death," "The Winds," and the other natural history books. Thus these three parts exhaust Bacon's known philosophical works; and still we have only got to the foot of the tower which he set out to build, and which he tells us he did build. Where is the tower? Now, the tower itself was to be in three parts. One (Part IV. of "The Instauratio") is described as: "The Ladder of the Intellect." Bacon says of it that it is not composed of precepts and rules; that is, it is not in the form of a philosophic treatise, but that it consists of "actual types and models." "For," he says, "I remember that in the mathematics it is easy to follow the demonstration when you have a machine beside you." It seems clear to me, and for many and for strong reasons besides those given here, that this fourth part of "The Instauratio" is the first part of the great folio, *i.e.*, the Comedies. The fifth part of "The Instauratio" is described as: "Forerunners or Anticipations of the New Philosophy." Bacon says it is for temporary use only, and that it contains "such things as he has himself discovered, proved or added," and these given "not according to the rules and methods of interpretation, but by the ordinary use of the understanding in inquiring and discovering." This fifth part, which is described in a veiled, mystical way, is represented, as it seems to me, by the historical plays. As to the sixth part of "The Instauratio," which he calls "Active Science," Bacon says it is by him "developed and established," but he does not expect to complete it. And he says that in the present condition of men's minds the perfected work would not be easy either to conceive or to imagine. He says that this the crowning section of "The Instauratio" "is no mere felicity of speculation, but is the real business and fortunes of the human race. And speaking further of this sixth part he says: "God forbid that we should give out a dream of our own imagination for a pattern of the world; rather may He graciously grant to us to write an apocalypse or true vision of the footsteps of the Creator imprinted on His creatures." This sixth part, I feel satisfied, is constituted by the tragedies. If, however, Bacon had nothing to do either with the Shakespeare quartos, or with the great folio of 1623, then, would some reader kindly look up his preface to "The Instauratio Magna" and explain to us if he can what works Bacon there referred to as parts four, five and six of that work.

XII.—THE ANAGRAM.

We come now to The Argument from the Anagram, discovered only the other day by Dr. Platt, of Lakewood, New Jersey, a discovery, it seems to me, of extraordinary importance and destined to keep the Doctor's name in remembrance for many ages. If I have driven my nail straight and true this fortunately discovered anagram ought to clinch it.

In "Love's Labour Lost" quite a number of Latin words and sentences are scattered in what seems to be a somewhat haphazard manner through the dialogue. Beginning at the commencement of the fifth act we meet one after another the following: Satis quod sufficit (that which suffices is enough). Novi hominen tanquam te (I know the man as well as I know

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you). Ne intelligis, domine (do you understand me, sir?). Laus Deo, bene intelligo (praise God, I understand well). Videsne quis venit? (Do you see who comes?). Video, et Gaudeo (I see and rejoice). Quare (wherefore?). Then, a few lines further on, the word Honorificabilitudinitatibus, is (as it were) flung into the text. Immediately afterwards one says: "Are you not lettered." The answer is: "Yes, he teaches boys the horn-book." "What is a b spelt backward, with the horn on his head?" The answer to that, of course, is: "Ba, with a horn added." Now, Ba with a horn added is Bacornu, which is not, but suggests, and was probably meant to suggest, Bacon. But whence is derived the a b which is to be spelt backward? In the middle of the long word we find these letters in that order—a b. Begin now at the b and spell backward as you are told. You get bacifironoh. From these letters it is not hard to pick out Fr. Bacon. Now take the other half of the word spelt forward: ilitudinitatibus. It is not hard to pick out from it ludi (the plays), tuiti (protected or guarded), nati (produced). These words (with those we had before) give us: Ludi tuiti Fr. Bacono nati. The remaining letters are Hiiibs, which are easily read as hi sibi. Now put the words together in grammatical order and you have: Hi ludi, tuiti sibi, Fr. Bacono nati. (These plays entrusted to themselves proceeded from Fr. Bacon). It is a perfect anagram. Each letter is used once and once only. The form of the long word is Latin and it is read in Latin. The sense of the infolded words correspond with the sense, as far as it has any (Compare Honorificare, Honorifico—see Century Dict.) of the infolding word. The infolded Latin is grammatical. The intention is fully declared and plain. There is no flaw.

But where now does the long word come from, and can a connection be traced between it and the actual man, Francis Bacon? To answer this turn back to the Northumberland House MS. mentioned above. That MS. belonged to Bacon, and could never have been seen by the actor, Shakespeare. On the outer leaf is written the word: Honorificabilitudino. This also is an anagram. It infolds the words: Initio hi ludi Fr. Bacono (in the beginning these plays from Fr. Bacon). It seems to have been a first thought. The Latin words do not form a complete sentence—they suggest a meaning, but do not actually contain one. The anagram in this form was not considered satisfactory, and was amended into the form found in L. L. L.

Thus we have before us the making of the word by Bacon. The sense of the word and its history correspond. The case seems to be complete.

Dr. Platt points out that a somewhat similar word (onorificabilitudinate) was used by Dante in his "De Vulgari Eliquio." I do not see that this fact has any bearing one way or other upon the anagram. Nash, I believe, uses the exact word Honorificabilitudinitatibus in "Lenten Stuff," and so also, I believe, does Marston in his "Dutch Courtezan," but the first of these was printed 1599, and the second 1605, while L. L. L. was printed 1598, and Nash and Marston doubtless took the word, as being long and senseless (they saw no sense in it), from that play.

But people often say, what does it matter who wrote the plays? we have them, and they are the same to us whether they were written by Bacon or Shakespeare. No greater mistake than this can be made; they are not the same. As read to-day each play is merely the combination of a story, with more or less poetry used in the telling. But if the plays are Bacon's, they contain far more than this. They contain great ore lodes of science and philosophy of which scarcely any one to-day dreams. Read in the light shed upon them by Bacon's natural history books, by his Novum Organum, by his De Augmentis (see especially the thirteenth chapter of the second book of this last), the plays take on an enormously enhanced value and meaning. Let any one who doubts this, study the admirable treatises on the subject by

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Bormann and Ruggles, written quite independently the one of the other, but agreeing (as could not be avoided) throughout.

Then, too, read as the work of Francis Bacon, the concealed author of the plays, the intention and meaning of the Sonnets (those little lakes of purest, most ethereal beauty, those exquisite psalms of the most profound spirituality), will for the first time—as if they had just been printed—dawn upon us. And through the revelation of the true meaning of these and of the plays, the intellectual world will pass into an experience comparable to a fresh created and divine sunrise. More than all, a new and most majestic figure will appear before the eye of the world—Francis Bacon! Not as libelled by Pope or misrepresented by Macaulay, or commonly imagined by the casual reader, but the almost godlike and inspired man reported to us by Raleigh, Johnson, Boener, Mathews and Beaumont, who knew him personally; the man set forth by Spedding, after a lifetime's study, as being both intellectually and morally a supreme personality. This man, restored to his full proportions, will step for the first time upon the stage of the world and will become the friend, the teacher—yes, even the saviour, of thousands. For we shall see him as he lived, and lives, and his life will pass into the life of each one of us who is worthy. And this, perhaps the greatest intellectual force, the most potent individuality that our planet has produced, will become and continue a deathless source of the purest and most exalted inspiration.

London, Ont. *R. M. Bucke.*

SLUMBER SONGS.

I.

SLEEP, little eyes
That brim with childish tears amid thy play,
Be comforted! No grief of night can weigh
Against the joys that throng thy coming day.

Sleep, little heart!
There is no place in Slumberland for tears:
Life soon enough will bring its chilling fears
And sorrows that will dim the after years.
Sleep, little heart!

II.

Ah, little eyes!
Dead blossoms of a springtime long ago
That life's storm crushed, and left to lie below
The benediction of the falling snow!

Sleep, little heart,
That ceased so long ago its frantic beat!
The years that come and go with silent feet
Have naught to tell save this,—that rest is sweet.
Dear little heart!

John McCrae.

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THE FAMOUS NAERODAL VALLEY AND ITS TWO WATERFALLS.

A GLIMPSE OF NORWAY.

The account of a Canadian Woman's Summer Trip through Norway, to be completed in four numbers and to be illustrated from special photographs and sketches.

III.—VOSSEVANGEN, THE NAERODAL VALLEY AND THE SEVEN SISTERS WATERFALL.

WE were at Vossevangen. Within that quaint hotel, which was very much like our summer ones at home, we found neat bedrooms where the linen was trimmed with beautiful crochet work, while lengthwise through the centre of the pillowslip ran a band of insertion and under it a red ribbon. The effect was pretty, and we admired the women's patience in doing so much fine needlework. They doubtless while away the long winter days making pretty designs for trimming their linen.

A small lake was just across the road from us, and that evening we had a row in an odd boat, the steering apparatus of which was a long pole which slanted crosswise, reaching almost two-thirds the length of the boat. Awkward the boat was to manage, but we rowed about admiring the hills until a shower came on. As we hurried ashore we remembered a church that had not been visited; so, passing through the village, we were guided to the edifice by the steeples, which consisted of four little ones and a high one in the centre. In the graveyard quaint headstones bore the dates of long ago, with quaint figures and designs which remained a puzzle to us.

Next morning it was pouring rain, but the stolkjaerres awaited us as usual. We chose the driest and jolted off into the mists and clouds which hung among the mountains. Noon found us at Stalkheim, on what appeared to be a ledge of rock. What were

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ONE OF THE NAERODAL WATERFALLS.

the people leaning over the parapet looking at? We joined them, to see; when, lo! a thousand feet below lay the famous Naerodal, with its two waterfalls leaping into it at one bound. The green fields, the winding road, the fall, the great mountains raising their snow-capped heads into the blue above us, held us spellbound. Away at the further end, standing sentinel over this enchanted land, was a great white marble mountain, formed like an immense thimble. Over all this beauty, the clouds floated amongst the mountain tops, softening their rugged peaks. Adjectives were in demand, and in my case ran out before I had risen to the occasion. A Scotchman beside me actually pronounced it "gran'!" That was his utmost extravagance of speech; in fact, he rarely got beyond "no' bad," so you may imagine the sublimity of the scene before us when Sandy pronounced it "gran'." However, luncheon had its attractions too, so we turned reluctantly to the great hotel behind us.

Here, a surprise awaited us. Instead of the usual white floors, in the large square hall was a peacock blue rug and settee, while curtains of the same shade draped the archways leading to the various rooms. The dining-room was the centre of attraction; we passed up a flight of broad stairs and found ourselves in a large room that would seat hundreds. Its wooden walls were decorated with bright green and red, which seem to be the favourite colours with Norwegians. The waitresses were, if possible, sweeter and fairer than ever, while, as a last attraction, we were served with wild straw-

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berries in whipped cream. This, by the way, was the only glimpse of fruit we ever had while in Norway. The drawing-room windows showed us a beautiful view as we sipped our coffee and admired the odd articles about us. That drawing-room was a curiosity in itself, where we could have spent an extra half-hour most happily.

As we wandered about, a shop was discovered at one corner of the hotel where bits of all kinds of Norwegian curiosities tempted us. We girls lingered for a last look into the vale below, we just then, so I relieved my mind in blissful unconsciousness that he understood never a word. However, it relieved my feelings, and I for one felt decidedly cooler though perhaps not as happy as might have been desired as we jolted along to catch up with the party.

In the sunniest corner of this valley were hay fields, and we examined the methods of the Norwegian farmers with much interest. For the purposes of haymaking, stakes, about six feet high, were driven into the ground about four

THE RAMSDALHORN.

but finally had to follow with the others down the steep zigzag road. Imagine our distress on finding that our stolkaerre, pony, man, baggage and all had disappeared from view. Unfortunately, I grew rather warm, and began to run down this steep incline, but found to my grief it was easier to begin than to stop running into the Naerodal. Arrived at the wee bridge a thousand feet below, we discovered the pony and man looking as meek as heart could desire. Truth to tell, meekness was not a predominating quality with

feet apart. Cord or wire was stretched from pole to pole, and on these racks the hay was laid in armsful to dry. When the rack is covered it looks like an immense caterpillar crawling across the fields. Another method of drying the hay was tying bundles of it on the ends of short sticks driven into the ground. These, standing thick in the valley, had a grotesque appearance, and gave us many a laugh.

Our drive to the Ramsdalhorn was through a fertile valley. Before us, rising higher and higher amongst the

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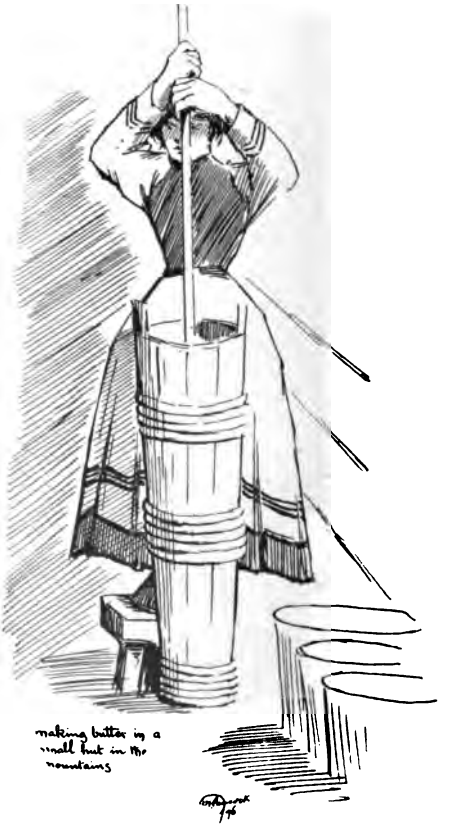
A HAYMAKING SCENE.

clouds, was the rugged peak. There it stood, bare and gaunt, with its sharp summit high above the fleecy cloud, seeming to pierce the blue dome of heaven. On either side were two huge mountains of rock, one, the Vengetinder, rising 6,000 feet, the other, the Trolltinderne, rising 5,600 feet. As we rounded the base of the Ramsdalhorn a patch of snow was seen, and a discussion arose as to whether it was snow or not, so to settle the dispute half-a-dozen of us set off to explore. We soon found the mountain, at least, to be a reality. Caps and coats were dispensed with as we clambered over fences and rocks, ever upwards, till our patch of snow grew to a great snow cave where dozens of people could stand upright, The roof was formed like that of a human mouth and was as hard as stone. while down the middle of its rocky floor a stream trickled which helped to irrigate the green valley below. Year by year the snows gather in this secluded corner, while the sun peeps in only on a few days.

Amongst the odd costumes worn by the Norwegian women was a woven dress. To the waist it was knit like a jersey, with a purple band around the neck and waist that relieved the black. From the waist down the knitting was coarser and hung in accordian pleats, while three or four stripes of purple were brought in close to the foot. The head-dress was pure white linen, square in shape, with long tails behind. What the different shapes in the clean white linen caps meant I did not discover. Perhaps it was personal taste, each wearing what she considered most becoming.

A happy day was spent in the Hjoring, Stor and Gieranger Fiords,



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NORWEGIANS MAKING HAY.

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where the scenery was surpassingly beautiful. Rocks of different shapes and colours followed each other in quick succession, while the dark green waters and silvery waterfalls added their charm. The little "Gaarda," or farms, high up upon these rocky mountains were an endless source of amusement to some of our party, who declared the children were tied to the doorposts as the only way to prevent them from going headlong into the green waters below. How the people ever reached those wee houses on the rocky ledges is still a mystery, and what they lived on an unsolved problem. The rocks were bare and the little plots of ground so small that the yearly supply drawn from them must have been bare indeed.

Amongst the other sights of Norway was the Hornelen, the highest sea cliff in Europe, which, gaunt and black, rears itself 3,000 feet from the water's edge. It is reported that King Olaf scaled its steep sides to rescue a favourite attendant. How his attendant got there, or how they both reached the fiord again, is not told us, but all we saw on its rocky sides were a few goats, and even they did not seem very sure of their footing.

THE SEVEN SISTERS' WATERFALL.

Yet another fair sight was the Seven Sisters' Waterfall; though we concluded two must be off on their vacation like ourselves, for count as we would, only five were visible. The "Bride's Veil," which swayed in the evening breeze like a mist against the black rock behind, was a lovely sight, and made up for the remissness of the two absent sisters. As the evening approached we reached the head of the fiord, where the rocks were covered with flowers; here we were rowed ashore for a climb towards the silver cascades that deck the hillsides. Backwards, forwards we climbed, with the blue bells of Scotland, heather, wee pink flowers and tall yellow ones all about us. Close to the water's edge was a tiny

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THE HORNELEN—THE HIGHEST SEA-CLIFF IN EUROPE.

octogan-shaped church, whose white wall and red roof made a picture against the bank of flowers. A little behind the church we rested, amid the calm of the mighty hill, and listened to the music of the waterfalls as they dashed down to the beautiful fiord. The evening was perfection, the scene beautiful, and all too soon the summons came, "All aboard." Others who had climbed higher were rewarded by seeing a girl standing on a stool operating a tall churn to make the delicious Norwegian butter, and by receiving a refreshing drink of buttermilk; but they, too, had lo leave the pretty picture. Linger as we would, the wharf was finally reached, and a last look, which shall not soon be forgotten, taken of Maraak.

Winnifred Wilton.

(*To be concluded in October.*)

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FROM A SPECIAL PHOTO.

THE CITY OF WINNIPEG, THE CAPITAL OF MANITOBA.

THE PREMIERS OF MANITOBA.

With Nine Special Illustrations.

ALTHOUGH Manitoba was nominally admitted into the Canadian Confederacy on July 15th, 1870, as one of the provinces constituting the Dominion of Canada, it was not until some years afterwards that she came to enjoy that degree of self-management which is comprised in the term "Responsible Government."

The late Sir Adams Archibald was appointed Governor on the 20th May, 1870, and reached Fort Garry on the 2nd September following. Some ten days earlier Colonel Wolseley's expedition had arrived and had taken possession of the country in the name of Her Majesty the Queen. Riel and the members of his Provisional Council had retired from the scene. Mr. Thomas Spence's proposed Republic, with its capital at Portage la Prairie, had died at an embryonic stage of its existence, and Governor Archibald's advent met with no opposition, but, on the contrary, with a hearty welcome from all classes of the population, who were weary of the turbulence, unrest and uncertainty of the past eighteen months. Governor Archibald at first associated with him as advisers in carrying on the affairs of the Government, Judge Johnston, Sir Donald A. Smith, and Mr. Pascal Breland. Later on, he called upon Mr. Alfred Boyd as Provincial Secretary, and the late Senator Girard as Treasurer, to assist him in the administration of the Government, until such time as elections could be held, and representative Government formally established.

The first general elections were held on December 20th, 1870, and the Lieutentant-Governor, on the 10th January, 1871, called upon the following gentlemen to form his Cabinet :

Hon. James MacKay, President of the Council.

Hon. M. A. Girard, Provincial Treasurer.

Hon. Alfred Boyd, Minister of Public Works and Agriculture.

Hon. H. J. Clark, Attorney-General.

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Hon. Thomas Howard, Provincial Secretary.

The Governor acted in a truly paternal fashion. He appointed no Premier, but each member of the Cabinet took office at his request, and was directly responsible to him. As the members of the first Legislature, and indeed the members of the Cabinet, were without any experience in the routine of Executive and Legislative work, they submitted with what grace they could to the active, but well meant, interference of the Governor. He assisted in drawing their statutes, and presumably their Orders-in-Council, dictated their appointments, and re-organized his Cabinet as emergency required. In December, 1871, the late Mr. Norquay waited upon the Governor as one of a deputation who had grievances to ventilate, whereupon the Governor, recognizing that some change had to be made, and wishing to strengthen his Government, and to conciliate the Opposition, at once effected a re-adjustment of the Government, Mr. Alfred Boyd retiring, and Mr. Norquay becoming a member of the Cabinet. Shortly afterwards the Governor took in Mr. Joseph Royal instead of Senator Girard. All these appointments and changes were made by the Governor of his own motion, and as seemed to him most expedient. But in excuse for his paternalism, it must be remembered that he had to deal with what may be called the chaotic period of Manitoba's history, and to educate the Legislature and his Executive Council in the simplest details of Parliamentary and Departmental routine. The Governor was a man of large experience in public life. His clear-mindedness and his executive capacity did much to bring order out of confusion. He was an able, cautious, and conscientious Governor. He retired in 1872, and was for a few months on the Bench in Nova Scotia, being afterwards appointed Governor of his native province, a position which he occupied for ten years.

He was succeeded as Governor by the Honourable Alexander Morris, who was sworn in on the 2nd October, 1872, and who retained as his advisers the Cabinet of his predecessor, but still without any recognized Premier.

This Administration retained office

FROM A PAINTING.

FORT GARRY IN 1870—WINNIPEG HAS SINCE BEEN BUILT ON THIS SITE.

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until the 3rd July, 1874, when they were defeated in the Legislative Assembly on a vote of want of confidence, moved by Mr. Hay, and seconded by the Hon. Mr. Dubuc. Lieutenant-Governor Morris accepted their resignations, and called upon Senator Girard to form a Government, which he succeeded in doing, being himself the first Premier of Manitoba. This Government consisted of:

Hon. M. A. Girard, Premier and Provincial Secretary.

Hon. Joseph Dubuc, Attorney-General.

Hon. R. A. Davis, Provincial Treasurer.

Hon. E. H. G. G. Hay, Minister of Public Works and Agriculture.

Hon. F. Ogletree, without office.

Senator Girard was a son of the late Amable Girard, of Varennes, in the Province of Quebec, where he was born on the 25th April, 1822. He was a notary of the Province of Quebec, and an unsuccessful candidate for constituences in that province in 1858 and 1862. He represented St. Boniface in the Manitoba Assembly from 1870 to 1878, and Baie St. Paul from 1879 until 1883, when he retired from provincial public life, upon the abolition of the dual system of representation. He was a member of the Executive Council and treasurer of Manitoba from September, 1870, till March, 1872, and was Premier of the province with the office of Provincial Secretary from the 8th July to the 2nd December, 1874, when he, with the members of his Government, resigned office. Mr. Hay gets the credit of being the stormy petrel who brought about the retirement of the Administration of which he was a member. The story goes that quite to the surprise of his colleagues he announced one afternoon in council, shortly before the contemplated appeal to the country, that he felt called upon to resign, as he could not carry his constituency under existing circumstances. Being pressed for a fuller explanation, he stated that the French influence was too predominant in the Cabinet, the most important offices being held by Frenchmen; and that he could not carry his constituency nor could the Government be sustained at the approaching elections. Although pressed by Mr. Davis and Mr. Dubuc to reconsider his determination, and in spite of their assurances that he was mistaken as to the feeling throughout the province, Mr. Hay remained obstinate. With characteristic self-abnegation, Premier Girard proved himself equal to the occasion. He declared that if the sentiment of the English-speaking electors was correctly voiced by Mr. Hay, he would not stand in the way of their wishes, but would hand in his resignation, and recommend an English-speaking Premier to the Lieutenant-Governor in the person of his colleague, Mr. Davis. The event proved that Mr. Dubuc and Mr. Davis were right, as at the general elections their friends triumphed at the polls, all their late colleagues being re-elected, and Mr. Hay himself alone suffering defeat. Mr. Dubuc, now the Hon. Mr. Justice Dubuc, was elected Speaker of the new House, and shortly afterwards left the Provincial for the larger Federal field of politics at Ottawa.

Upon the reconstruction of the Norquay Government in 1879, Mr. Girard again took office as Provincial Secretary, and subsequently became Minister of Agriculture and President of the Council. He was appointed a member of the Executive Council for the North-West Territories in December, 1872, and was called to the Senate of the Dominion of Canada on the 13th December, 1871.

Mr. Girard was a typical specimen of the French-Canadian *habitant*—genial, kindly, affable, courteous to all, tenacious of the rights of his French-Canadian fellow-countrymen, but tolerant in the broadest sense, and prepared to grant to the other nationalities in the province the same rights which he sought to guard for those whom he considered himself specially called upon to represent. He was highly conservative by temperament, lacking that initiative faculty so requisite in one upon whom is imposed

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the task of government of a new country, but was thoroughly honest in his intentions, anxious to do what was right, and open to the advice of his friends and colleagues. His career as Premier, lasting as it did barely five months, did not afford much scope for a display of legislative ability or constructive statesmanship, especially as he had no opportunity of meeting the Legislature, which was prorogued within a few days after his acceptance of the Premiership, and dissolved immediately after his resignation. He died on the 12th September, 1892.

Upon the retirement of Senator Girard, Lieutenant-Governor Morris, upon his recommendation, called on Mr. R. A. Davis, M.P.P. for Winnipeg, to form an Administration. This he succeeded in doing, and on the 3rd December, 1874, he and his colleagues were sworn into office.

The members of the Davis Cabinet were :—

Hon. R. A. Davis, Premier and Provincial Treasurer.

Hon. Joseph Royal, Provincial Secretary.

Hon. Colin Inkster, President of the Council.

Some three months later, shortly before the meething of the Legislature, Hon. John Norquay joined the Government as Minister of Public Works, and in the following November the Hon. James MacKay became Minister of Agriculture.

FROM A PHOTO. WINNIPEG, FROM THE CITY HALL.

Mr. Davis was born at Dudswell in the Province of Quebec, on the 9th March, 1840. He was educated at St. Francis College, Richmond, in that province. He first entered public life at a bye-election in April, 1874, as member for Winnipeg, and on the 8th July following was invited by Senator Girard to join his Administration as Provincial Treasurer. This position he occupied until December 2nd of the same year, when he was called upon

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GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, WINNIPEG.

by the Governor to form a new Administration, in which he still retained his position as Provincial Treasurer. Mr. Davis was a practical, working Premier. He had been a successful man in his private affairs, and it was in this capacity as a business man that he won the confidence of the people of Winnipeg, who twice elected him as their representative. He was a blunt, frank, outspoken style of man, with no pretence to oratory. He had the reputation, so desirable in a public man, of keeping his promises, and those who had public or private affairs to transact with him found that they could rely upon his word. He secured better financial terms for the province from the Dominion Government during the Administration of the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, upon, among other conditions, the understanding that the Legislative Council would be abolished, the machinery of legislation simplified, and expenses diminished. He succeeded in carrying a statute giving effect to this agreement in the Provincial Session of 1876, wherein it was among other things enacted that: "From and after the passing of this Act, the Legislative Council of Manitoba shall cease to exist, and the officers as Legislative Councillors of the present members thereof and of each and every one of them, shall absolutely cease and determine."

This Act was carried by the casting vote of the Speaker of the Legislative Council, and was assented to by the Lieutenant-Governor on the 4th day of February, 1876.

During his term as Premier, among other useful legislative enactments, were the acts establishing a Provincial University; simplifying the registration of deeds; amending the acts relative to the Medical and Legal Professions, and the Municipal Acts.

Mr. Davis does not appear to have been very greatly enamoured of public life, for at the expiration of that Parliamentary term, in the autumn of 1878, he voluntarily resigned office, and retired from public life, recommending to the Lieutenant-Governor, as his successor, the Hon. John Norquay.

Mr. Norquay, who was called upon to form an Administration upon the retirement of Mr. Davis, had many elements of strength combined in his person which made him an exceptionally powerful man in provincial affairs. He was a native of the province, having been born in the Red River Settlement on the 8th May, 1841, being a son of a native of the old Red River Colony. He had a strain of Indian blood in him, which endeared him to the half-breeds of both races. He was educated at St. John's College, where he distinguished himself, and was a favourite

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pupil of the late Bishop Anderson. He was elected to the Provincial Assembly at the first General Election, held on the 20th December, 1870, and sat continuously until his death on the 5th July, 1889. He was invited by Governor Archibald to join the Administration on the 14th December, 1871, and, with a brief exception of a few months, was continuously a member of the Government of Manitoba until the 26th December, 1887, having been, during nine years of that time, Premier of his native province.

His personal popularity had much to do with his long retention of power, although the same kindly qualities which led to his successes led also to his reverses. In the earlier years of his public life he was a close student, and spent nearly the whole of his leisure time in study, being an omnivorous reader, and stretching out in every direction for the acquisition of useful information, especially on questions of public interest, and such as could be applied to the development and advancement of his province. He was identified with every public improvement in Manitoba during the first eighteen years of its existence, and was a constant and unceasing advocate of the claims of his province to greater consideration at the hands of the Federal Government. From time to time, on the occasions of his numerous visits to Ottawa, he secured concessions for his province which, though they may not have been commensurate with its necessities and its rights, as compared with the privileges enjoyed under Confederation by the Eastern Provinces of the Dominion, were yet of much importance, especially from a financial point of view; and it must be remembered that they were secured in spite of the fact that the people of the Eastern Provinces, ignorant alike of the exceptional position and requirements of Manitoba, were somewhat prejudiced against what they considered to be unceasing and possibly unreasonable demands.

Although in the earlier years of his Administration, party politics, as understood in the other provinces, were not clearly defined, still Mr. Norquay was a warm supporter of the Ottawa Administration of that day, and it was keenly felt by his friends that his retirement from the Administration was forced upon him by the unfriendly action of the Federal Government, on the question of the policies of Disallowance and Railway Monopoly. Owing to his party loyalty in Dominion affairs, he had allowed himself to be outstripped in the provincial arena by rivals who availed themselves of local feeling to arouse the people of the province against the Federal Government, while his spasmodic intervals of independence, and championship of provincial

HON. M. A. GIRARD.

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FROM A RECENT PHOTO.

HON. R. A. DAVIS.

rights, had estranged the authorities at Ottawa. His action in retiring from the Premiership was inspired by the hope that his party might be rallied under one of his colleagues, and he was willing to sacrifice himself for his political friends. Eventually it proved that the sacrifice came too late, but it should be credited to him that he made it, uninspired by selfish ends. There were still upwards of two years of that Parliament to run, and had the Federal Government at Ottawa made the same concessions to him, or to his successor, as were made within a few months afterwards to his and their political opponents, the later chapters of his life would have been written differently, and the results to Canadian public men and parties would have been far-reaching.

During Mr. Norquay's Premiership the boundaries of Manitoba were enlarged, and to his Government fell the work of developing and opening up the new territory. He had a large and varied experience in the Administration of the affairs of the province. In the several Governments of which he had been a member, he had from time to time occupied the positions of Provincial Secretary, Minister of Public Works, Minister of Agriculture, Provincial Treasurer, President of the Council, and Railway Commissioner. He was a great, big, large-hearted, genial man, who never allowed his political contests to interfere with his personal friendships. He was a capable administrator, and a man of much oratorical ability. During the last year and a half of his life he occupied the position of Leader of the Opposition in the House of Assembly. As the only native who has come to the front in the administration of the affairs of Manitoba in a very prominent manner, and having been for so long a period identified with the Government, he came to be regarded by the older settlers, and by many of the younger accessions to the ranks of Manitobans, as one of the fathers of the province. His premature death, in the very prime of his life, added a touch of pathos to his career, and caused people, even those who had opposed him politically, to feel that in his death they sustained a personal loss.

Upon the resignation of the Premiership by Mr. Norquay in December, 1887, Governor Aikins sent for Dr. Harrison to form an Administration. Hon. David Howard Harrison, M.D., is an Englishman by descent, and was born in the township of London, Ontario, on the 1st June, 1843. He was educated at the University of Toronto and at McGill College, Montreal. He practised his profession for some years at St. Mary's, Ontario. Coming to Manitoba in 1882, he was first returned

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to the Provincial Legislature at the general elections in 1883, and was invited by Mr. Norquay to join his Administration in August, 1886. He was sworn in as a member of the Executive Council, and appointed Minister of Agriculture, Statistics and Health, and held that office until his appointment to the Premiership. Dr. Harrison invited Hon. D. H. Wilson and Hon. C. E. Hamilton, both of whom had been his colleagues in the late Government, to join his Administration, and also Mr. Joseph Burke. Owing to the agitation consequent upon the Disallowance question, the following of the late Administration had been greatly weakened in the Legislature, and still more so in the country. Mr. Burke, the only member of the Administration who required to go back to his constituents for re-election, was defeated at the polls on the 16th January, 1888, and Dr. Harrison resigned the Premiership in consequence. He had made a brave attempt to rally the fallen fortunes of his party, but the persistent action of the Federal Government on the questions of Disallowance and Railway Monopoly had alienated the sympathies of the people, and there was an evident desire for a complete change of Administration.

The Governor then sent for Mr. Thomas Greenway, the leader of the regular Opposition in the Provincial Parliament, and that gentleman succeeded in forming an Administration on the 19th January, 1888.

In Canadian public life, for several years past at least, few names have been more widely mentioned than that of Premier Greenway, and the cause is to be found in the prominent position he occupies as First Minister of the rapidly growing Province of Manitoba, by virtue of which he has been held responsible for the passage of the Public Schools Act of 1890, which provides for the province a system of national unsectarian schools, and has opened up discussion beyond the limits of the Dominion upon the Manitoba school question.

Mr. Greenway is a firm believer in the wonderful natural capacity and richness of the prairie province, and its adaptability for successful farming. A farmer himself, he is never so happy as when on his farm at Crystal City in Southwestern Manitoba, a practical proof that he is specially interested in the chief industry of the country, and one of the causes, no doubt, of his great popularity among the farmers of the province.

The Honourable Thomas Greenway was born in Cornwall, England, on the 25th March, 1838, and came to Canada with his parents when he was but six years old. He was educated in the Township of Darlington, Durham County, Ontario, and

HON. JOHN NORQUAY.

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subsequently engaged in business near Exeter in that province, until he removed to Manitoba in 1878. While in Ontario he was Reeve of the Township of Stephen ten years, and in 1872 and 1874 unsuccessfully contested the constituency of South Huron, and when the member-elect was unseated in 1875, he was elected by acclamation. The abilities of Mr. Greenway were speedily recognized in his new home, and at the general elections for the Manitoba Legislature in 1879, he was elected for the Electoral Division of Mountain, and against strong opposition, upon several occasions, has continued to represent that constituency until now.

Mr. Greenway is a Liberal in politics, and in opposition was admitted to be a strong, though courteous, opponent of the then leader of the Manitoba Government, the late Honourable Mr. Norquay, for whom Mr. Greenway always entertained the greatest personal esteem; and on the resignation of the Honourable D. H. Harrison (who succeeded Mr. Norquay as Premier), in January, 1888, he was called upon to form a Government, he himself taking the offices of President of the Council and Minister of Agriculture and Immigration, and subsequently, in addition, the office of Railway Commissioner for the province. These offices he has continued to fill up to the present time.

For some years prior to his accession to office the veto of provincial railway charters by the Dominion Government in the interests of the Canadian Pacific Railway had raised a burning question which overshadowed all others in Manitoba. After his re-election, upon assuming office, Mr. Greenway and Attorney-General Martin proceeded to Ottawa to secure settlement of the question. The determined attitude of Mr. Greenway and his colleague at length impressed Sir John A. Macdonald and his Government that the veto could no longer be safely exercised, and a dangerous question was solved by a compromise advantageous to the Canadian Pacific Railway and beneficial to the province. Negotiations with the Northern Pacific Railway Company during the same year ended in the construction of the Northern Pacific and Manitoba system in Manitoba, thus affording a long desired competition.

HON. D. H. HARRISON.

No one who has had an opportunity of observing the life of the Premier, and particularly his leadership in the Legislature, can doubt that he possesses legislative and administrative talents of a high order. As a parliamentarian he has not had a peer in the Assembly for years; his knowledge of procedure is thorough, and his retentive memory places him in possession of a full knowledge of the position taken by every member on questions of importance since he entered the House in 1879. For many years Mr.

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Greenway has been Premier of a province in which there have arisen most important questions for discussion and solution, and his utterances upon such matters have been eagerly telegraphed from one end of the Dominion to the other. This would naturally make any prominent public man careful in the choice, and sparing in the use of his words, and Mr. Greenway has consequently acquired a reputation for taciturnity which his more intimate friends know is undeserved. Mr. Greenway speaks with much deliberation, but is prompt and effective in answering interruptions.

HON. THOMAS GREENWAY.
Present Premier of Manitoba.

As a debater his lucid and deliberate style of speaking, coupled with the solidity of his arguments, makes him most effective and telling. As a platform speaker it is doubtful if he is excelled in any part of the Dominion. In Manitoba joint political meetings are usual, and though he has spoken at hundreds of them he has yet to meet with a reverse.

Notwithstanding his retiring disposition and quiet exterior the Premier is a keen observer and hard worker. He makes an ideal leader of the House, not only by reason of his long experience and his knowledge of parliamentary procedure, but also because of his ideas of the proper dignity due to every occasion. Whatever others may do, the Premier is always careful of observing the parliamentary proprieties, and should any member transgressing the rules deem he is unnoticed, he is quickly undeceived should his case prove serious enough to require correction.

Mr. Greenway's advocacy of the abolition of the dual language and of the establishment of a national school system is now part of our Canadian history. His political views are those of advanced and enlightened Liberalism. He favours governmental control (through the medium of a commission or otherwise) of freight rates—a question of very serious importance to Manitoba and the North-West. Upon the vexed question of the tariff he takes strong ground, holding that the interest of the farmer, which is the basis of our prosperity, should be the foremost consideration.

Ronald B. C. Montgomery.

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UNIVERSITY ATHLETICS.

BY GEORGE W. ORTON, PH.D., CHAMPION MILE-RUNNER OF AMERICA.

G. W. ORTON.

THE widespread importance of athletics in the Universities of our neighbours to the south of us, the great interest which is taken in them by the people and especially by the alumni and students of the several institutions, has often been a source of comment and surprise to us, their northern rivals. We cannot understand the exaggerated enthusiasm and importance which is attached to the outcome of a meeting between two such institutions as Yale and Harvard or Princeton and Pennsylvania. We read of the desperation with which two rival football teams will fight to the last ditch, of the heartrending finish of some athlete in a dual race, of the daring manner in which an oarsman with a broken blade has immediately dived overboard rather than remain a further incubus upon his mates' success. We hear of a defeated team, though having fought as fiercely, bravely and stubbornly to the last inch as their strong wills and powerful physiques would permit, yet so pierced by the sting of defeat and its (to them) attendant disgrace that they have left the field with gloom and sorrow depicted on their countenances, shedding bitter tears of disappointment. We hear of all this, and our admiration is aroused; for who does not admire bravery and grit under any form and for any cause? We at once recognize a familiar quality in the grit and courage displayed by the American athletes; for this we see exemplified every day in our own Canadian contests on field and water. What we do not fully comprehend is the desperation, both mental and physical, with which our United States cousin goes into a contest and the supreme importance which he attaches to a victory. We involuntarily ask ourselves if any sport is worthy of such an important place in our thoughts. We ask ourselves if this is the correct attitude towards athletics, and whether this position will not of necessity eliminate a great deal of its essential quality, viz., the element of pleasure. Lastly, we cannot understand at all why defeat should necessarily mean disgrace, and we uphold the view that recreation and exercise should be the end striven for in all our games.

In fact, this inordinate desire to win is and has been the cause of many bitter quarrels, unfounded suspicions and deep-rooted enmities which the several colleges have at times past indulged in, and which unfortunately are still too common among them. We miss that spirit of friendliness and good fellowship which is almost invariably the rule between Canadian colleges and teams. Still, a careful observer must have noticed that things are gradually changing for the better, and that many of the

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prejudices and bitter feelings are being broken down.

This has been brought about in great measure through the system of faculty supervision now in vogue at many of the colleges. This system is best seen in any of the larger eastern Universities, Pennsylvania leading the way. Here the athlete is restricted in many ways. He cannot engage in athletics—(1) if he is not up in his college work: this guarantees good scholarship; (2) if he comes from another college until he has passed a full year's work; (3) if he enters a professional school until he has passed a full year's work; (4) if he is not a strict amateur; (5) if he cannot pass a good physical examination; (6) he can not play longer than four years on college teams, *e.g.*, if he enters Pennsylvania from another college where he has played two years, then he can play for Pennsylvania but two more years; (7) he must have special permission and show especial qualifications in his studies before he is allowed to engage in two branches of sport during the same college year; (8) if a dropped student, he must pass up a full year's work before he can represent his University in athletics.

Such rules as these enforced by the faculties of the different institutions have stood as guarantees of good faith. They have thus been instrumental in doing away with the suspicions of sister institutions concerning the amateurism, standard in scholarship, etc., of the members of the rival teams. In this way, the faculties have not only placed athletics in their proper place in college life, viz., secondary to scholarship, but indirectly they are doing good work in fostering a spirit of trust and friendliness between the different institutions. Eventually this will bear fruit, and the result will be that participation in sport for the love of the sport, that friendly rivalry and generous spirit which is the charm and characteristic of Canadian athletics.

These faculty rules have also done away with a great deal of the professionalism which may formerly have existed. This is strictly true of all the larger eastern Universities. In some of the smaller colleges, athletes may yet be found whose amateur status and college standing might be seriously questioned. Even there, the example of the larger colleges is being followed, and the evil promises to die out in the near future.

Another benefit of these rules has been the advance in scholarship among the athletes. Recent statistics prove that the average standard of scholarship among the representatives on track, field and water, of Yale, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Princeton and Cornell, is higher than that of any other

PHOTO. TAKEN MAY 16TH, 1894.

Orton running in the mile race at the University of Pennsylvania games in 1894. He now holds the Inter-Collegiate record of 4 m. 23⅘ sec. made in 1895.

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A DRAG AT THE ANNUAL SPORTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

class of students in these institutions. This is noteworthy, as a false impression on this point is very current throughout Canada. Of course, the above is not strictly true of some of the smaller eastern colleges and many of the western Universities where simpler rules and more lax methods may be seen. But, at the five representative colleges named above, it is an established fact; and this is the ideal aimed at by the other Universities throughout the land.

Before taking up the different sports practised across the border, there is another point which is a natural result of the conditions hinted at above, especially the great desire to win; the point is that training is carried on much more systematically than is the case in our Canadian Universities. All the teams are provided with capable trainers and rubbers. Medical assistants look after the health of the men. A training-house, where the athletes pay the usual boarding-house prices, guarantees that the diet and daily regimen of the men are according to the trainer's orders. In no country are such well-trained teams and athletes to be found. Nor must we conclude that training is made a hardship. The athlete freely undergoes the inconveniences of strict training for the sake of his college. He is encouraged in this by the interest of his college mates and the deep college spirit which is best seen in the larger and older Universities.

Indeed, the influence which this college spirit has on the athletics of the Universities is all pervading, and explains in great measure the desperate manner in which two teams from the larger institutions will contest with each other. When the beneficent influence of intelligent faculty rules and the increasing intimacy between the men of the different colleges have borne their fruit, this college spirit will, we trust, be all the deeper and nobler; the contests will be fought out none the less stubbornly and courageously, but with a spirit of friendly rivalry and true sportsmanship now wanting in many cases.

Coming to the games played, we find that football, baseball, rowing, track athletics, cricket, basketball, tennis, golf, hockey, lacrosse, and gymnastics are all found. Football is the most popular, and creates the greatest general interest. Baseball and rowing are next in importance, closely followed by track athletics. These four are the main sports in vogue, but all the others have their exponents in the various colleges.

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Football, as played in United States Universities, is unlike both the English and Canadian Rugby games. It is a development of the English game, but on lines slightly different from that to be seen in the history of Canadian Rugby. The United States game has developed in a scientific way, if one may be allowed to use scientific in this sense. Strategy and good generalship are all important, and thus team play is given the greatest attention. Two opposing United States football teams are like two armies facing each other, where a Napoleon, with new plays, unexpected attacks and concerted defensive tactics, may prove the victor even in the face of overwhelming odds. The above development has been responsible for the flying wedges, mass and tandem plays, so much heard of in United States football. Indeed, the game developed so far in this direction that it was found that these mass plays were too hard on the men and too uninteresting to the spectators. Thus, for the past two years, a reaction has set in, and more open play has been seen.

In a short article such as this it would be unfair to both Canadian and United States football to draw a comparison. We shall merely state that from a spectator's standpoint the Canadian game is probably the more exciting and inspiring, but considered from a purely technical point of view, the United States game, in being more elaborate and scientific, offers greater advantages to team play and strategy, a desideratum in all games in which teams participate.

This game is played during the fall at all the United States colleges, and is very popular. Immense crowds turn out to see a match between teams from the larger institutions, and great enthusiasm is shown. The students attend in a body, sing songs to popular airs with words especially suited to the occasion, recounting victories won in the past, their team's prowess, and foretelling the victory sure to be theirs. They shout in unison their resonant and picturesque college yells, and in every way add to the enthusiasm of the day.

There is no way of finding out the champion college teams of the country, as there is no national college league. This inevitably leads to several applicants for the position. If we divide the country into east, middle-west and west, we would say that Leland Stanford University in California leads in the west, the University of Wisconsin in the middle-west, and Pennsylvania and Princeton in the east. Princeton and Pennsylvania did not meet last year, although the last named college declared her willingness to do so, and are thus the technical champions of the east. If the east and west were to play off for the championship, it is generally conceded that the eastern team would prove the victor.

Baseball is of course the same every-

POLE JUMPER PARKER AT UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO SPORTS IN 1895.

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"MAN HURT" AT A FOOTBALL MATCH.

where. In the matter of team play and training, the United States college teams are the best in the world. A year never passes without some of the players from the larger Universities receiving flattering offers from some of the national league teams. This proves the high standard of ball played.

As in football, the championship remains undecided. To be sure, a so-called championship league does exist between Yale, Harvard and Princeton, but it cannot aspire to national importance, as many excellent teams are thereby left out. Last year the Brown University team was avowedly the superior of any of the above. This year, however, after a careful survey of the games played, we must conclude that Princeton has had the best team in the country, with Brown University close up for second place. Either of these teams is the superior of the University of Chicago, the best team in the middle-west, or of the University of California, the champions of the far west.

For the first time in twenty years the college championship in rowing has been won in a way to leave no room for doubt. In 1875, Cornell met Yale in the Intercollegiate Regatta, and won. Yale attributed her defeat to the interference of other crews. From then on Yale refused to row Cornell, stating that the latter crew was not in their class. Yale and Harvard rowed yearly together, and the winning crew proclaimed itself the champion. This year, to the delight of the public, Yale, Harvard and Cornell came together. The result proved indeed that Yale was right in saying that Cornell was not in her class, for the latter crew won with such ridiculous ease, that at present she seems to have a crew in a class by itself. Cornell further strengthened her position to the title of the champion crew by easily defeating Columbia and Pennsylvania a week after her victory over Yale and Harvard. As Yale's crew won from the University of Wisconsin by about 15 lengths, the west can of course lay no claim to premier position.

Great interest is taken in these college races by the general public, and the alumni of the different institutions. Right here may I not be allowed to express the hope that ere long Toronto University will put a crew upon the water. With such a beautiful bay and wealth of material, Toronto should be able to send out a college crew such as would be a credit to Canada and Canadian oarsmen. McGill University should also try the experiment.

A great and increasing interest is being taken in Track Athletics in the United States Universities. From the Atlantic to the Pacific dual college contests, state leagues and intercollegiate championships make the spring a busy time for the devotee of this branch of sport. The Intercollegiate Amateur

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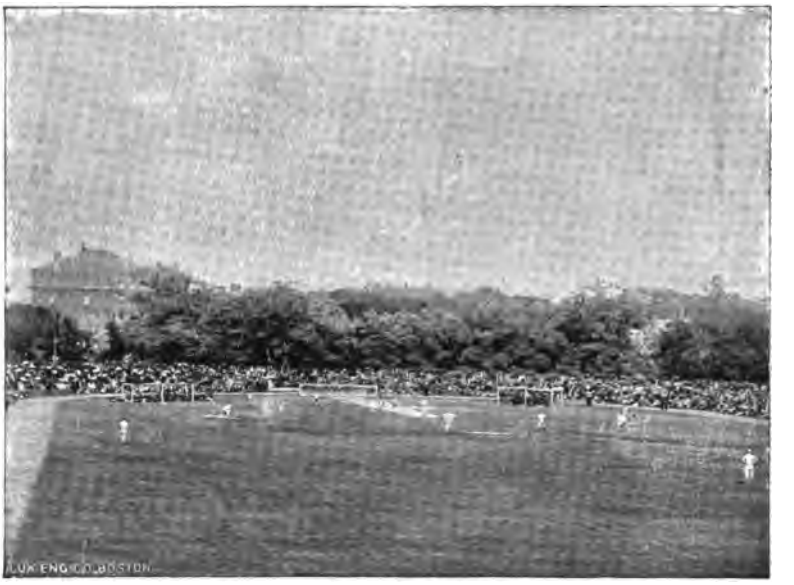

HARVARD ATHLETIC FIELD.

Athletic Association of America is the parent body, overshadowing all the other minor associations. At these championships last May Pennsylvania won the team championship, scoring 32 points; Yale second with 26 points.

The University of Wisconsin won the championship for the middle-west, and the Leland Sanford University the championship of the Pacific slope. Pennsylvania, however, holds undisputed claim to the championship of the country not only through having won this title at the meeting of the National Association, but also because a comparison of the records of her athletes with those of her western rivals will show a marked advantage in her favour.

The standard in this sport across the border is very high. For instance, the intercollegiate championships brought together 6 high-jumpers with records better than 6 feet, three having cleared 6 ft. 2 in. or better; 7 pole-vaulters who had cleared 11 feet or over; 10 quarter-milers with records at 50 sec., four having done a fraction better; 9 milers with records under 4 min. 32 sec., 4 having done under 4 min. 27 sec.; and 6 sprinters credited with even time at either the 100 yds. or 220 yds.

The four great sports mentioned above are all popular at all the Universities. The others which follow enjoy a varying popularity at the different institutions, some because of the restricted class to which they appeal, such as cricket, tennis and golf, others, *e.g.* hockey and lacrosse, through their recent introduction into the circle of college athletics.

Cricket has been at a standstill for several years, and is making no appreciable headway. Pennsylvania, Harvard and Haverford College are the only college teams, and form the Intercollegiate Association. The standard of play is, however, very good, but little interest is taken in the game. This year the championship contest proved a draw, each team winning and losing a game.

Tennis cannot be called a popular game, although it seems to be played by more Universities than formerly. Yale and Harvard have been most prominent for many years past, the championship resting between them. Yale is the present holder.

An Intercollegiate Golf Championship was held for the first time this year, Yale proving the victor. This game seems to be restricted to a few devotees at Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylvania and Columbia, and does not seem as yet to have made its way westward.

Basket-ball, a winter game played in

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YALE ATHLETIC FIELD.

combination. The best University teams were those from Yale, Pennsylvania, Columbia and Johns Hopkins. The game has a bright future before it, as great interest was taken last winter in the matches. Being so new to the college men, the

the gymnasiums, has made great strides the past two years in the United States colleges, and promises to become quite popular. The standard of game played is as yet only mediocre, but this will improve with experience.

Lacrosse has been played for several years across the border, but it does not seem to progress as fast as the real merits of this glorious game should demand. However, it is advancing slowly but surely. The Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association now numbers in its ranks about 12 colleges, Lehigh University, Harvard, Johns Hopkins and New York University being the most important. Lehigh University is the present champion. The quality of the game played is improving every year, but is still below the Canadian standard, as is evidenced by the ease with which the Toronto University team with little or no practice defeats the best United States aggregations every spring.

Hockey made a great advance last winter. The Canadian rules were recognized everywhere. This of itself raised the standard of the game immensely, as the United States game placed little premium on team play and game is necessarily in an elementary condition, but United States energy and enthusiasm will doubtless soon raise the standard to a high point of excellence.

The different Universities have their gymnasiums and instructors, but as yet no Intercollegiate Gymnastic Association has been formed. The teams are uniformly of a high class. The work at Princeton, Yale and Pennsylvania would do credit to even professional gymnasts.

The above, with the addition of yachting at Yale and Harvard, and gunning at most of the large institutions, are the sports in which the American college athletes engage.

Despite the great interest which the United States Universities take in athletics, we must not hastily conclude that the United States student is of a frivolous and light nature. Far from it; the United States colleges are filled with hard students and steady workers, and the amount of genuine, honest work which underlies all this interest in sport and games is far greater than the casual observer would admit. From personal observation, I would say that when the national traits of the two countries are

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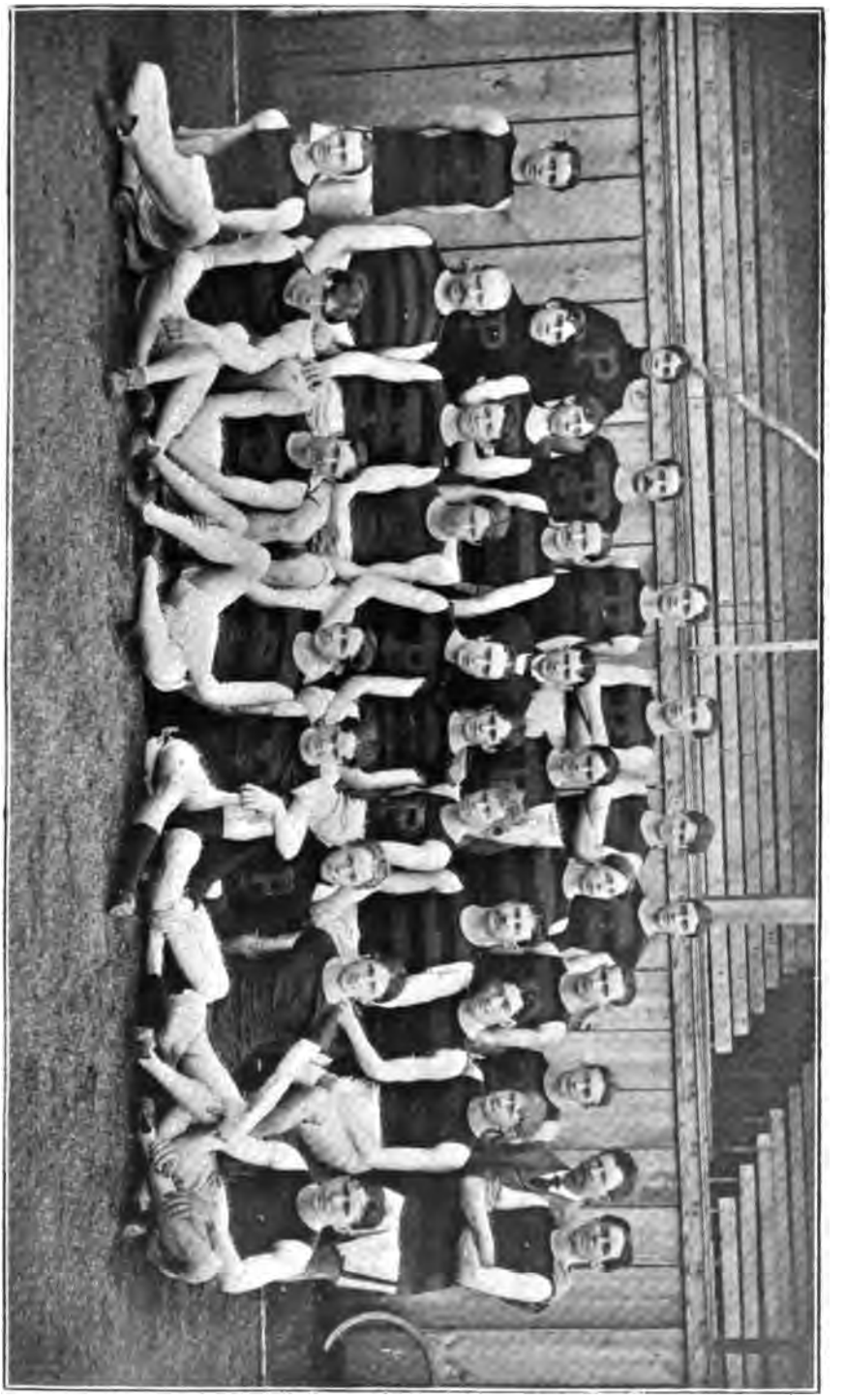

FROM A SPECIAL PHOTO.

TRACK TEAM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

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considered, the United States students as a class are nearly, if not quite, as hard workers as their Canadian brothers.

Surveying the whole field of United States collegiate athletics, we find that the different games are generally in a very flourishing condition, that the standard of play in the sports is of a high class, and that the interest of the public and alumni is very encouraging. Nowhere in the world do we find so many sturdy college athletes of such high calibre.

Through the influence of closer relations, impartial faculty rules and the deep college spirit so general among our sister Universities, we can look forward to the time when a friendly spirit of rivalry will be the universal rule. Then United States collegiate athletics will be wholly pleasureable, and will do boundless credit not only to the Universities, but to the country in which these institutions form an ever-increasing source of mental power and high cultivation.

At present, the condition of collegiate athletics in Canada is not such as to necessitate such strict laws and eligibility rules as are in vogue at the representative Universities across the line. This, of itself, is high praise. But we see signs, which become yearly more apparent, that such legislation may be necessary in the future. Canadian sport is not as pure as formerly. The semi-professional spirit which is to be seen in lacrosse will spread if left to its unbridled way. This cancerous growth, if not speedily attended to, will reach forth its harmful branches and do injury to other branches of sport, and in time contaminate even collegiate athletics.

The faculties of our Universities now have it in their power to forever check any such tendencies. These are bound to arise in the future through the increasing popularity of collegiate athletics, the two often resulting, extreme desire to win and the increased revenues; the latter, also, a not unmixed blessing. If the faculties will take a greater and more friendly interest in the athletics of their Universities, remembering that a University which aims wholly at the development of the mind is not fulfilling its entire duty or producing a complete man, if they, with a firm hand, will gently guide the bark of athletics through the many shallows and quicksands of the sea of amateurism, then Canadian collegiate athletics will never have to pass through the tempering process which our neighbours have experienced. Then, athletics will remain as now, fair and pure, a credit to Canada and its Universities and an honour to the athletes representing these institutions.

But while the temper of college athletics in Canada cannot be criticized, much might be said of the meagre encouragement which the University faculties have extended to rowing, which should be a prominent University sport. It is a gentlemanly pastime, and specially suited to our climate and country. As intimated above, can we not hope that ere long a dual contest on the water between Toronto and McGill Universities will be instituted and thus acquatics will take their place as a Canadian college sport? Surely this is not expecting too much from a country which has brought out the best oarsmen and crews in the world.

George W. Orton.

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THE HARBOUR OF ERIEAU ON RONDEAU BAY, NORTH SHORE OF LAKE ERIE.

RONDEAU BAY.

Glories of east in the morning
Kiss her; and at waning day
Lights of the west shed their glow on her breast,
Gem of Canada,—"Rondeau Bay."

IN no part of our grand Dominion can be found a more peaceful, a more picturesque spot than the little bay that nestles under the waving plumes of the green pine forest at Point Aux Pins on Lake Erie. A strange, deep quietude pervades the place, and Nature, peerless fashioner of the beautiful, has been careful to erect a wooded barrier about her, enhancing her charm and protecting her from impetuous winds seeking to ruffle her calm surface. Ages ago the dusky Indian huntsman launched his frail canoe upon her bosom, and crossing her with deft paddle-stroke named her *the silver thread between darkness and gloom.* Forests were on her every side,—dense, dark forests in which herds of deer roamed at will, drinking at eventide from her cool waters and sleeping unmolested under her border of spreading oaks.

Later on the sharp crack of the rifle awoke the stillness of ages to life as the whirr of deadly arrows had never done, and the dusky Indians crept away silently as shadows, swiftly as mist before light; and the white man held dominion.

Then it was that the stroke of axes echoed through these gloomy woods; huge trees were relentlessly hewn down and burned. Grand white oaks and black walnut were felled across each other in heaps and consumed to ashes. Thus it was that the north-western boundary of Rondeau grew to be something more than a picturesque wilderness. Little by little, under the indefatigable efforts of the early settler, small plots of ground were cleared, until to-day this portion of land is known as one of the most fertile spots in the garden of our Dominion.

Rondeau Bay is ten miles long and

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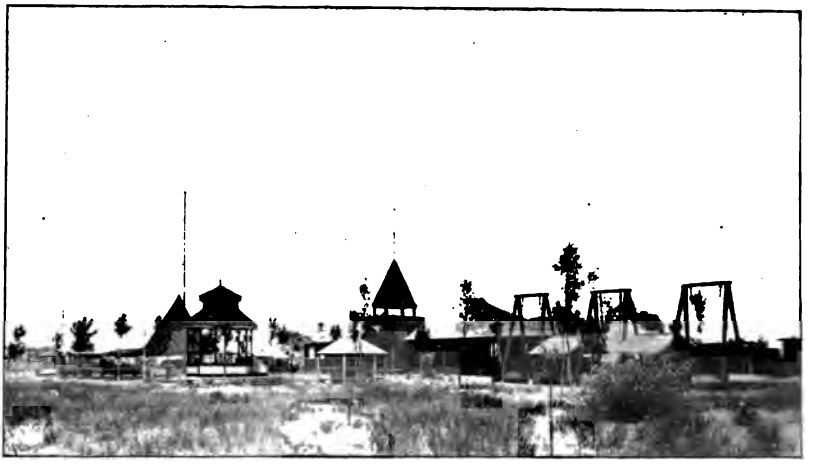
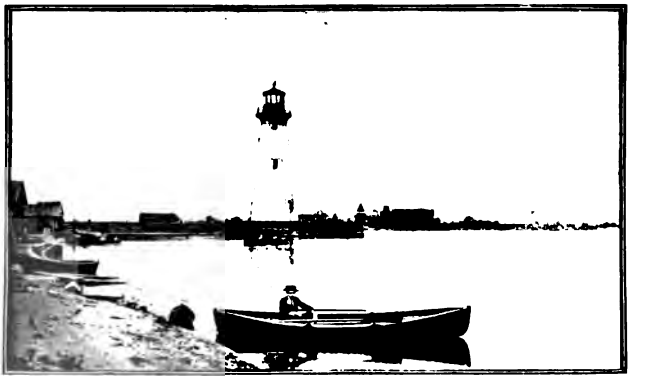
varies from one and a half to four miles in breadth. The Bay is an almost perfect oval in shape, being wide at the centre and tapering at both ends. The Government Park, better known as Point aux Pins, of which I shall speak later, forms the south-eastern boundary. At its head, where is situated the harbour and lighthouse, the Bay is some two miles wide, and is separated from the deep, blue waters of Lake Erie by a peninsular stretch of land varying in breadth from an eighth to a quarter of a mile. This peninsula forms the south-western boundary of the Bay and is called the bar.



SOME ATTRACTIONS AT RONDEAU.

Some few years ago the Erie and Huron Railway Co., observing that this stretch of land offered a splendid site for a summer resort, and that the Bay afforded excellent resources to pleasure-seekers and sportsmen, bought that portion of the land best suited for building purposes and extended the line, the southern terminus of which was Blenheim, through to the harbour. As a result of this, where once was barren waste, to-day may be seen a village of picturesque cottages bearing the poetical name of Erieau.

As a summer resort Rondeau is rapidly becoming noted; the Bay affords splendid facilities for boating and fishing, the spreading trees along her border offer an inviting shade to those wearied with the city's bustle and heat. Here and there along her shores are deep, still creeks so clear that one looking down can easily count the pebbles on the bottom. These tranquil waters are havens of rest and comfort in themselves. Broad and deep as they are, the groves of beach and maple on their margin throw them a protecting shade, so that no matter how close and sultry is the day here one can always find shade and solitude.



RONDEAU LIGHTHOUSE.

Wood-duck make these streams their summer home; here they nest unmolested in the marshy woodland, teaching their downy progeny all the arts

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OFF THE PIERS IN RONDEAU BAY.

they themselves have learned so well.

Deep down among the tangled lily-roots of these creeks dwell specimens of the finny tribe the very sight of which would make a true angler's heart throb wildly. On a still, clear day one can see them nestling among the roots six feet below the surface, or lazily swimming to and fro in search of a morsel with which to appease their ever-craving appetite.

These creeks are on the north-western boundary of Rondeau. Her opposite and more southern boundary consists of a broad expanse of marshland. Although low and marshy this place is not unbeautiful, for Nature has singularly studded it with minute baysfrom one to five acres in extent. These bays are known as theDuck-Ponds, deriving their name from the fact that they are the special rendezvous for wild duck of every variety. In the spring these ponds literally swarm with them, the wild rice growing therein affording them a splendid feeding ground.

Back of these marsh lands stands the upper part of the Government land known as the Rondeau Park. This park is also peninsular in shape. It is nine miles long and varies in breadth from one to two and a half miles. It comprises some six thousand acres of sandy land, the most of which is heavily timbered. It is beautifully situated, and since the Government has taken it

BATHING IN RONDEAU BAY.

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IN THE ONTARIO GOVERNMENT PARK AT RONDEAU.

in charge it will without doubt spare no pains to make this one of the finest natural parks on the continent. The lower and most picturesque portion of the park has been set aside for a bird and deer enclosure. Acting under the instructions of the Ontario Government. the chief ranger of the park and his assistants are at present engaged in raising wild fowl of various kinds, which, when they have reached a certain size, are set at liberty in the woods. Some three hundred English and Mongolian pheasants are at present being reared in the enclosure. These birds are very shy of strangers, but will immediately run from their hiding places to meet the keeper whenever he presents himself. Owing to the wild nature of these game-birds strangers are not allowed inside the enclosure; even the keeper has to exercise the greatest precaution, being careful to wear the same clothing each and every time he enters. A number of deer are now on their way to the park, and will be put in a three-acre enclosure as soon as they arrive.

The wooded ridges of the park for many years have been the home of the swift-winged partridge and the quail. In the more marshy parts the gamey woodcock is always to be found, and in the fall of the year hundreds of snipe and plover flock to the low-lying grounds. The hand of man has made little or no change in this grand, picturesque wilderness. To-day it stands as it stood ages ago. Gigantic pine trees lift their cone-tipped heads high in air, and sigh the same sad lullaby that hushed the tired Indian hunter to rest, as, wearied out with the chase, he reclined under their sheltering boughs. Here and there, in some mossy, open spot, grassy mounds, that time has rudely mis-fashioned, mark the place where these dusky hunters are taking their last, long rest. The hardy beech and oak trees, about which they played when little boys together, stand there still, and throw their protecting shadow over those quiet graves. Indian skeletons have been unearthed here; and, having examined them, scientific men tell us that these people were of gigantic stature. Some of these skeletons measure from seven to seven and a half feet in length, and are perfectly proportioned.

The land near the foot of the park and along the bay has been set apart for building purposes. Already quite a village of pretty summer dwellings has been erected there, which, when seen from the bay, forms a pleasant picture to the eye. The steamer *Jubilee* makes daily trips between Erieau and the park, affording passengers a perfect view of the bay and the natural scenery along her sides.

A. P. McKishnie.

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"ÆLFTHRYTH."

(*A Study.*)

I.

KING EDGAR'S penance for his mad passion for Wulfthryth, the fair but unhappy novice of Wilton Abbey, had been faithfully performed. In obedience to Dunstan's penitential imposition, the royal crown had never touched his brow for seven long years; twice in the week had he maintained a rigorous fast; he had granted to his subjects a new and excellent code of laws; and everywhere throughout the land which he was the first monarch to call England, he had distributed copies of the Scriptures. Seeing that his offence was one which nowadays in criminal law ranks next to murder and is punished with stripes, the penance was light enough.

But there is a time for everything; and summer flowers succeed the winter's snow. So, in the moral order, a time of rigid self-repression is, oft as not, followed by a period of unbridled license. At any rate, the heart of a young man, and a king to boot, is not to be counted as a thing dead to the world.

Upon a mossy bank in a sunlit glade of Wherwell Forest, with their panting hounds and steaming horses breathing by, rested Edgar and Athelwald, his friend and favourite thane. The former, in his green-embroidered hunting costume, appeared thin and short in stature, yet displayed in his countenance the intellectual stamp of the great Alfred. Athelwald, from his sunny locks with their band of gold, to his buskined feet, was the perfect embodiment of Saxon manly beauty. Laughter danced in his eyes like sunshine upon rippling water; his complexion, fair as that of a maid, was warmed by exercise to the tint of a delicate rose, whilst the smile upon his lips made his face singularly winsome and lovable. Yet, beneath all this gentle fairness and effeminate seeming, beat a heart as brave as any in England; whilst the hand that was toying with a favourite hound was also strong and sure to smite—no stronger or surer in the kingdom.

"And so my lord, the king, would wed again?" said Athelwald lightly, smilingly; for Edgar, as he was wont to do when alone with his favourite courtier, had, for the nonce, laid low the barriers that do hedge a prince around.

"And the maiden?"

"As yet do I know her only by report," replied the king, "which bespeaketh her as being the fairest maiden in the land."

"A king hath but to take; he needeth not to sue," remarked Athelwald, sententiously.

The king's face flushed hotly, and his eyes flashed dangerously, as he exclaimed:

"Now, by the rood, thou art over-

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wise in thy judgment, as thou art rash in speech."

"Nay, pardon me, my dear master," pleaded the courtier, seeing his mistake. "I meant no ill. But it was a light and thoughtless word."

"Say no more, Athelwald," said the king. "Yet, surely, though my sin is repented of, did I love the maid—even to our mutual undoing."

"My lord's noble example hath been like incense in the land," returned the courtier, seizing the opportunity to mollify his offended sovereign; "it hath made the air of England purer and sweeter, and hath won the affection of his subjects."

"Thou hast a fair tongue, Athelwald," said Edgar, gently, "and I believe thee honest, else would I not entrust thee with this delicate mission that hath come to my mind. Thou shalt go to Ælfthryth, daughter of the wealthy Ordgar, and report to me if fame speaketh truly."

"Ælfthryth, daughter of the Earl of Devon?" inquired Athelwald, his blue eyes opening wide with surprise.

"Even she, my brave Athelwald. Thou art good judge of a maiden's looks, and thou shalt tell me if she be fitting mate for the King of England."

"My good lord, I like not the task. Send other courtier, I pray you," pleaded Athelwald, earnestly.

"I have chosen thee because thou art the goodliest man of all my court, and most pleasing to maiden's eye," said Edgar, smiling.

"For that very reason should I not be chosen, my good lord," Athelwald replied seriously.

"But I would have the fair Ælfthryth wonder what manner of man must be the king who commands so noble a follower," Edgar persisted.

"It is not vanity in me, my lord," returned Athelwald, "but the maid may fancy the courtier, or the courtier the maid; and my heart, as you know, is like wax before the eye of beauty."

"Thou wilt anger me again, Athelwald," said Edgar. "Canst thou not be serious and do thy royal master's bidding?"

"It is because I love my master that I pray to be relieved of this duty," Athelwald persisted. "Send honest Byrthnot. He is wise and wedded man."

"By my halidom!" exclaimed Edgar. "If ever king had to do with such an obstinate servant! Send Byrthnot—honest Byrthnot, sayest thou? As lief send a swineherd to choose a hound or a hawk. What knoweth he about a maiden's charms?"

"Doth my lord remember," said he, "what time we subdued Idwal, the rebellious king of Wales, how a minstrel named Gryffyd fell into our hands? Many a brave story did he sing to his harp, but none braver or sadder than that of their greatest king, Arthur, who fought so long and valiantly against our own stout ancestors.

"Arthur, the king, was to wed a maiden fair, called Guiniver, and despatched a gallant and comely knight, the flower of his table round, to conduct her in becoming state from her home in the southern land. And all against their will—for love knoweth none save its own sweet laws—the unhappy pair saw and loved each other. But the king and Guiniver were wed, which wrought sad mischief, for though the maid gave her own sweet self to Arthur, her heart for aye was Lancelot's. And so the twain fell, and brought dishonour upon a goodly kingdom, which ne'er had been, had the king done his own wooing."

"And the king will do his own wooing," replied the unmoved Edgar, "and that right blithely, if the maid be fair and worthy of his love. Thy task will be to see, to judge, and to report."

"Three tasks instead of one," Athelwald remarked, "and each, my good lord, harder than the other to perform. For what sayeth the Scripture: 'Gaze not upon a maiden, lest her beauty be a stumbling-block to thee; for many have perished by the beauty of a woman.' And Dunstan, the great Archbishop preacheth: 'To look upon the beauty of a woman is to play with fire.'

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Again, to gauge a woman's mind is more dangerous than to appraise her beauty; for mind must then meet mind, and soul touch soul; whilst to report truly might prove the hardest task of all."

"A pretty homily, indeed, from a courtier," said Edgar; "were it not that I require thy services in this love affair, I would e'en counsel a monk's cowl for that wise head of thine. 'Twere pity that so much rede should run to waste. Methinks I could not do better than ask thee to do my wooing too, and bring the maiden to her lord, as did the brave but weak knight, Lancelot."

What Athelwald's rejoinder would have been is a matter of conjecture; for, as the king finished speaking, there was a crashing sound amongst the brake, and a wild boar leaped into the open glade at some distance from the hunters, who sprang to their steeds, and dashed after the eager hounds.

II.

Three days later, obedient to his master's wish, Athelwald, accompanied by two of his own faithful retainers, set forth upon his secret mission from the royal city of Winchester. For two days he journeyed through the peaceful land, and came, at nightfall, to Earl Ordgar's castle down by the southern sea. There he was received with the lavish honour due to a distinguished court noble, who travelled in the king's service. And in the morning, with the sunlight streaming on her brown tresses encircled by a fillet of gold set with precious stones, her cheeks glowing with health, and her eyes like violets bathed in morning dew, the beauteous Ælfthryth met Athelwald. Clad in a rich, embroidered robe, bound at the waist by a golden belt, and flowing in graceful folds to the floor, she advanced and offered the honoured guest, seated by her father's side, the cup of hospitality. Half unconsciously he rose to take the goblet from her fair hand, and their eyes for a moment met. Then the dark lashes drooped upon Ælfthryth's rosy cheeks, whilst all the colour fled from Athelwald's face, and his hand trembled as he raised the draught to his lips. Truly they were a matchless pair. So thought the earl and all the earl's retainers seated at the long table running down the middle of the hall.

For a week Athelwald abode at Ordgar's castle, and the silken bonds, spun around his heart by the maiden's beauty, grew stronger and firmer, as the bright days passed all too quickly. Forgotten were the purpose of his mission and his duty to his royal master. Under the spell of Ælfthryth's charms, he drifted into a delicious dream, from which he wished never to awake. And Ælfthryth, reared in a secluded part of England, drew from him the stories of the splendour and gaiety of the court of Edgar the Peaceable, and longed to mingle in the gay scenes the courtier so admirably depicted.

They were strolling on the yellow beach below the castle walls, and it was the day before that fixed for Athelwald's departure, but never a word of love had as yet been spoken. Both were silent, the courtier thinking bitterly of Ælfthryth as the proud bride of the king, and Ælfthryth probably thinking more of the royal court than of the courtier; for, presently, she asked with a blush:

"And does my lord, the king, intend to wed no more?"

Her companion started as if rudely awakened from a trance, and answered with a hollow laugh:

"Fair Ælfthryth, I am not the keeper of the king's mind; but, mayhap, he would wed once again, if chanced he upon a fitting bride." The maiden's eyes sank beneath the courtier's searching look.

"Ah, me!" she sighed. "How goodly a thing it is to be a queen—and queen to such a mighty and noble prince as is King Edgar!"

"Experience, fair Ælfthryth," said Athelwald," teaches otherwise. No woman upon whom the king's eye hath fallen hath known happiness, and his queen, who is dead, least of all. My royal master, though noble in his re-

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pentance, hath been most unhappy in his loves."

"Doth his heart still cling to—to her of Wilton Abbey?" asked Ælfthryth, and turned her face towards the sea.

Athelwald's eyes followed hers, and his heart beat with jealous pain.

"Of nobody but the king;—she loveth me not," he said to himself; but aloud he asked with quivering voice:

"Could no lower dignity than that of queen please thee, fair Ælfthryth?"

The glorious eyes of the maiden opened wide with surprise as she strove to read the expression on her companion's features, upon which the feelings of his heart were all too plainly stamped. "I love thee, Ælfthryth," he continued, bending and taking her hand, which he passionately kissed. "Canst thou not return my love?"

She did not immediately withdraw her hand, and her eyes scanned the handsome, passionate face upturned to her own.

"I do not love thee yet, Athelwald," she replied with honest feeling; "but, methinks, in time I could learn to love thee well; for never have my eyes beheld man more comely and winsome." And thus Athelwald, like Lancelot, fell, and in the glamour of a maiden's loveliness forgot his duty to the king who loved and trusted him above all other men.

The next day he departed for Winchester, pleading with Ælfthryth that he might, at no distant day, return to win the heart which, as yet, was not wholly his

To Edgar, the false friend stated that, though Ælfthryth was rich in worldly goods, report had over-rated her beauty both of mind and person; that her complexion lacked fairness and her manners were uncouth; in fine, that she was not a fitting bride for the king of England. And Edgar, never having seen Ælfthryth, accepted the report of his courtier without question and without a sigh. Yet did he wonder at a certain subtle change observable in Athelwald's manner. The old, calm, fearless look and the gay spirit of the man seemed to have vanished.

Then Athelwald absented himself at intervals from the court, and a coldness and reserve wrapped him round, so that the former friendly relations between king and courtier were strained almost to breaking; for the latter, being unskilled in deceit, could no longer endure the king's presence. Believing that the king would soon seek another bride, he waited with what patience he could command. But when Edgar showed no signs of marrying, Athelwald's passion overcame his prudence. He returned to Ordgar's castle, wooed and won Ælfthryth, and took her to his own stately home in East Anglia, and there they abode.

The news of these events quickly reached the king, who ceased to marvel at the conduct of Athelwald. Wonder gave place to doubt, and doubt to suspicion. One fact stood out with startling distinctness—Ælfthryth, though no mate for the king, was meet bride for the fastidious courtier, who, moreover, had entirely withdrawn himself from the court, ostensibly to devote himself to his young wife.

To do the king justice, it must be recorded that at first he had no more hostile feelings against his favourite courtier than those engendered by the lack of confidence so plainly evinced. It is more than possible that, had Athelwald, pleading his love and temptation, made a clean breast of it, all would have been forgiven him; for the king's intentions towards Ælfthryth had been kept secret, and his affections were in no way involved. Besides, the pernicious results of his ill-starred passion for Wulfthryth, the veiled lady of Wilton Abbey, had been a lesson to him against his propensity to illicit love.

Finally, tormented with doubt and goaded into anger by Athelwald's altered behaviour and continued absence, he resolved to see for himself and put his suspicions to the test. Accordingly, he sent messengers in advance to announce to Athelwald that on the morrow the king, whilst hunting, would honour him with a visit.

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III.

It was with consternation that Athelwald received the intelligence of the king's intended visit. The first glamour of passion had subsided, and his perfidy was ever before him. He lived like Damocles beneath the hair-suspended sword. For if the king should once behold the beauty of Ælfthryth, he felt that his life would pay the penalty of his treachery. In his misery and fear—for conscience had made a coward of him—the gay, handsome courtier had grown pale and hollow-eyed, and every day had added a year to his life. He loved Ælfthryth passionately, and would willingly have parted with life sooner than have lost her; yet, could he not believe that he had wholly won her heart. But she was his wife—irrevocably his. That was his only consolation. Surely she would cling to him in his hour of need. To send her away would but aggravate matters, for Ælfthryth, tired of a life of seclusion, had frequently besought him to take her to the court, that she might see the king; whilst the king, by her absence, would only be the more convinced of the truth of his suspicions. There was only one way out of the dangerous difficulty. Athelwald's mind was made up, and he sought his wife's presence.

Never had Ælfthryth appeared more beautiful to his eyes than she did that morning, whilst at work among her handmaidens making preparations for the royal visit. He drew her tenderly from the hall and they passed into a rustic arbour in the garden.

"Ælfthryth," he began, "dost thou truly love me?" She turned her beautiful face towards him in wonder; for his voice quivered with emotion and the arm around her waist trembled.

"Art thou not my husband, Athelwald?" she questioned in reply.

"Ay," answered Athelwald, "but if thy heart cleave not closely to me I may have done thee grievous wrong by wooing and wedding thee. But thou shalt hear and judge.

"I was sent to thy father's house to see and report if thou wert fitting bride for the king, who had heard of thy great beauty. I loved thee, and lied to the king."

Ælfthryth's eyes were riveted on her husband's troubled face, and her form trembled in his loving clasp.

"And thou didst not report me fair?" she inquired.

"God pity me!" exclaimed Athelwald; "in my jealous love I denied thy charms and turned the king's mind from thee."

"Thou didst me wrong, Athelwald," said Ælfthryth, reproachfully. "Thou shouldst have known that a maiden's beauty is nature's dower, the one thing she prizes above all other gifts. And to the king!—Oh, Athelwald. I could not have believed it had any tongue but thine told me. I know that I am fair, and I could wish that the proud dames of the court should know me to be fair."

Her beautiful eyes flashed with resentment, and Athelwald's heart sank within him.

"The king cometh here to-morrow," he continued, painfully, not heeding his wife's reproaches, "and if he behold how beautiful thou art I am lost—lost, Ælfthryth."

The wife's face softened, and the tears welled in her eyes. Her husband's distress moved her to pity.

"What then wouldst thou have me do, Athelwald?" she asked.

"To make thyself uncomely and undesirable before the king, and so save thy husband from his master's displeasure," Athelwald answered, but he could not look his wife in the face.

"That will I never do;—and before the king!" Ælfthryth replied decisively.

"Then am I doomed," said Athelwald. "I know Edgar well, and never will he forgive my duplicity and perfidy."

Ælfthryth, again shaken by her husband's words, placed her hands tenderly upon his shoulders, and said pleadingly:

"Ask me anything but this. I will go away. The king shall not see me.

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But if he do see me, then must he see me as I am."

"It is to see thee that he cometh here," said Athelwald.

"Then shall he behold me as thy faithful wife," returned Ælfthryth, "standing fearlessly by thy side, arrayed as becometh my dignity—in all my fairness. What care I for the king? Thou art my husband, and not the king. If need be I will kneel at his feet and my loveliness shall be thy excuse for thy sinning."

Had Athelwald been wise he would have clasped the fearless woman to his breast and applauded her loyalty and love; but he feared the king. Failing to respond to his young wife's heroic spirit, he made his final and falsest step, and exclaimed despairingly:

"Thou doomest me to death, Ælfthryth; thou lovest me not."

For a few moments the proud woman stood in silence before him, her eyes fixed upon his drooping countenance, her red lips parted, and her features betraying the conflicting emotions of her soul. Anger, pity, resentment, scorn struggled for the mastery; but there was no love there.

Finally she asked coldly and scornfully, "What then would my lord have me do?"

"I would have thee stain thy complexion for the time, don an unbecoming robe and act the shrew or the fool—anything to hoodwink the king."

The weak, pitiless reply stung Ælfthryth to the soul, and killed the tender bud of early wedded love just as it was ready to burst into the fragrance and beauty of maturity.

So Edgar, king of England, with a goodly company of his courtiers came and was received by Athelwald, who, now that the chance of discovery was evaded or minimized, met his royal master with a smile of welcome and a mind comparatively at rest.

Up the great hall, filled with the brilliant throng, king and courtier advanced and stepped upon the dais at the upper end. Scarcely had Edgar reached the royal chair, when a door at the side of the hall opened, and Ælfthryth entered. Clad in a richly embroidered robe, bound at the waist with a golden cincture, her nut-brown tresses encircled with a fillet of gold set with precious stones, which brought out the contour of her shapely head, her long, dark lashes drooping upon her glowing cheeks, she advanced with queenly grace and, bending at the king's feet, raised her lovely eyes to his.

Thus they regarded each other for a brief space; then the king, taking her by the hand, gracefully raised her to her feet, turning to Athelwald, who stood with blanched cheeks and downcast eyes, said:

"I perceive thou hast won the loveliest lady in all the land. Mayest thou be truer to her than thou hast been to thy king."

Athelwald, without raising his eyes, knelt at the king's feet and murmured brokenly, "Pardon, my gracious lord."

The words were heard distinctly only by Ælfthryth and the king, who, it was remarked, did not offer the suppliant his hand.

In the feasting and revelry that ensued, the susceptible Edgar fell a victim to Ælfthryth's beauty.

And Ælfthryth? No woman, in spite of Eve's curse, is born bad; but many a woman is made wicked by the selfishness or brutality of men. She was proud, too proud to be deemed vain, clever and ambitious; but she was a woman. All her pride and womanhood had revolted against her husband's selfish and unreasonable demands. Had she loved him with all the force of her strong and ardent nature, she might, at his word, have sacrificed her own dignity and self-respect; but her senses only, and not her heart, had been captivated by his graces of person. Young and untried in artful worldliness, longing to shine at court yet forced to a life of seclusion by her husband's dread of the royal displeasure, was it to be wondered at that her proud spirit rose in rebellion against an act that would cast a dark and undeserved cloud over her life, blotting out the sweet sunshine of con-

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quest and worldly honour? Then, little knowing what passion and deadly purpose could lurk behind the calm mask of royalty, she contrasted the king's dignity and magnanimity with the weakness and deceit of her husband, who lost terribly in the comparison. Her keen perception informed her that, had Athelwald been faithful to his trust, she might have been the first lady in the land. On the other hand, her daring spirit and pride, if matched and sustained by a husband's determination to have and to hold against the world, might have proved sufficient to keep her within the lines of duty, and even of affection. For even a proud woman loves to own a man's sway; but it must be that of a nature equal or superior to her own.

"Alas!" said Athelwald reproachfully, "thy folly and perverseness have undone me. The king will never forgive. Thou lovest me not, Ælfthryth."

"Thou speakest truly, Athelwald," she replied bitterly, "I love thee not. Hadst thou stood by my side fearlessly, as I wished, I could have died with thee. It is no great sin to sin through loving, and I believed in thy love's loyalty. But when thou condemnedst me to be a poor tool in thine own deceit, methinks the first warm flush of wifely love in my heart was frozen dead."

"The king loves thee, Ælfthryth," Athelwald said jealously, "I saw it in his eyes, and I could have stricken him dead."

"The king hath little to dread from one who feared to confess a fault," was the relentless reply.

And so the bitter interview ended, and a few months later, life, too, ended for Athelwald. He was found murdered in Wherwell Forest, and legends tell how he was done to death by the hand or command of the king.

Be this as it may, the chronicles record that Edgar married Ælfthryth, and clung to her in spite of the church's denunciation; and that she, whose life had given such fair promise, lived to be the most wicked and detested woman that ever shared the throne in England before the Conquest.

Thomas Swift.

BLOMIDON

WHETHER o'erlaid with marble fogs like snows,
Or wrapt in dewy ones like silver hair,
Or chiselled naked in the vital air—
Full-summéd strength in purposeful repose!
The breathless stars lead on the ebbs and flows,
And the unresting waters wash and wear
The deep-set bases of thy presence there,
To force the secret thy calm lips enclose.

O sleepless sentinel and from of old,
I guess thy mystery deep and consecrate,
Yet open to the loving heart and bold:
The shadow of God is laid upon thy sight,
In His own mirror at thy feet, and straight
Transfixes thee in vigil day and night!

Theodore H. Rand.

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HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP.*

BY FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Monsieur Judas," "The Clock Struck One," Etc.

II.—THE FIRST CUSTOMER AND THE FLORENTINE DANTE.

IT has been already explained how Hagar Stanley, against her own interests, took charge of the pawnshop and property of Jacob Dix during the absence of the rightful heir. She had full control of everything by the terms of the will. Jacob had made many good bargains in his life, but none better than that which had brought him Hagar for a slave—Hagar with her strict sense of duty, her upright nature, and her determination to act honestly even when her own interests were at stake. Such a character was almost unknown among the denizens of Carby's Crescent.

Vark, the lawyer, thought her a fool. Firstly because she refused to make a nest-egg for herself out of the estate. Secondly, because she had surrendered a fine fortune to benefit a man she hated. Thirdly, because she declined to become Mrs. Vark. Otherwise she was sharp enough—too sharp, the lawyer thought; for with her keen business instinct and her faculty for organizing and administering and understanding, he found it impossible to trick her in any way. Out of the Dix estate Vark received his due fees and no more, which position was humiliating to a man of his intelligence.

Hagar, however, minded neither Vark nor anyone else. She advertised for the absent heir, she administered the estate and carried on the business of the pawnshop; living in the back-parlour meanwhile, after the penurious fashion of her late master. It had been a shock to her to learn that the heir of the old pawnbroker was none other than Goliath, the red-haired suitor who had forced her to leave the gipsy camp. Still, her honesty would not permit her to rob him of his heritage; and she attended to his interests as though they were those of the man she loved best in the world. When Jimmy Dix, alias Goliath, appeared to claim the property, Hagar intended to render an account of her stewardship, and to leave her city of refuge as poor as when she entered it. In the meantime, as the months went by and brought no claimant, Hagar attended to the shop, transacted business and drove bargains. Also, she became the heroine of several adventures.

During a June twilight she was summoned to the shop by a sharp rapping, and on entering she found a young man waiting to pawn a book which he held in his hand. He was tall, slim, fair-haired and blue-eyed, with a clever and intellectual face, lighted by rather dreamy eyes. Quick at reading physiognomies, Hagar liked his appearance at the first glance, and, moreover, admired his good looks.

"I—I wish to get some money on

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this book," said the stranger in a hesitating manner, a flush invading his fair complexion; "could you—that is, will you——" He paused in confusion, and held out the book, which Hagar took in silence.

It was an old and costly book, over which a bibliomaniac would have gloated.

The date was that of the fourteenth century, the printer a famous Florentine publisher of that epoch: and the author was none other than one Dante Alighieri, a poet not unknown to fame. In short, the volume was a second edition of "La Divina Comedia," extremely rare, and worth much money. Hagar, who had learnt many things under the able tuition of Jacob, at once recognized the value of the book; but with keen business instinct—notwithstanding her prepossession concerning the young man—she began promptly to disparage it.

"I don't care for old books," she said, offering it back to him. "Why not take it to a second-hand bookseller?"

"Because I don't want to part with it. At the present moment I need money, as you can see from my appearance. Let me have five pounds on the book until I can redeem it."

Hagar, who already had noted the haggard looks of this customer, and the threadbare quality of his apparel, laid down the Dante with a bang. "I can't give five pounds," she said bluntly. "The book isn't worth it!"

"Shows how much you know of such things, my girl! It is a rare edition of a celebrated Italian poet, and it is worth over a hundred pounds."

"Really?" said Hagar drily. "In that case, why not sell it?"

"Because I don't want to. Give me five pounds."

"No; four is all that I can advance."

"Four ten," pleaded the customer.

"Four," retorted the inexorable Hagar. "Or else——"

She pushed the book towards him with one finger. Seeing that he could get nothing more out of her, the young man sighed and relented. "Give me the four pounds," he said gloomily. "I might have guessed that a Jewess would grind me down to the lowest."

"I am not a Jew, but a gipsy," replied Hagar, making out the ticket.

"A gipsy!" said the other, peering into her face. "And what is a Romany lass doing in this Levitical tabernacle?"

"That's my business!" retorted Hagar curtly. "Name and address?"

"Eustace Lorn, 42, Castle Road," said the young man, giving an address near at hand. "But I say—if you are true Romany, you can talk the calo jib."

"I talk it with my kind, young man; not with the Gentiles."

"But I am a Romany Rye."

"I'm not a fool, young man! Romany Ryes don't live in cities for choice."

"Nor do gipsy girls dwell in pawnshops, my lass!"

"Four pounds," said Hagar, taking no notice of this remark; "there it is, in gold; your ticket also—number eight hundred and twenty. You can redeem the book whenever you like, on paying six per cent. interest. Good night."

"But I say," cried Lorn, as he slipped money and ticket into his pocket, "I want to speak to you, and ——"

"Good-night, sir," said Hagar sharply, and vanished into the darkness of the shop. Lorn was annoyed by her curt manner and his sudden dismissal; but as there was no help for it, he walked out into the street.

"What a handsome girl!" was his first thought; and "What a spitfire!" was his second.

After his departure, Hagar put away the Dante, and, as it was late, shut up the shop. Then she retired to the back-parlour to eat her supper—dry bread-and-cheese with cold water—and to think over the young man. As a rule, Hagar was far too self-possessed to be impressionable; but there was something about Eustace Lorn—she had the name pat—which attracted her not a little. From the short inter-

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view she had not learnt much of his character. He was poor, proud, rather absent-minded; and—from the fact of his yielding to her on the question of price—rather weak in character. Yet she liked his face, the kindly expression of his eyes, and the sweetness of his mouth. But after all he was only a chance customer; and—unless he returned to redeem the Dante—she might not see him again. On this thought occurring to her, Hagar called commonsense to her aid and strove to banish the young man's image from her mind. The task was more difficult than she thought.

A week later, Lorn and his pawning of the book were recalled to her mind by a stranger who entered the shop shortly after midday. This man was short, stout, elderly and vulgar. He was much excited, and spoke badly, as Hagar noted when he laid a pawn-ticket number eight hundred and twenty on the counter.

"'Ere girl," said he in rough tones, "gimme the book this ticket's for."

"You come from Mr. Lorn?" asked Hagar, remembering the Dante.

"Yes; he wants that book. There's the brass. Sharp, now, young woman!"

Hagar made no move to get the volume, or even to take the money. Instead of doing either, she asked a question: "Is Mr. Lorn ill, that he could not come himself?" she demanded, looking keenly at the man's coarse face.

"No; but I've bought the pawn-ticket off him. 'Ere, gimme the book!"

"I cannot at present," replied Hagar, who did not trust the looks of this man, and who wished, moreover, to see Eustace again.

"Dash yer imperence! Why not?"

"Because you did not pawn the Dante; and as it is a valuable book, I might get into trouble if I gave it into other hands than Mr. Lorn's."

"Well, I'm blest! There's the ticket!"

"So I see; but how do I know how you got it?"

"Lorn gave it me," said the man sulkily, "and I want the Dante!"

"I'm sorry for that," retorted Hagar, certain that all was not right, "for no one but Mr. Lorn shall get it. If he isn't ill, let him come and receive it personally."

The man swore and completely lost his temper—a fact which did not disturb Hagar in the least. "You may as well clear out," she said coldly. "I have said that you shan't have the book, and that closes the question."

"I'll call in the police!"

"Do so; there's a station five minutes' walk from here."

Confounded by her coolness the man snatched up the pawn-ticket and stamped out of the shop in a rage. Hagar took down the Dante, looked at it carefully, and considered the position. Clearly there was something wrong, and Eustace was in trouble, else why should he send a stranger to redeem the book which he set such store on? In an ordinary case Hagar might have received the ticket and money without a qualm, so long as she was acting rightly in a legal sense; but Eustace Lorn interested her strangely—why, she could not guess—and she was anxious to guard his interests. Moreover, the emissary possessed an untrustworthy face, and looked a man capable, if not of crime, at least of treachery. How he had obtained the ticket could only be explained by its owner; so, after some cogitation, Hagar sent a message to Lorn. The gist of this was that he should come to the pawnshop after closing time.

All the evening Hagar anxiously waited for her visitor, and—such is the inconsequence of maids—she was angered with herself for this very anxiety. She tried to think that it was sheer curiosity to know the truth of the matter that made her impatient for the arrival of Lorn; but deep in her heart there lurked a perception of the actual state of things. It was not curiosity so much as a wish to see the young man's face again, to hear him speak, and feel that he was beside her.

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Though without a chaperon, though not brought up under parental government, Hagar had her own social code, and that a strict one. In this instance she thought that her mental attitude was unmaidenly and unworthy of an unmarried girl. Hence, when Eustace made his appearance at nine o'clock she was brusque to the verge of rudeness.

"Who was that man you sent for your book?" she demanded abruptly, when Lorn was seated in the back-parlour.

"Jabez Treadle. I could not come myself, so I sent him with the ticket. Why did you not give him the Dante?"

"Because I did not like his face, and I thought he might have stolen the ticket from you. Besides I"—here Hagar hesitated, for she was not anxious to admit that her real reason had been a desire to see him again—"besides, I don't think he is your friend," she finished lamely.

"Very probably he is not," replied Lorn, shrugging his shoulders. "I have no friends."

"That is a pity," said Hagar, casting a searching glance at his irresolute face. "I think you need friends, or, at all events, one staunch one."

"May that staunch one be of your own sex," said Lorn, rather surprised at the interest this strange girl displayed in his welfare—"yourself, for instance?"

"If that could be so, I might give you unpalatable advice, Mr. Lorn."

"Such as—what?"

"Don't trust the man you sent here, Mr. Treadle. See, here is your Dante, young man. Pay me the money, and take it away."

"I can't pay you the money, as I have none. I am as poor as Job, but hardly so patient."

"But you offered the money through that Treadle creature."

"Indeed no!" explained Eustace frankly. "I gave him the ticket, and he wished to redeem the book with his own money."

"Did he really?" said Hagar thoughtfully. "He does not look like a student, as you do. Why does he want this book?"

"To find out a secret."

"A secret, young man—contained in the Dante?"

"Yes. There is a secret in the book which means money."

"To you or Mr. Treadle?" demanded Hagar.

Eustace shrugged his shoulders. "To either one of us who discovers the secret," he said carelessly. "Though indeed I don't think it will ever be found out—at all events, by me. Treadle may be more fortunate."

"If crafty ways can bring fortune. your man will succeed," said Hagar calmly. "He is a dangerous friend for you, that Treadle. There is evidently some story about this Dante of yours which he knows, and which he desires to turn to his own advantage. If the story means money, tell it to me, and I may be able to help you to the wealth. I am a young girl, it is true, Mr. Lorn; still, I am old in experience, and I may succeed where you fail."

"I doubt it," replied Lorn gloomily; "still, it is kind of you to take this interest in a stranger. I am much obliged to you, Miss——"

"Call me Hagar," she interrupted hastily. "I am not used to fine titles."

"Well, then, Hagar, said he with a kindly glance, "I'll tell you the story of my Uncle Ben and his strange will."

Hagar smiled to herself. It seemed to be her fate to have dealings with wills—first with that of Jacob; now with this of Lorn's uncle. However, she knew when to hold her tongue, and, saying nothing, she waited for Eustace to explain. This he did forthwith.

"My uncle, Benjamin Gurth, died six months ago at the age of fifty-eight," said he slowly. "In his early days he had lived a roving life, and ten years ago he came home with a fortune from the West Indies."

"How much fortune?" demanded Hagar, always interested in financial matters.

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"That is the odd part about it," continued Eustace; nobody ever knew the amount of his wealth, for he was a grumpy old curmudgeon who confided in no one. He bought a little house and garden at Woking, and there lived for the ten years he was in England. His great luxury was books, and as he knew many languages—Italian among others—he collected quite a polyglot library."

"Where is it now?"

"It was sold after his death along with the house and land. A man in the City claimed the money and obtained it."

"A creditor. What about the fortune?"

"I'm telling you, Hagar, if you'll only listen!" said Eustace impatiently. "Well, Uncle Ben, as I have said, was a miser. He hoarded up his moneys and kept them in the house, trusting neither to banks nor investments. My mother was his sister, and very poor; but he never gave her a penny, and to me nothing but the Dante, which he presented in an unusual fit of generosity."

"But from what you said before," remarked Hagar shrewdly, "it seems to me that he had some motive in giving you the Dante."

"No doubt," assented Eustace, admiring her sharpness. "The secret of the hidden money is contained in that Dante."

"Then you may be sure, Mr. Lorn, that he intended to make you his heir. But what has your friend Treadle to do with the matter?"

"Oh, Treadle is a grocer in Woking," responded Lorn. "He is greedy for money, and knowing that Uncle Ben was rich, he tried to get the cash left to him. He wheedled and flattered the old man; he made him presents, and poisoned his mind against me, his nephew, his only surviving relative."

"Didn't I say the man was your enemy? Well, go on."

"There is little more to tell, Hagar. Uncle Ben hid his money away, and left a will which gave it all to the person who should find out where it was concealed. The testament said the secret was contained in the Dante. You may be sure that Treadle came to me at once and asked to see the book. I showed it to him, but neither of us could find any sign in its pages likely to lead us to discover the hidden treasure. The other day Treadle came to see the Dante again. I told him that I had pawned it, so he volunteered to redeem it if I gave him the ticket. I did so, and he called on you. The result you know."

"Yes; I refused to give it to him," said Hagar, "and I now see that I was quite right to do so, as the man is your enemy. Well, Mr. Lorn, it seems from your story that a fortune is waiting for you—if you can find it."

"Very true; but I can't find it. There isn't a single sign in the Dante by which I can trace the hiding-place."

"Do you know Italian?"

"Very well. Uncle Ben taught it to me."

"That's one point gained," said Hagar, placing the Dante on the table and lighting another candle. "The secret may be contained in the poem itself. However, we shall see. Is there any mark in the book—a marginal mark I mean?"

"Not one. Look for yourself."

The two comely young heads, one so fair, the other so dark, were bent over the book in that dismal and tenebrous atmosphere. Eustace, the weaker character of the twain, yielded in all things to Hagar. She turned over page after page of the old Florentine edition, but not one pencil or pen-mark marred its pure white surface from beginning to end. From "L'Inferno" to "Il Paradiso" no hint betrayed the secret of the hidden money. At the last page, Eustace, with a sigh, threw himself back in his chair.

"You see, Hagar, there is nothing. What are you frowning at?"

"I am not frowning, but thinking, young man," was her reply. "If the secret is in this book, there must be some trace of it. Now, nothing appears at present, but later on——"

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"Well," said Eustace impatiently, "later on?"

"Invisible ink."

"Invisible ink!" he repeated vaguely. "I don't quite understand."

"My late master," said Hagar, without emotion, "was accustomed to deal with thieves, rogues and vagabonds. Naturally, he had many secrets, and sometimes, by force of circumstances, he had to entrust these secrets to the post. Naturally, also, he did not wish to risk discovery, so, when he sent a letter, about stolen goods for instance, he always wrote it in lemon juice."

"In lemon juice! And what good was that?"

"It was good for invisible writing. When the letter was written, it looked like a blank page. No one, you understand, could read what was set out, for to the ordinary eye there was no writing at all."

"And to the cultured eye?" asked Eustace, in ironical tones.

"It appeared the same—a blank sheet," retorted Hagar. "But then the cultured mind came in, young man. The person to whom the letter was sent warmed the seeming blank page over the fire, when at once the writing appeared, black and legible."

"The deuce!" Eustace jumped up in his excitement. "And you think ——"

"I think that your late uncle may have adopted the same plan," interrupted Hagar coolly, "but I am not sure. However, we shall soon see." She turned over a page or two of the Dante. "It is impossible to heat these over the fire," she added, "as the book is valuable and we must not spoil it; but I know of a plan."

With a confident smile she left the room and returned shortly with a flat-iron which she placed on the fire. While it was heating, Eustace looked at this quick-witted woman with admiration. Not only had she brains, but beauty also; and, man-like, he was attracted by this last in no small degree. Shortly he began to think that this strange and unexpected friendship between himself and the pawnbroking gipsy beauty might develop into something stronger and more intimate. But here he sighed; both of them were poor, so it would be impossible to——

"We will not begin at the beginning of the book," said Hagar, taking the iron off the fire, and thereby interrupting his thoughts, "but at the end."

"Why?" asked Eustace, who could see no good reason for this decision.

"Well," said Hagar, poising the heated iron over the book, "when I search for an article I find it always at the bottom of a heap of things I don't want. As we began with the first page of this book and found nothing, let us start this time from the end, and perhaps we shall learn your uncle's secret the sooner. It is only a whim of mine, but I should like to gratify it, by way of experiment."

Eustace nodded and laughed, while Hagar placed a sheet of brown paper over the last page of the Dante to preserve the book from being scorched. In a minute she lifted the iron and paper, but the page still showed no mark. With a cheerful air the girl shook her head, and repeated the operation on the second page from the end. This time, when she took away the brown paper, Eustace, who had been watching her actions with much interest, bent forward with an ejaculation of surprise. Hagar echoed it with one of delight; for there was a mark and date on the page, half-way down, as thus:

Oh, abbondante grazia, ond' io presumi
Ficcar lo viso per la luce eterna | 27.12.38.
Tanto, che la veduta vi consumi!

"There, Mr. Lorn!" cried Hagar joyously—"there is the secret! My fancy for beginning at the end was right. I was right also about the invisible ink!"

"You are a wonder!" said Eustace, with sincere admiration; "but I am as much in the dark as ever. I see a marked line, and a date, the twenty-seventh of December, in the year, I presume, one thousand eight hundred and

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thirty-eight. We can't make any sense out of that simplicity."

"Don't be in a hurry," said Hagar soothingly; "we have found out so much, we may learn more. First of all, please to translate those three lines."

"Roughly," said Eustace, reading them, "they run thus: 'O, abundant grace, with whom I tried to look through the eternal light so much that I lost my sight.'" He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't see how that transcendentalism can help us."

"What about the date?"

"One thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight," said Lorn thoughtfully; "and this is ninety-six. Take one from the other, it leaves fifty-eight, the age at which—as I told you before—my uncle died. Evidently this is the date of his birth."

"A date of birth—a line of Dante!" muttered Hagar. "I must say that it is difficult to make sense out of it. Yet, in figures and letters, I am sure the place where the money is concealed is told."

"Well," remarked Eustace, giving up the solution of this problem in despair, "if you can make out the riddle it is more than I can."

"Patience, patience!" replied Hagar, with a nod. "Sooner or later we shall discover the meaning. Could you take me to see your uncle's house at Woking?"

"Oh, yes; it is not yet let, so we can easily go over it. But will you trouble about coming all that way with me?"

"Certainly! I am anxious to know the meaning of this line and date. There may be something about your uncle's house likely to give a clue to its reading. I shall keep the Dante, and puzzle over the riddle; you can call for me on Sunday, when the shop is closed, and we will go to Woking together."

"O Hagar! how can I ever thank ——"

"Thank me when you get the money, and rid yourself of Mr. Treadle!" said Hagar, cutting him short. "Besides, I am doing this only to satisfy my own curiosity."

"You are an angel!"

"And you a fool, who talks nonsense!" said Hagar sharply. "Here is your hat and cane. Come out this way by the back. I have an ill enough name already, without desiring a fresh scandal. Good-night."

"But may I say——"

"Nothing, nothing!" retorted Hagar, pushing him out of the door. "Good-night."

The door snapped to sharply, and Lorn went out into the hot July night with his heart beating and his blood aflame. He had seen this girl only twice, yet, with the inconsiderate rashness of youth, he was already in love with her. The beauty and kindness and brilliant mind of Hagar attracted him strongly; and she had shown him such favour that he felt content she loved him in return. But a girl out of a pawnshop! He had neither birth nor money, yet he drew back from mating himself with such a one. True, his mother was dead, and he was quite alone in the world—alone and poor. Still, if he found his uncle's fortune, he would be rich enough to marry. Hagar, did she aid him to get the money, might expect reward in the shape of marriage. And she was so beautiful, so clever! By the time he reached his poor lodging Eustace had put all scruples out of his head, and had settled to marry the gipsy as soon as the lost treasure came into his possession. In no other way could he thank her for the interest she was taking in him. This may seem a hasty decision; but young blood is soon aflame; young hearts are soon filled with love. Youth and beauty drawn together are as flint and tinder to light the torch of Hymen.

Punctual to the appointed hour Eustace, as smart as he could make himself with the poor means at his command, appeared at the door of the pawnshop. Hagar was already waiting for him, with the Dante in her hand. She wore a black dress, a black cloak, and a hat of the same sombre hue—such clothes being the mourning she had worn, and was wearing, for

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Jacob. Averse as she was to using Goliath's money, she thought he would hardly grudge her these garments of woe for his father. Besides, as manageress of the shop, she deserved some salary.

"Why are you taking the Dante?" asked Eustace, when they set out for Waterloo Station.

"It may be useful to read the riddle," said Hagar.

"Have you solved it?"

"I don't know; I am not sure," she said meditatively. "I tried by counting the lines on that page up and down. You understand—twenty-seven, twelve, thirty-eight; but the lines I lighted on gave me no clue."

"You didn't understand them?"

"Yes, I did," replied Hagar coolly. "I got a second-hand copy of a translation from the old bookseller in Carby's Crescent, and by counting the lines to correspond with those in the Florentine edition I arrived at the sense."

"And none of them point to the solution of the problem?"

"Not one. Then I tried by pages. I counted twenty-seven pages, but could find no clue; I reckoned twelve pages; also thirty-eight; still the same result. Then I took the twelfth, the twenty-seventh, and the thirty-eighth page by numbers, but found nothing. The riddle is hard to read."

"Impossible, I should say," said Eustace in despair.

"No; I think I have found out the meaning."

"How? how? Tell me quick!"

"Not now. I found a word, but it seems nonsense, as I could not find it in the Italian dictionary which I borrowed."

"What is the word?"

"I'll tell you when I've seen the house."

In vain Eustace tried to move her from this determination. Hagar was stubborn when she took an idea into her strong brain; so she simply declined to explain until she arrived at Woking—at the house of Uncle Ben. Weak himself, Eustace could not understand how she could hold out so long against his persuasions. Finally he decided in his own mind that she did not care about him. In this way he was wrong. Hagar liked him—loved him; but she deemed it her duty to teach him patience — a quality he lacked sadly. Hence her closed mouth.

When they arrived at Woking, Eustace led the way to his late uncle's house, which was some distance out of the town. He addressed Hagar after a long silence, when they were crossing a piece of waste land and saw the cottage in the distance.

"If you find this money for me," he said abruptly, "what service am I to do for you in return?"

"I have thought of that," replied Hagar promptly. "Find Goliath—otherwise James Dix."

"Who is he?" asked Lorn, flushing. "Someone you are fond of!"

"Someone I hate with all my soul!" she flashed out; "but he is the son of my late master, and heir to the pawnshop. I look after it only because he is absent; and on the day he returns I shall walk out of it, and never set eyes on it or him again."

"Why don't you advertise?"

"I have done so for months; so has Vark, the lawyer; but Jimmy Dix never replies. He was with my tribe in the New Forest, and it was because I hated him that I left the Romany. Since then he has gone away, and I don't know where he is. Find him if you wish to thank me, and let me get away from the pawnshop."

"Very good," replied Eustace quietly. "I shall find him. In the meantime, here is the hermitage of my late uncle."

It was a bare little cottage, small and shabby, set at the end of a square of ground fenced in from the barren moor. Within the quadrangle there were fruit trees—cherry, apple, plum and pear; also a large fig tree in the centre of the unshaven lawn facing the house. All was desolate and neglected; the fruit-trees were unpruned, the grass was growing in the paths, and the flowers were straggling here and there, rich masses of ragged colour. Desolate certainly, this deserted her-

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mitage, but not lonely, for as Hagar and her companion turned in at the little gate a figure rose from a stooping position under an apple tree. It was that of a man with a spade in his hand, who had been digging for some time, as was testified by the heap of freshly-turned earth at his feet.

"Mr. Treadle!" cried Lorn indignantly. "What are you doing here?"

"Lookin' fur the old 'un's cash!" retorted Mr. Treadle, with a scowl directed equally at the young man and Hagar. "An' if I gets it, I keeps it. Lord! to think as 'ow I pampered that old sinner with figs and such like—to say nothing of French brandy, which he drank by the quart!"

"You have no business here!"

"No more 'ave you!" snapped the irate grocer. "If I ain't, you ain't, fur till the 'ouse is let, it's public property. I s'pose you've come 'ere with that Jezebel to look fur the money?"

Hagar, hearing herself called names, stepped up promptly to Mr. Treadle, and boxed his red ears. "Now, then," she said, when the grocer fell back in dismay at this onslaught, "perhaps you'll be civil! Mr. Lorn, sit down on this seat, and I'll explain the riddle."

"The Dante!" cried Mr. Treadle, recognising the book which lay on Hagar's lap—"an' she'll explain the riddle—swindling me out of my rightful cash!"

"The cash belongs to Mr. Lorn, as his uncle's heir," said Hagar wrathfully. "Be quiet, sir, or you'll get another box on the ears!"

"Never mind him," said Eustace impatiently; "tell me the riddle."

"I don't know if I have guessed it correctly," answered Hagar, opening the book, "but I've tried by line and page and number, all of which revealed nothing. Now I try by letters, and you will see if the word they make is a proper Italian one."

She read out the marked line and the date. "'Ficcar lo viso per la luce eterna, 27th December, '38.' Now," said Hagar slowly, "if you run all the figures together they stand as 271238."

"Yes, yes!" said Eustace impatiently, "I see. Go on, please."

Hagar continued: "Take the second letter of the word 'Ficcar.'"

"'I.'"

"Also the seventh letter from the beginning of the line."

Eustace counted "'L.' I see," he went on eagerly. "Also the first letter 'F,' the second again, 'i,' the fourth and the eighth, 'c' and 'o.'"

"Good!" said Hagar, writing these down. "Now, the whole make up the word 'Ilfico.' Is that an Italian word?"

"I'm not sure," said Eustace thoughtfully. "'Ilfico.' No."

"Shows what eddication 'e's got!" growled Mr. Treadle, who was leaning on his spade.

Eustace raised his eyes to dart a withering glance at the grocer, and in doing so his vision passed on to the tree looming up behind the man. At once the meaning of the word flashed on his brain.

"Il fico!" he cried, rising. "Two words instead of one! You've found it, Hagar! It means the fig-tree—the one yonder. I believe the money is buried under it."

Before he could advance a step Treadle had leaped forward, and was slashing away like a madman at the tangled grass around the fig-tree.

"If 'tis there, 'tis mine," he shouted. "Don't come nigh me, young Lorn, or I'll brain you with my spade! I fed up that old uncle of yours like a fighting cock, and now I'm going to have his cash to pay me!"

Eustace leaped forward in the like manner as Treadle had done, and would have wrenched the spade out of his grip, but that Hagar laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Let him dig," she said coolly. "The money is yours; I can prove it. He'll have the work and you the fortune."

"Hagar! Hagar! how can I thank you!"

The girl stepped back, and a blush overspread her cheeks. "Find Goliath," she said, "and let me get rid of the pawnshop."

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At this moment Treadle gave a shout of glee, and with both arms wrenched a goodly-sized tin box out of the hole he had dug.

"Mine! mine!" he cried, plumping this down on the grass. "This will pay for the dinners I gave him, the presents I've made him. I've been castin' my bread on the waters, and here it's back again."

He began forcing the lid of the box with the edge of the spade, all the time laughing and crying like one demented. Lorn and Hagar drew near, in the expectation of seeing a shower of gold pieces rain on the ground when the lid was opened. As Treadle gave a final wrench, it flew wide, and they saw—an empty box.

"Why—what," stammered Treadle, thunderstruck—"what does it mean!"

Eustace, equally taken aback, bent down and looked in. There was absolutely nothing in the box but a piece of folded paper. Unable to make a remark, he held it out to the amazed Hagar.

"What the d—l does it mean?" said Treadle again.

"This explains," said Hagar, running her eye over the writing. "It seems that your wealthy Uncle Ben was a pauper."

"A pauper!" cried Eustace and Treadle together.

"Listen!" said Hagar, and read out from the page: "'When I returned to England I was thought to be wealthy, so all my friends and relations fawned on me for the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table. But I had just enough money to rent the cottage for a term of years, and to purchase an annuity barely sufficient for the necessities of life. But, owing to the report of my wealth, the luxuries have been supplied by those who hoped for legacies. This is my legacy to one and all—these golden words, which I have proved true: "It is better to be thought rich than to be rich."'"

The paper fell from the hand of Eustace, and Treadle, with a howl of rage, threw himself on the grass, loading the memory of the deceased with opprobrious names. Seeing that all was over, that the expected fortune had vanished into the air, Hagar left the disappointed grocer weeping with rage over the deceptive tin box, and led Eustace away. He followed her in a dream, and all the time during their sad journey back to town he spoke hardly a word. What they did say—how Eustace bewailed his fate and Hagar comforted him—is not to the point. But on arriving at the door of the pawnshop Hagar gave the copy of Dante to the young man. "I give this back to you," she said, pressing his hand. "Sell it, and with the proceeds build up your own fortune."

"But shall I not see you again?" he asked piteously.

"Yes, Mr. Lorn; you shall see me—when you bring back Goliath."

Then she entered the pawnshop and shut the door. Left alone in the deserted crescent, Eustace sighed and walked slowly away. Hugging to his breast the Florentine Dante, he departed to make his fortune, to find Goliath, and—although he did not know it at the time—to marry Hagar.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE PILLARS OF THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

III.—THE SUPERANNUATED PREACHER.

THE superannuated preacher who is worn out, mind and body, and goes to a quiet place to rest for the remainder of his days, is one kind. The old minister who is embittered in soul, feeble in body, and too active in mind, is likely to be meddlesome. He will want to preach oftener than the people are willing to hear him. He will advise more than is consistent with his position, and he will make as much trouble in the church as a soprano who is jealous of the alto and has her eye on another organist.

Preaching is an engrossing business. There are preachers who are so busy preaching that they have n't time to live well at home, which, of course, can be made to apply to others than those who wear the black coat and white tie. Human beings in every business in life are liable to err just there. After a man has preached for forty years he is not very much good at anything else. He is like an old horse, unshod and turned into the meadow to end his days, only, the man frequently finds fault with the pasture and the horse does n't.

Our superannuated preacher was not of the ordinary type. He had a history, and no one could find anything to tell about it, and he was a born worker. His throat gave out after years of bronchitis and catarrh, and he bought a little fruit farm just outside the village and worked hard on the land. He was a short man, bony and squat-figured, and his yellow skin was stretched tight over his cheeks and head. His beard was iron gray, and the little bit of hair he had left matched it.

Our minister told us he had lived in a good many places, and had come from a sort of mission station to settle amongst us, that he had lost his wife not long before, and he hoped we'd go down and see his daughter, poor young thing, and make her feel at home.

Well, most of the mothers of Israel, and their daughters, found their way down to call on Miss Crance, and they all wondered how it was the Crances had so little furniture. None of the farm houses, or the village ones either, were furnished handsomely, but they mostly had things for comfort, and poor Miss Crance had n't. She did every bit of the work, washing and all, and she had only one tub and a washboard that was like a saw, it was so worn out. They did n't seem to have silver things either. Now, most ministers have presentation pieces from one place and another—not that they're ever much good to use, but they do to set on the sideboard or the centre table. Well, the Crances' sideboard was bare, and as for a centre table—they hadn't any.

The daughter was very nice, but a poor, pale-looking thing, and she had a frightened way with her. She had no mourning either, which was considered outrageous in those days, and when some one said something about her "dear ma," she cried so much that no one else ventured to do anything but pat her hand a little, like you do when you feel sorry for folks and words won't express it. There was a son, too, but we did n't see him more than once or twice. He was a young lawyer, and country people are always suspicious of that tribe young or old. The old man and his daughter both looked upset in their feelings all the time, worried and harassed and blue, and, of course, we laid it to the son, and thought he was wild or something, being a minister's boy.

The only time the old preacher looked real happy was on Sundays. He seemed to lay off every weight then,

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DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

"He found him picking apples."

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and his yellow old face shone with happiness till it looked almost like gold. We used to say that he felt more as if he was living then. Sometimes when our minister gave out the text his face would light up and his eyes grow bright and misty with excitement. It might have been it was one of his old texts, and the old days would come back. It was almost pitiful to see him sitting there in his old black alapaca coat, with his hard brown hands folded across his chest. He had n't been used to poor clothes, nor to rough hands either. Nature nor education had not cut him out to work the land and barter berries for sugar and tea, and flannel and shoes. It was hard for him, but he was made of soldier-stuff, and I don't think he ever whispered a murmur even to himself.

As time went on we could see very plainly that the old preacher was not prospering. Both he and his daughter wore their clothes as long after they were threadbare as before the nap came off. They put coppers on the collection plate. The old gray mare's harness was mended with wire. It would not have been safe with some horses, but old Polly was not the runaway kind. They lived plain at meals, as those who had been asked in to tea could aver. The farm was paid for. Luke Morris got cash for it, and every one knew it—that's the kind of man Luke is. The taxes were light, being so far out. They had made no improvements. They hired no help. His last congregation had paid his moving expenses and he had the fund, which was n't much, goodness knows, but must help some. Besides that, he had all the fruit off the farm, and the vegetables and hay and oats and turnips for Polly and the cow. We had expected him to live well and be a help to the church—sort of gentleman farmer—with time to do some preaching, and able to do some giving and be a great man among us. To say the church was disappointed was mild. We felt badly treated that he did n't get along, almost as if we thought he did it on purpose to upset our calculations.

Where does the money go we asked one another. Many a man lived well and brought up a family on less land than the preacher's and of course we blamed the boy, especially after young Tommy Perkins told how there was a letter from the Crances to the son that had to have a registered stamp put on. We had n't much feeling for the young lawyer-son. In the nature of things we could n't, for there was the poor old father slaving himself to death, and the daughter dragging herself from the washboard to the churn, and that fellow getting their money while they lived almost like beggars.

Some one asked Mr. Crance one day how his son was getting along, and he shook his head and said he'd been "unlucky in some real estate deals, poor boy." Most of us thought that was the kind old father's way of saying he was a scamp.

One day not long after, the news went like wildfire through the village that the poor old preacher had mortgaged his little farm to get his son on his feet again. The congregation was against it. Other fathers had mortgaged farms and no good had ever come of it, and the puritan way of looking at it was that the tree should lie as it fell. Jacob Parks went down to reason with the preacher and he told us all about it. He found him picking apples, leaning on a high ladder and handling them as if they were eggs, though the whole lot had been bought standing, and he would n't have lost anything by bruising them a little.

He listened patiently to Jacob, and that is pretty hard to do; for Jacob, though he has his good points, is a born arguer, and he has a nasty way of telling you that you don't know a quarter as much as he does, and then nagging at you because you don't see things his way. He had never had a good chance to show off before the superannuated preacher, and it's likely he talked a good deal before the old man had a place to say anything. And when he got the chance, all he said was: "I'm sure you mean well, brother; but this was a piece of business

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for me to settle, and I've settled it." And he climbed up and went on picking apples.

For once Jacob Parks was too mad to argue. He went home and had one of his sick spells, which Dr. Jordan told him one time was just temper and could n't be cured with medicine. They always have Dr. Lumpkins now.

Six or eight weeks after that, young Crance died, and he had willed his life insurance to his father, and it was two thousand dollars. They said the old man cried when he got the money, and then went right over to Norris and paid the mortgage off and put the balance in the bank.

After what had happened we were all glad he had helped his son. His old face could never have looked so peaceful if he had sent a hard letter to his boy and let him fight it out alone, and him sick even then. On the other hand, the boys who want farms mortgaged don't always have life insurance, and if they have, they are n't willing to bequeath it to their fathers. It's a very mixed world.

Not long after, John Stubbs, who is a notary public and all that, went down to Crance's farm to tell the old preacher he had a splendid investment for his money. It was safe as could be and brought six per cent., and the bank only gave four. He said the old man looked worried for a minute, and then said he had n't any money to invest. Then Stubbs was angry, and explained that he had put himself out considerably by coming down there; but he was so anxious the minister's money should be well placed that he just put himself aside and did his duty by his neighbour. Then the old man's mouth twitched and his face quivered, and he said: "You're very kind to think of me, brother, but I have no money in the bank."

"No money in the bank!" John Stubbs fairly screamed the words.

"No!"

Stubbs was startled. He has false upper teeth, and when he opens his mouth very wide they drop. Well, he owned that on this particular day they dropped right out on the floor.

The old minister seemed not to see him. His eyes were dreamy, and his eyelids crowded up around them as if he was thinking hard of something. Presently he said: "I've a secret I've tried to keep, but it's no use. I'll tell you, for the people have suspected my poor boy, and now they will think harsh things of me. I'm an old man. It can make little difference, now she's dead."

He paused a little, and Stubbs had the chance to soothe him and say, "Don't tell anything you'd rather not, sir," and then to go away and keep quiet about it. But Stubbs was not that kind of a man. He just fixed his teeth in and waited, and this is the story he heard:

"Years ago I married a sweet girl up west. She was the daughter of a grand old farmer, but she had a strain of bad blood in her, though no one knew where it came from it was so far back. We had pretty hard work to get along, but she was plucky, and we loved each other, and we both felt that the church was the Lord's work, and that made everything easier. We moved to the city when the children were twelve and fourteen, and one dreadful day I was sent word to come down to the police station. My wife had been arrested for stealing things from a shop. I thought it would crush me, and I loathed her, poor thing, but she could not help it. We watched her and had her watched, and it was no use. She would slip away and come back with things she had stolen. When I talked to her she would wring her hands and cry and wish she was dead. She couldn't help it, she was possessed of a devil. In soul she was still the sweet, good wife who bore me my children and brightened my home. Her poor head was wrong and her hands sinned for it, that was all. The shop people got to know her and I paid for everything. It took all our little savings and the money her father left her, and more. Then the Conference sent me out

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among the Indians, for I thought perhaps she would get better in a strange place. But she grew worse and then grew violent, and I had to put her away in an asylum. Then I tried to preach again down here, and I could n't, so they superannuated me, and I've come here to work and—to hide away. We sold all we could spare when we left the city, and still there were debts. A diamond ring she had taken had been lost in the street. Nurses, detectives, asylum fees ate into our pocket books. Johnnie spared all he could, and the insurance—his life money—has cleared off the last of the debts and paid the funeral expenses, and cut her name in the grave-stone beneath her old father's and mother's names.

"She died two months ago, just before Johnnie died."

"Nobody knew of it at all," said John Stubbs, gently, for him, and the wan-faced old preacher said sadly: "Then your pastor is my good friend. I told him all about it when I came down here to hide away and save money. The last debt is paid now. Poor Mary is in her right mind in Heaven, and we have yet much to be thankful for. That is why I have no money to invest, but I am not a spendthrift, brother, nor niggardly with what is my own to give. Poor Johnnie, how he worked to help me through it all, and then it was his money that cleaned his dead mother's hands."

He wiped his eyes and went on heading up the apple barrels, and John Stubbs came up to the village and told it all over before sundown.

And we pitied him and grew fonder of him after that. It seems as if you can feel for folks more when you know what the trouble is. But that is for even the ungodly, and our minister says we Christians and church members ought to trust one another like real brothers and sisters; but we don't. He gave us a powerful sermon on judging, and if each one wasn't too busy making the things, he said, fit other people, it will keep us from hurting human beings with suspicions. But we are that contrary!

Ella S. Atkinson (Madge Merton).

DAY.

ROSE-COLOURED sails soared near the skies, and day
Swept 'cross a world of beauty on her way;
Day fresh from out glad heaven's perfect mould,
Day with her tints of purple-blue and gold,
Bright angel kisses lingered on her face;
And waking blossoms, from their mossy place
Beneath her, glowed, and shadows dull and grey
Before her smile, crept stealthily away.

A. P. McKishnie.

HER SMILE.

AS the last bright ray from the sunken day
Kindles some wintery wild,
Till the pale, pure snow takes a rosy glow,
As if it blushed and smiled.

So her pale, pure face, with its lily grace,
Shines with a light divine,
When, with eyes whose smile would a god beguile,
It lingers close to mine.

Bradford K. Daniels.

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MY CONTEMPORARIES IN FICTION.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

XI.—MISS MARIE CORELLI.

IN an article intended for this series and set under this lady's name (an article now suppressed, and therefore to be re-written) I fell into an error which appears to have been shared by several of the critics who dealt with what was then the latest of her books, "The Sorrows of Satan." I assumed Miss Corelli to have drawn her own portrait, as she sees things, in the character of "Mavis Clare." This belief has been expressed—so it turns out—by other people, and I learn that Miss Corelli has authoritatively denied it. "She objects very strongly," so says an inspired defender, "to a notion which was started by one of the most distinguished of her interviewers, and absolutely denies the assertion that she described herself as 'Mavis Clare' in 'The Sorrows of Satan.'" Miss Corelli, of course, knows the truth about this matter, and nobody else can possibly know it, but it is at least permissible to examine the evidence which led so many to a false conclusion. "Mavis Clare" and Marie Corelli own the same initials, and until the fact that this was a mere fortuitous chance was made clear by Miss Corelli herself it seemed natural to suppose that an identity was coyly hinted at. "Mavis Clare" is a novelist, and so is Miss Corelli. "Mavis Clare" is *mignonne* and fair, "is pretty, and knows how to dress besides," is a "most independent creature, too; quite indifferent to opinions." All these things, as we learn from many sources, are true of Miss Corelli also. It is said of Miss Corelli herself that "dauntless courage, a clear head, and a tremendous power of working hard without hurting herself have helped her to make a successful use of her great gift. She is not afraid of anything. She 'insists on herself,' and is unique." It is to be noted that all this is said by Miss Corelli of "Mavis Clare." Miss Corelli is at war with the reviewers. So is "Mavis Clare." Miss Corelli's books circulate by the thousand. So do "Mavis Clare's." "Mavis Clare" is utterly indifferent to outside opinion. So is Miss Corelli. In point of fact, if anybody thought Miss Corelli a woman of astonishing genius, and wrote an honest account of her, he would describe her precisely as Miss Corelli has described "Mavis Clare."

There is, in fact, a point up to which "Mavis Clare" and Miss Corelli are not to be separated. There are a score of things in any description of the one which are indubitably true of the other. But when Miss Corelli writes of "Mavis Clare" in such terms as are now to be quoted, we begin to see that she is and must be indignant at the supposition that she is still writing of herself: "She is too popular to need reviews. Besides, a large number of the critics —the 'log-rollers' especially—are mad

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against her for her success, and the public know it. Clearness of thought, brilliancy of style, beauty of diction—all these are hers, united to consummate ease of expression and artistic skill,—the potent, resistless, unpurchasable quality of Genius. She wrote what she had to say with a gracious charm, freedom, and innate consciousness of strength. She won fame without the aid of money, and was crowned so brightly and visibly before the world that she was beyond criticism."

But is it not just within the bounds of possibility that Miss Corelli began with some idea of depicting herself, and, discarding that idea, took too little care to obliterate resemblances? Even here she trenches too closely upon the truth to escape the calumnious supposition that she is writing of herself. She *is* too popular to need reviews. She is at war with the critics, and she has induced a very large portion of the public to believe that "a number of the critics—the 'log-rollers' especially—are mad against her for her success."

Were I, the present writer, to invent a fictional character, to give him for the initials of his name the letters D.C.M., to describe him as awkward and burly, with an untidy head of grey hair, to make him a novelist, a Bohemian and a wanderer, and then to paint him as a man of genius and an astonishing fine fellow, I should expect to be told that I had been guilty of a grave insolence. If I could honestly say that the resemblance had never struck me, and that the egregious vanity of the picture was a wholly imaginary thing, I should, of course, desire to be believed, and I should, of course, deserve to be believed. But I should encounter doubt, and I should not be disposed to wonder at it. If I were annoyed with anybody I should be annoyed with myself for having given such a handle to the world's ill-nature.

Accepting Miss Corelli's disclaimer, one is still forced to the conclusion that she has fallen into a serious indiscretion.

Miss Corelli has hit the taste of a large portion of the public. It is the self-imposed task of the present writer to find out, as far as in him lies, why and how she has done this. Miss Corelli's force is hysteric, but it is sometimes very real. A self-approving hysteria can do fine things under given conditions. It has been the motive power in some work which the world has rightly accepted as great. In the execution of certain forms of emotional art it is a positive essential. Much genuine poetry has been produced under its influence. It is, if I may permit myself an approach to the style of the writer whose work is now under discussion, a sort of spiritual wind, which, rushing through the harp-strings of the soul, *may* make an extraordinary music. But the sounds produced depend not upon the impulse conveyed to the instrument, but on the quality and condition of the instrument itself. Without the impulse a large and various mind may lie quiescent. With the impulse a small and disordered spirit may make a very considerable sound. In the very loftiest flights of genius we discern a sort of glorious dementia. All readers have found it in the last splendid verse of "Adonais." It proclaims itself in Keats in the wild *naïveté* of the inquiry, "Muse of my native land, am I inspired?" The faculty of the very greatest among the great lies in the existence of this inrush of emotion, in strict subordination to the intellectual powers. To be without it precludes greatness; to be wholly subject to its influence is to be insane. Miss Corelli experiences the inrush of emotion in great force, but, unfortunately for her work, and for herself, the sense of power which it inspires is not co-ordinate with the strength of intellect which is absolutely essential to its control.

Miss Corelli has ventured freely into the domain of spiritual things, and has dealt, with more daring than knowledge, with esoteric mysteries. The great reading public knows little of these matters, because, as a rule, they have been expressed by writers whose

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works are too abstruse to catch the popular ear. It is only when they are handled by writers of imaginative fiction that they become popularly known at all. In "The Sorrows of Satan," Miss Corelli has earned a reputation for originality by advancing a theory which is older than many of the hills. It has been for countless ages a rooted religious belief, but it is wholly in conflict with the theological ideas which are taught in our churches and chapels, and has, therefore, a startling air of strangeness to the average church and chapel-goer.

The theory is thus expressed in Mr. C. G. Harrison's lectures on "The Transcendental Universe:" "It is generally supposed that Satan is the enemy of spirituality in man; that he delights in his degradation, and views with diabolical satisfaction the development of his lower nature and all its evil consequences. The wide, and almost universal, prevalence of this mediæval superstition only makes it all the more necessary to protest against it as a grotesque error. . . . It would probably be much nearer the truth to say that the degradation and suffering of mankind, for which the adversary of God is responsible, so far from affording him any satisfaction, afflict him with a sense of failure and deepen his despair of ultimate victory."

This is, of course, the root idea of "The Sorrows of Satan," and if the theme had been handled with reserve and dignity a very noble book indeed might without doubt have been built upon it. But Miss Corelli has not had the power to confine herself within the limits of the severe and lofty conception of the old Theosophists. Her sorrowful Satan grows first melodramatic and then absurd. The notion that the great sad adversary of Almighty Goodness is settled in a modern London hotel, with a private cook of his own, and a privately engaged bath of his own, carries the reader away from the original conception to the burlesque—vulgar and flagrant—of the mystery-plays of the Middle Ages; and the devotion of supernatural power to the preparations for a suburban garden party is purely ludicrous. Miss Corelli has seized the Theosophic thought, which in itself is far nobler and more poetic than the Miltonic, but she has not been strong enough to use it. She has fallen under the weight of her chosen theme, and the result is that her demoniac hero is at one time presented as a majestic and suffering spirit, and at another as a mere Merry Andrew.

The curious and instructive part of all this is that, if Miss Corelli had been gifted with any power of self-criticism, her ardour would have been damped, and any work she might have done would have suffered proportionally. Her work has hit the public hard, and it has done so because, of its kind, her inspiration has been genuine. The wind does not blow through the strings of a well-ordered instrument, but *it blows*, and however grotesque the sound produced may sometimes be, it is of a kind which is not to be produced by any mere mechanism of the mind. To the critical ear the tunes played in "Wormwood" and "The Sorrows of Satan" are not, and cannot be, agreeable. The writer, to speak in plain English, and without the obscurity of symbols, is the owner of genius on the emotional side, and is not the owner of genius, or anything approaching to it, even from afar, on the intellectual side. The result of this disproportion between impulse and power is, to the critical mind, disastrous; but it does not so make itself felt with the ordinary reader. It is rather an unusual thing with him to come into contact with a real force in books. He has not read or thought enough to know that the ideas offered to him with such transcendental pomp are old and commonplace. It is enough for him to feel that the writer understands herself to be a personage.

She succeeds in imposing herself upon the public because she has first been convinced of her own authority. Her inward conviction of the authority of her own message and her own power to deliver it is the one qualification

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which makes her different from the mob of writing ladies. Even when she deals with purely social themes the same air of overwhelming earnestness sits upon her brow. In a little trifle published in the November of 1896, and entitled "Jane," she goes to work with a quite prophetic ardour to tell a story almost identical with that related in a scrap of Thackeray's "Cox's Diary." The reader may find the tale in the second chapter of that brief work, where it is headed "First Rout." Thackeray tells his version of it with a sense of fun and humour. Miss Corelli tells hers with the voice and manners of a Boanerges. Nothing is to be done without the divine afflatus, and plenty of it.

The incident she relates is known to have happened not so very long ago, though it had a very different termination. But the temperamental difference between the real satirist and the scold is well illustrated by a great handling and a little handling of the same theme.

The point upon which it seems worth while to insist is this: That the mass of the reading public is always ready to submit itself to the influence of sincerity. It does not seem much to matter what inner characteristics the sincerity may have. In the case now under analysis the quality seems to resolve itself into pure self-confidence. Miss Corelli's method of capturing the public mind is not a trick which anybody else might copy. It is the result of a real, though perilous, gift of nature—a gift which she possesses in something of a superlative degree. Nobody could pretend to such a gift and succeed by virtue of the pretence. Miss Corelli is, at least, quite serious in the belief that she is a woman of genius. She is only very faintly touched with doubt when she thinks that the people who are laughing at her are writhing with envy. She speaks, therefore, with precisely that air of authority to which she would have a right if her ideas with regard to her own mental powers were based on solid fact.

So far we arrive at little more than the long-established truth that the unthinking portion of the public is not only longing for a moral guide, but it is ready to accept anybody who is conscious of authority. It would be well if we could leave Miss Corelli here; but something remains to be said which is not altogether pleasant to say. In "The Sorrows of Satan" many pages are devoted to the bitter (and merited) abuse of certain female writers who deal coarsely with the sexual problem. But Miss Corelli appears to think that she may be as frankly disagreeable as she pleases so long as she is conscious of a moral purpose. Whatever she may feel, and whatever estimable purpose may guide her, she has published many things which run side by side with her denunciation of her sister writers, and are as offensive as anything to be found in the work of any living woman. Take, as a solitary example, the following passage:

"I soon found that Lucio did not intend to marry, and I concluded that he preferred to be the lover of many women, instead of the husband of one. I did not love him any the less for this; I only resolved that I would at least be one of those who were happy enough to share his passion. I married the man Tempest, feeling that, like many women I knew, I should, when safely wedded, have greater liberty of action. I was aware that most modern men prefer an amour with a married woman to any other kind of *liaison*, and I thought Lucio would have readily yielded to the plan I had pre-conceived."

I do not know of any passage in any of the works so savagely assaulted by Miss Corelli which goes beyond this; and I think it the more, and not the less objectional because the lady who wrote it can see so very plainly how sinful her offence is when it is committed by other people.

(To be concluded in October.)

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THE CRUSHED VIOLET.

PALE, weird lights were speckling the shadows that fell from the evening hours. One by one they flashed from street to street. A heavy veil was hung across the sky, and grey mists spread their magic drapery from the skirting hills and settled like a pall of gloom upon the city walls. It was a lonely night for a lonely heart.

In her loneliness, a young girl wandered out into the streets. The way of the golden day seemed never so far away. No friend was near, and strangers seemed stranger than ever before as they came in the gloomy way and passed to the shadows behind her. On and on to the busy streets she passed. The shop lights cast a dazzling glare as the buyers amd sellers bartered with the zeal of gain. In the battle of the world she had borne with hunger and with want till she fell beneath the crushing wheels, giving more than gold could buy, or love restore. The horror of a happy day remembered was in her heart; the horror of the days of deepening gloom more horrid grew.

Vice has no friends, only companions. Virtue turns to virtue; it bears no love, nor thought of pardon or forgiving.

It is a fearful thing to be at rest. There are hearts too sad to cry aloud; they are knocking at the door of the fair all unheard, unknown, unloved. The seal of the guard is unbroken; the latchet is never unloosed except to the rustle of silken robes and the jingle of merry bells.

She wandered on. A dog came running to her side and licked her hand. Its warm touch was the first token that anything in all the world could turn in kindness unto her again. The rumble of the steeple chimes was dying away as she crept into the shadow of a sacred pile. Gay lights shone through the pious pane, a picture of the Cross was painted in the varied light; a sufferer was bending low beneath its weight. The organ pealed forth glorious song; glad voices bore the hymns of praise. The fashion of the world was there, and critics of the Holy World. It was carnival of sensuous joy. Against the cold grey stones she pressed her aching heart. No rest, no light, an hungered and alone. "Oh God!" she cried, as she sank upon the ground and sobbed through weariness to rest; "I am so poor, there is no place for me." She was like a bird with broken wing voicing sorrow in a starless night, till sleep fell gently on her tear-stained eyes.

Once again she was in the little flowered home by the riverside. The valley stretched back to the larch-crowned hills. Bird voices came and twittered in the vine that trailed beneath her window. The dew drops glistened on the glowing bells as the sun first kissed the summer morn. The simple ways of the country glen became the innocence of nature's day. Her mother spoke soft words of love and drew her gently to enfolding arms. She was home again, and singing with the joyousness of the beautiful. But the day ended; her journey was begun.

At first it seemed unending spring, and all was flowerland; but roughened roads confronted her and night hung low. She braved the storm that wore upon her way. The clouds could not affrighten, for her heart was brave, but the lightnings flashed around her, and the rain fell in torrents. She must seek for shelter, and gain the food required. A voice spoke unto her: "Here is joy the blind can never see, and peace and plenty; tarry in this promise land." Unknowing wrong, unthinking harm, she picked the red buds from the thorns; the poison flew to her startled heart, her brain was all on fire. She dashed out in the storm again, and the voice that had charmed her laughed her tears to scorn. On where the torrent raged she rushed, but the

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hollow laugh still whistled on the wind. Drenched and bruised and torn she beat against the rocks as a fluttered bird in its prison cage, but all was cold and dark and drear. She was in the land of death, still mindful of the flower land where sunbeams fell.

Alone, forgotten, desolate, almost blind, almost undone, a voice said, "Come." She looked. A hand, far up the way, seemed beckoning her, and tender eyes—they were once beneath the Cross—shone down into her soul. Her answer was a smile. Its joy awoke her.

Wearily, with fright and chill, she wandered back to her attic room. The steps creaked aloud as she groped her way in the dark. The dews of sleep were long in coming, but at last her eyes were closed with a smile upon her brow. On the morrow she would wander home and lay her heart on her mother's heart and tell her all.

The grey dawn came, and the stars went out, and the sun came up from the gold-fleeced waves and chased away the shadows from the valley fields. A stray beam crept into an attic window and rested on the brow of a restless sleeper. Though the harvest day was at its height, it was winter's night to her. The chilling damp had gathered strength and claimed a right to stay. It wove itself into her life, and fetters clasped her heart. She knew not of the many days she lay and wore her strength away. A kind old soul attended her and gave the best a scanty storehouse could afford. The worst seemed past, and thoughts were cast that she would rise again, but weeks went by and still the hope of life was bounded by a silken cord. The day would rise and night would fall, the sunlight and the shadow come and pass away. Now she could not wander home. Would they come to her? Just for a little while. Oh, if they would smile on her again she could gladly breast the sullen stream. There are times when the gloom of earth is deeper than the unveiled future!

A leaden day followed a leaden night. A peaceful sleep, a peaceful light, and the end of the journey was near Bending to catch her waking gaze a heart of love was kneeling. I do not know, and I would not tell, what all was said; I only know a mother's love is deeper than any stain and reaches high as the throne of God. And it must have been near to the brow of the hill she bore her willing child as she murmured low the secret of her fading life.

"Oh, mother, I have heard the word 'Forgiven' sweetly whispered in my ear through many nights of pain. It seemed to come down from the stars and through the little broken pane at break of day. Your voice came to me on the breeze and every sunbeam wore your smile, but a cloud hung dark across the sky and I could not die until you kissed the gloom away. Now I can rest."

An unseen charm was stealing to her heart as tenderly as dew drops touch the drooping flowers, while she crept unto her mother's breast—a little child again within the folds of love—and hand was clasped in hand, and heart was hushed to heart as the heavy folding clouds unveiled the evening sky. The sun hovering for a moment at the portal gates looked back with tender glance and cast a straying ray into the quiet room. It rested on the raven hair that fell from a snow white brow. Again her answer was a smile, and all was still. There was but the beating of a wing as the golden sunlight passed from the childish face of Lila Steen.

Anton Rethal.

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BY THE EDITOR.

HER MAJESTY'S LETTER TO HER PEOPLE.

"Windsor Castle, July 15, 1897.

"I have frequently expressed my personal feelings to my people, and though on this memorable occasion there have been many official expressions of my deep sense of the unbounded loyalty evinced, I cannot rest satisfied without personally giving utterance to these sentiments.

"It is difficult for me on this occasion to say how truly touched and grateful I am for the spontaneous and universal outburst of loyal attachment and real affection which I have experienced on the completion of the Sixtieth year of my Reign.

"During my progress through London on the 22nd of June this great enthusiasm was shown in the most striking manner, and can never be effaced from my heart.

"It is indeed deeply gratifying, after so many years of labour and anxiety for the good of my beloved country, to find that my exertions have been appreciated throughout my vast Empire.

"In weal and woe I have ever had the true sympathy of all my people, which has been warmly reciprocated by myself.

"It has given me unbounded pleasure to see so many of my Subjects from all parts of the world assembled here, and to find them joining in the acclamations of loyal devotion to myself; and I would wish to thank them all from the depth of my grateful heart.

"I shall ever pray God to bless them and to enable me still to discharge my duties for their welfare as long as life lasts.

"*Victoria, R.I.*"

CANADIANS AS BOOK-BUYERS.

When some person tells me that Canadians are great buyers and readers of books I am forced to say that I do not believe it, for my experience of average Canadians is that they do not buy books, and know very little about them. A publisher remarked to me the other day that publishing Canadian books was exceedingly discouraging, and supplied me with facts which made me feel somewhat ashamed of our reading public. They do buy three classes of books: first, cheap paper-covered novels by such writers as Bertha M. Clay and Mrs. Southworth; second, cheap cloth-bound books, such as the Pansy, Elsie, and Swan books; third, high-priced subscription books. Those who purchase the first class have neither taste in regard to the appearance of a book, nor judgment as to literary value. Those who invest in the second class are those who cannot see any virtue in a book which does not depict the life of either a saint or a devil. The persons who purchase subscription books are those who judge a book by its size, and do not know that it is more profitable to print a large book on poor paper than a small book on good paper.

Our people do not seem to prefer a

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native publication to a foreign, and consequently five hundred copies are about all that can be sold of any Canadian book, however great its merit. Some editions run up to a thousand, but this is only occasionally.

Moreover, Canadians do not seem to know anything about uncut, rough-edged books. A wholesale book firm recently sent out to a library, among some other books, a few with uncut, rough edges, and were surprised at being asked for a rebate on "those unfinished books." A Toronto bookseller had a similar experience recently, one of his customers returning a book because the leaves were uncut. A subscriber to "The Canadian Magazine" recently ordered his magazine to be discontinued because it came to him uncut. To my mind a book or magazine that has its edges cut straight is like a lady's hat without trimming, and I am no Quaker. I find as much enjoyment in the appearance of a book or magazine as in its contents—and why shouldn't I, when both are expressions of artistic taste? One of my greatest pleasures is to pick up a new magazine or a new book and stroll leisurely through, exploring each article or chapter with the pleasure of a discoverer.

I asked the publishers of the Canadian edition of Du Maurier's "The Martian" why they had not left the leaves untrimmed, and was informed that if they had done so they could not have sold their edition. Every lover of the artistic and the beautiful will agree with me that this is lamentable. Perhaps we will soon have Canadians petitioning the Maker of the maple leaves to have them all grown the one size and shape. The fact that no two of them are alike in size and contour is the basis of their beauty in summer; and because no two of them are coloured alike when the frost turns them yellow and crimson, they add to the grandeur of our "golden autumn."

Why should not the works of man, even our books and our magazines, imitate nature's art?

THE CITIZEN.

Just what makes a resident of any country a citizen is not always clear. The extension of the suffrage to an individual is perhaps the truest test of citizen, because when he attains to that privilege he commences to bear a share in the legislating and in the administration of justice in his country. He then possesses the power to vote on all public issues as presented in municipal, provincial and federal elections, or in by-laws and plebiscites. This privilege distinguishes him from the Chinaman, the Italian, the Galician and others of foreign birth and education who are unable to understand or take an interest in issues which appear to him to be vital.

Yet even among voters, there are many who can scarcely be called citizens, or if they are so named are unworthy of the title. The Indians may possess the right to exercise the suffrage, but very few of them have sufficient political and economic education to enable them to do so intelligently. Hence the extension of the suffrage to them would seem to be a farce. But the more intelligent Indians are certainly as much entitled to possess this privilege as the uneducated and uncultured "pale-faces." There are white men who are exercising the "manhood suffrage" of Canada to-day who have no more right to such a distinction than the uneducated Indian or the newly-imported Chinaman. Canada, like the United States, has erred very grievously in the unjustifiable extension of the suffrage to the uneducated.

Leaving aside the citizen who can neither read nor write, or does neither of these, the general body of citizens may be examined with a view to ascertaining their general characteristics and their strength and weakness. One class of citizens comprises those who believe that their country and their countrymen are their natural prey. They are clever, shrewd, and possessed of much knowledge. They desire to be possessed of either a government contract or a government situation. They are "party men" of the purest

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type—although not overly particular about the name or principles of the party to which they belong. They begin by acting as a ward-heeler or party-worker in some constituency. If they are newspaper men they fawn upon the party, day and night; if they are not, they study the voters' lists and the weak voters. They become acquainted with the leaders of the party, and this acquaintance is almost everything. Sooner or later their rewards come—for party allegiance is the only open sesame to a government contract or a government situation. It may be necessary to do something more than is here indicated. A man may be required to represent or be a defeated candidate in some constituency for a time; or he may be required, if he be able, to contribute liberally to the campaign funds. But there is no royal road to governmental preferment in Canada; every man who desires to live on the government of his beloved country must either himself or through his father, brother or other relative, have served some party long and faithfully.

Then there is the class of citizens comprising all those who, having neither desire nor hope of a bonus from the government. Out of their narrowness of mind and their excitability of temper they serve the party just as faithfully, working and talking for it in season and out of season. These men know neither right nor wrong, their moral natures having never been developed. They know only party-right and party-wrong. In this class are the bulk of Canadian citizens—the mechanics, the farmers, the lawyers, the teachers, the doctors, the merchants, and the journalists. If the party to which they belong is in power, it is their King, and "The King can do no wrong." If their party is in opposition the King is a usurper, an interloper, a being without virtue of any kind.

There is a third class, and in it are those who see good and evil in both government and opposition. They condemn the King when he does wrong and applaud him when he does right. If they believe that the wrong predominates in his conduct, they desire to have him deposed. If he does right, he has their undivided support. On all questions public and semi-public, they endeavour to sift the evidence which comes before them and to decide every question on its merits, according to their views of what is best for the national life in which they bear a part. This class of Canadians is not large.

There are signs that the last of the three classes is growing in number. Never was there so much quiet, sturdy independence among the adherents of both great political parties as there is to-day, although the party-worker is still reaping his yearly harvest. The general welfare of the country is being placed above party welfare and special legislation; the discussion of political principles is being more and more considered of much more importance than party supremacy and advantage. There is a prospect—not a great one, it must be acknowledged—that the average of Canadian citizenship is rising, although the progress towards a political millennium is almost as slow in Canada as in the United States, where "To the Victor, belong the Spoils" is written on every political banner.

THE EFFECT OF THE WAR OF 1812.

Professor Adam Shortt presents a novel view of the effect of the War of 1812 in an article in the "Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association" for July. In dealing with the issue of army bills—Canada's earliest paper money, except the French card money—he says:

> As a matter of fact, the war proved a veritable godsend to the people of Canada. A few of the militia were killed, and some of those in the track of the invading enemy suffered loss of property, but in most cases this was afterwards made more than good. People generally, however, enjoyed an era of prosperity unknown since the similar conditions of the revolutionary war, and they were now in a better condition to appreciate it. French-Canadians replenished and added to their hoards, the merchants gathered in their large outstanding debts, and greatly profited

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by new trade. The settlers were offered war prices for more provisions than they could furnish. After the first alarm was over the greater part of the country engaged in making money and enjoying life. The long and difficult system of transportation from Kingston to Montreal, which it was expected the enemy would at once close, remained open, much to the joy and surprise of the people, during the greater part of the period. Little passed down the river save bills of exchange, army bills and, latterly, specie, but everything came up from ships of war for the lakes, to many forms of luxury hitherto unknown in the woods of Canada.

In consequence of all this an important change came over the economic life of the people of Canada, except the rural French element. The system of barter was broken up, as also that close interdependence of the settlers which had prevailed up to this time. Everywhere the more flexible cash nexus was being introduced. People became accustomed to the use of paper money, and not recognizing the radical difference between the army bills and bank notes, when the bills were withdrawn and banks organized, they experienced no great difficulty in circulating their notes among the English element at least.

Professor Shortt is a political economist, and views affairs from a special standpoint; but perhaps he is not far wrong, and perhaps there are worse evils than war.

OURSELVES AND OUR NEIGHBOURS.

For thirty years Canadians have been telling the world that their country was as rich, as prosperous, as full of possibilities as any other country in the world; that the climate of this country was, in one half of our enormous territory, suited for agriculture, and that in the other half was boundless mineral and timber wealth awaiting exploitation. These thirty years of quiet assertiveness have borne fruit, and now the United States and Great Britain are recognizing that our claims are founded in reason and fact. To-day Canada has a foreign trade which is double as much per head of her population as that of the United States; her railroads are numerous; her canals and waterways magnificent; her government much above the average, and her national prospects are among the brightest.

Great Britain, by her denouncement of the Belgian and German treaties containing the objectionable most-favoured nation clauses, has shown that she appreciates our trade and our preferential treatment of her products. In addition her statesmen have honoured Canada's representatives above all other Colonial visitors, and have shown us courtesy as only British statesmen can.

On the other hand, the United States has assumed a hostile attitude. The Dingley Bill excludes, except under a heavy tax, the importation of Canada's chief exports. Regulations have been adopted at Washington which will deprive our railroads of some of the business which they by extra diligence had been able to secure. The people of the United States, moreover, are looking with envious eyes on the rich mineral regions of British Columbia and the Klondyke, and threaten to take by force whatever of our natural wealth they may desire. All these attempts to injure us may possibly cause a collision which would be disastrous to both countries.

There must, however, be no hesitancy on the part of the Canadian Government and people. Secure in the conviction that we have always acted within our rights, we must resist the aggressor. Our brain and muscle and skill are our defence, and having put our hand to the building of a great nation on this part of the American continent, we cannot recede one inch nor yield up one piece of timber from our national structure. All aggressions must be resisted, and the task we have entered upon must be completed despite all and any character of opposition. The grim determination of the men who left wealth and friends to settle here in the closing years of last century, the spirit which distinguished the men who kept this territory in 1812, 1813 and 1814, the strength displayed by the Fathers of Confederation—these are the qualities which must predominate in us at this the critical moment of our nation's existence.

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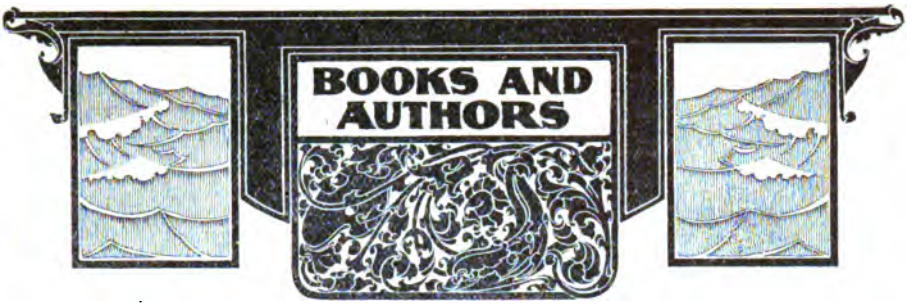

"AWAY FROM NEWSPAPERDOM."*

TIME was when art and literature were well-nigh inaccessible to all but the few whose aspirations were the yearnings of especial ability, if not of genius. To-day, art and literature, as these terms are popularly understood, have lost their meaning by reason of their degradation, and this as the result of a general effort to vulgarize something which in its very nature is essentially uncommon—the creative faculty. Much of the "art" which accosts one in the market-place is of the sort similar to the culture of the superficially-educated "gentleman," who talks with the approved accent, whose pronunciation is correct and syntax faultless, and yet who says nothing of any consequence. Art in literature is good; art as literature is a nonentity. The purpose of a book is its mind; the subject is its body; the literary execution is its clothes, and if it be so fortunate as to possess something more than these, that is its soul.

"Away from Newspaperdom" has a soul, and this it is which seems to differentiate it from the verbiage which too often masquerades as poetry. Grammar plus jingle minus sense and soul equals a failure so far as poetry is concerned. Nor is this book lacking a mind, for the purpose is never absent to point a moral or adorn the tale. It has, too, a tolerably well-favoured, sprightly and prepossessing body, such as we like to meet between-times in the hurly-burly, if only to be reminded that dollars-per-cent. are not the only desiderata of life. And as to its clothes, it is simply superb; and in speaking of its clothes, the pre-eminently poetical illustrations by that distinguished artist, Mr. G. A. Reid (who will, of course, be at once recognized as the painter of the two famous Canadian pictures, "Mortgaging the Homestead," and "Foreclosure of the Mortgage"), must be included. Taking these into account, as well as its artistic typography and binding, it may truly be said to be one of the best, perhaps the best-dressed book that has been produced in the Dominion.

While the good points are being discussed, it may be said that Mr. McEvoy does not show himself to be a slave to conventionality. His metre seems to have been governed more by the mood than by the rule. In several instances, perhaps, the pieces have suffered by their radical treatment; but, on the whole, the poetic instinct has determined aright the metre best suited to the theme and the purpose. He does not indulge in the re-vamping of dead and moribund themes—the Muse be praised for that! He has slyly peeped into the nooks of our hearts and seen the little fairies and bogies which disport themselves among our feelings, and these he has evoked to do his bidding. We know them as they are introduced; and, having heard their say, we feel constrained to murmur, "Ah! yes; that's so!" The sympathetic side of life is brought prominently before us without any affectation or feigned emotion. Nowhere do we read aught that suggests straining for effect; we have preaching without sermonizing; tears without whining; meditation without prosiness; humour without clownishness; quiet sympathy that consoles; affection that does not "slop over."

* "Away from Newspaperdom, and other Poems," by Bernard McEvoy, with decorations by G. A. Reid, R.C.A. George N. Morang, Toronto. $1.

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In a stanza towards the end of the book, he says :

"Not for the few, but for the crowd I write :
For those who, like myself, have weary trod
The road mired by the feet of multitudes.
Let idle people shun these simple lays."

This is the author's own appraisement of his work, and it is not far wrong. His feelings ase not subordinated to ambitious flights of ambiguous rhetoric. He does not stalk up Parnassus on stilts, but takes the reader by the hand, and by common ways and through familiar fields leads him to the beautiful, the true and the pure. Thus it is the crowd would go, and he is a true poet who knows best how to lead them.

Of the forty-nine poems comprised in the contents, "Away from Newspaperdom" is by far the best. As the name implies, it is a representation of the idyllic aspects of the author's home surroundings. Removed from the anxiety and strain of professional life in the city (Mr. McEvoy is a member of the editorial staff of the Toronto *Mail and Empire*), he tells us of nature as she may be found in the homeliness, the unruffled, peaceful conditions of simple village life. Not even in the chaffering of the farmer at the local store does our poet see anything prosaic; what we usually regard as the hum-drum monotony of a vegetative existence, the author of "Away from Newspaperdom" presents before us in a most interesting manner :

"The farmer's work
Being over for the day, they stood in groups—
Slow talking; sometimes silent. Curling smoke
Rose from their pipes. The touch of quiet night
Seemed sweet to them after the glare of sun,
Patiently borne throughout the live-long day.
And now and then a dainty flitting form—
Some young Canadian beauty—passed along
With bird-like step and such a pair of eyes
As well might set a rustic's heart on fire
(For everywhere is told the tale of love);
And maidens fair as the Dominion knows
Uphold our standard of fair womanhood.

* * * * * * * *

Still, in the stores, by blinking oil lamps' light,
Business went gravely on till bed-time came,
And one by one the echoing footsteps died,
And o'er the street fell dark and peaceful night.

* * * * * * * *

"The time of fruitage came,
When, rounding on the trees, the blushing spheres
Grew bigger while we slept, and the wind's hand
Plucked here and there and strewed them on the turf;
And sometimes in the night, when all was still,
We heard them fall upon the grassy earth,
Attracted by the mother whence they sprang;
Then silence: and the mystery of night.

* * * * * * * *

"[The settler] built here his humble hut
And, midst green silences, began to toil.
This bush is but an island midst the tilth
Of well-worked fields; but in those patient days
A sea of forest hemmed the settler in—
His clearing was an island—steady, slow,
He drove the rolling sea of forest back.
Ere dawn he was astir, and when the day
Broke o'er the serried, immemorial pines,
It lighted his stern toil.

* * * * * * * *

"But, O my friends, who know this home of mine,
Think of me gently when in time to come
You call to mind how we have sat beneath
These spreading trees. If I have passed
Into the spaces of the unknown night,
Remember me with kindness; say that I
Was one to whom sweet Nature kindly spoke
And told her joys and sorrows—sometimes breathed
Her fondest love, in words I could not tell."

"Anselmo and Bernadine: a Dramatic Romance," in five scenes, has an interesting plot, cleverly handled, and compounded of the staples of the playwright's stock-in-trade, viz: 1 artist, 1 lovely girl, 1 courtship, money *ad. lib.* (belonging to the artist! We have already said that Mr. McEvoy is not a slave to conventionality), 1 madrigal, 1 duke (lovely girl's uncle and mercenary guardian), 1 rival, 2 shipwrecks, 2 hair-breadth escapes, 1 reconciliation, 1 marriage, with trimmings to suit.

It is for genius to pourtray the unfamiliar side of common men and things—to mould old materials into new shapes. Trite though some of the characters and situations may be, they are bodied forth life-like and natural, eloquent with

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the changing emotions of mood and scene, and full of interest for the reader. The technique is admirable, and the poetry fully equal to that of "Lucile," though in blank verse. As a dramatic production "Anselmo and Bernardine" will occupy a unique place in Canadian letters, one which it should hold with credit to its author, for his highly successful attempt at play-writing.

Among the minor poems "The End of the Day" is tenderly sweet and pathetic—the yearning of paternal affection voicing its unpremeditated plaint for the absence of a child whose daily life in heaven is imagined. "Hope" is very good, and "To some who wrote verses on Tennyson's Death," is scathing in its censure. "Two Visitors," which we remember reading in the New York *Independent*, has a very appreciable moral. "Materials" shows what may be wrought by gifted hands from crude resources, and is a poetical gem. "Saviours" discriminates between mere talk and practical altruism; "At a Lecture on Lunacy," "To C. and M.," "A Song of Life," and "Farewell to Summer," are each worthy to be classed as poetry. "Alas! Alas! for Mortal Change," is thoughtful as a reverie as it is beautiful as a poem. "Imagines Vitae" is worthy of mention, and "The Lesson of Life" is exceptionally good. "Piety and Horseflesh" is a clever satire on the farmer who abuses his horse in the cause of religion.

As a combination of literature and art, this book will endure as a lasting monument to two artistic souls, whom the Dominion has ample cause to remember with pride.

William T. James.

THE HISTORY OF LITERATURE.

There are in literature two general methods of criticism. In following the first, the critic applies the methods of the evolutionist, and endeavours to explain each author according to the time (Fr-*moment*) and the circumstances (Fr-*milieu*) in which the author lived. A recent example of this method is Professor Edward Dowden's "The French Revolution and English Literature,"* in which this great student of letters presents "some important figures on a background of history—history of ideas rather than of events." He examines such writers as Johnson, Wesley, Hannah More, Thomas Day (author of "Sanford and Merton"), Cowper, Godwin ("Enquiry concerning Political Justice") Mary Wollstonecraft ("A Vindication of the Rights of Woman"), Burke, Burns, Coleridge, Keats, Byron, Shelley and Wordsworth, and explains the writings of each according to the time and the circumstances. They were, according to Professor Dowden, precursors of the Revolution, theorists of the Revolution, anti-Revolutionists, or reactionists. He traces the development of ideas as exhibited in the writings of these men and exhibits them as products of their age.

The second method—and the newer method—of criticism takes each man as an individual, as a spirit, and studies his message. By it the critic does not look for common characteristics, but endeavours to interpret each writer, to understand his message. The first method is similar to the one which discovers and sets down the ornithological pedigree of the lark or the robin; while the second is more like the interpretation of the effect of the lyrics which these sweet singers shower upon mankind. One writer on this subject says, in favour of the second method: "For man is a spirit, and literature, the supreme form of his self-manifestation, must be interpreted spiritually. . . . The utmost that the best critic can do for me is to show me the utmost he has found in a given author. I shall agree with him according as my understanding and insight and needs correspond to his."—(William Roscoe Thayer, in *Atlantic Monthly*.)

Whatever may be thought of the relative value of the two methods, praise cannot be withheld from Professor Dowden's book. He sets out by dealing

* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Princeton Lectures. Cloth, 285 pp., $1.25.

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with the period in England just before the French Revolution, and showing that at its basis, "under the affectations of the sentimentalists, lay a real refining of human sympathy," which, in its robustness, exhibited itself in the new philanthropy. This led finally to the abolition of the slave trade and the amelioration of the condition of persons confined in jails and prisons. The idea of progress and human perfectibility was made more prominent. Luxury of all kinds was attacked, and there arose the cry, "Back to nature." He states that Cowper's writings embody most of this revolutionary sentiment in the days before the Revolution, and explains the grounds for this statement. Passing on to the theorists of the Revolution, he deals at great length with Godwin's writings.

"His influence with young and ardent spirits was great. He seemed to provide a comprehensive theory of conduct—a doctrine embracing both private and public duties. This doctrine was one which gave unbounded freedom to the individual reason; the law was a proclamation of liberty; moral anarchy was exhibited as the highest moral order; . . . by degrees he arrived at the conclusion that government, by its very nature, counteracts the improvement of the individual mind; . . . the misery of the many is aggravated by the ostentatious luxury, the magnificence, the usurpation, the insolence of the fortunate few. . . The principle of justice is this: that each individual should do to others all that good that is in his power, and that society should do everything for its members that can contribute to their welfare."

After dealing with these theorists, Prof. Dowden treats of the anti-Revolutionists, Early Revolutionary Group and Antagonists, Recovery and Reaction, Renewed Revolutionary Advance. Under the last heading he deals with the works of Landor, Byron and Shelley. Byron was the great light of the new Revolution—against everything that tends to obstruct the growth of individual liberty—the spirit of Liberalism.

DU MAURIER'S LAST BOOK.

George Du Maurier was England's greatest pencil artist, and he was nearly sixty years of age before he wrote Peter Ibbetson, his first book; he then wrote Trilby and The Martian, and before he was sixty-four his pen was laid by forever. His career as an author was thus meteoric, and a set of Du Maurier's complete works will never consist of more than three volumes. The Martian* has just appeared, and will be the great English novel of the next few months, greatest, perhaps, of the year. It derives its title from a spirit, "Martia," the guardian angel of Barty Josselin, the hero of the book, and of whom the original is supposed to be Du Maurier himself. Barty had one peculiar faculty of knowing "by an infallible instinct *where the north was*, to a point. . . . . It was often tried at school by blindfolding him, and turning him round and round till he was giddy, and asking him to point out where the north pole was, or the north star, and seven or eight times out of ten the answer was unerringly right." Martia is a development or embodiment of this sense; as she wrote to him, using his own hand to do it:

"Whenever the north is in you, there am I; seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, feeling with your five splendid wits by day—sleeping your lonely sleep at night; but only able to think with *your* brain, it seems, and then only when you are fast asleep. I only found it out just now, and saved your earthly life, *mon beau somnambule!* It was a great suprise to me."

William Dean Howells writes of the book as follows:

"I say, or I have hinted, that I would willingly have had more of the Martians in the romance, but there is enough of the mystical element to qualify the whole story, and to lift it out of the common air which the common breath sometimes makes a little thick. The impossible, if it is the impossible, is very frankly supposed, and very simply asserted, so that it has a charming effect of reality. In turn the reality of the book puts on a bewitching aspect of illusion. It is all scrupulously dated and located: but it seems without actuality, especially in the retrospect, and I think that the art of The Martian, to be judged fairly, must, beyond that of most other books, be looked at retrospectively. As one reads on through it, the story is for a long while without much coherence of any apparent intention. But after the first interven-

*The Martian, by George Du Maurier. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Illustrated, 477 pp., cloth and paper.

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tion of Martia, the consulting spirit, at the time when Barty Josselin thinks of taking his life in despair for his failing sight, until the last when she has incarnated herself in his daughter who dies, and whom he cannot survive, there is an increasing purpose in the mystery which gives unity and significance to the whole story.

"The atmosphere of the book is that which Du Maurier has shown that he loves best; it is much the same as that of Peter Ibbetson and of Trilby; it is a blend of both; it is the air of a refined rather than a moralized Bohemia; it is all in art-land, love-land, comrade-land. People stand about and talk; they dream, and ache and thrill; but they do not act a great deal, and many of them do not arrive anywhere. The social philosophy is that of Thackeray's novels, and is much averse to snobs, which it is assumed we all are, but need not be if we were very brave, and above the mean motives that actuate people in society."

AN ECONOMIC NOVEL.

Unwin's Colonial Library contains some excellent books, such as Buchanan's "Diana's Hunting;" W. Clark Russel's "The Honour of the Flag." The latest addition is an economic novel by Ouida, entitled "An Altruist." Wilfrid Bertram, a rather well-bred young Londoner, has imbibed modern socialistic ideas, and being an ardent thinker, becomes convinced with slight reasoning that the modern construction of society is decidedly wrong. He cries out, as does Edward Bellamy, for equality and a general levelling-up of all classes. Class and property distinctions are an abomination and an outrage. He attempts to spread these ideas through a paper which he publishes and by means of lectures to his friends. He decides that he will marry the daughter of a washerwoman, and thus set an example to the benighted inheritors of wealth and position in the class to which he has the misfortune to belong. His experiences are briefly and pointedly told, and the whole makes up a serio-comic tale of much interest. Some of the situations are decidedly funny, and Ouida's cleverness is apparent throughout the story.

SAINTS, SINNERS AND QUEER PEOPLE.

Marie Edith Benyon is the author of a volume* of short stories, entitled "Saints, Sinners and Queer People." Some of the stories are located in Canada, but many of the expressions and ideas would indicate that the author is a resident of the United States. For instance, she makes a Canadian say, "all-fired stubborn." However, the stories are exceedingly good as a rule, although some of them lack gentleness, grace and artistic value. They are strong, forceful and vigorous, but do not always create the necessary sympathy in the reader's mind and heart. The analysis of some of the over-religious citizens of this country is exceedingly well done—better than I have ever before seen.

THE SELKIRK SETTLERS.

In "The Selkirk Settlers,"† a descendant of one of the early members of the group of sturdy men and men who between 1813 and 1870 made the history of that portion of Canada now known as Manitoba. The book is not a dry collection of details, but an interesting account of the settlement, the difficulties which these sturdy Scotchman faced, and the manner and character of their life in the country which they created. These experiences are unique, the author recognizing this when he says:

"There is no spot left, upon our continent at least, where for well-nigh half a century a colony practically untouched by the rest of the world, unvexed by its artificial troubles, and unspoiled by its mad racing after material greatness. . . . . From that date downward for nearly fifty years that little band of Highlanders remained shut out from the rest of the world, till through freer communication with the United States to the south, and Canada to the east, the tide of a larger life rolled up against us, and prepared the way for our entry, not without tumult, into confederation."

* "Saints, Sinners and Queer People." By M. E. Benyon. Robert Lewis Reed Co., 63 Fifth Avenue, New York.
† The Selkirk Settlers in Real Life, by R. G. MacBeth. Toronto: Wm. Briggs; cloth, 118 pp.

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Mr. MacBeth is to be congratulated on his book, despite the fact that his religious manner of thought has affected his literary work. Sir Donald A. Smith has written a very pleasing introduction.

HALL CAINE'S CRITICISM OF THE CHURCH.*

Hall Caine has given us another tragedy of absorbing interest. The two chief characters—the one a young girl who desires to become a great actress, and the other a man who desires to assist in the reformation of the world—come from the Isle of Man to London, that greatest and most wicked of all cities. Glory sets out to gain fame for herself and is insulted and tempted and tried as all working women are in London and in all large cities where rich and callous men are seeking amusement and pleasure. John Storm enters the church, becomes disgusted with its hypocrisy and worldliness, and leaves it to enter a monastic brotherhood. But prayer and piety and pure living are not sufficient and he returns to the world to work for the redemption of fallen women and their children. Those who know Hall Caine's power, his mastery of dramatic feeling and expressions can guess how he would treat such subjects as these, and no person can read the book without being profoundly stirred.

The thought which stands most prominent is that Christian nations such as Great Britain interpret Christianity to suit their love of pleasure and sensuality, and that as is the nation so are the leading men who form its best society and control its wealth, its churches and its government. These individual Christians regard women as toys and playthings, and do not know or believe that

"To succor a weaker brother, or protect a fallen woman, or feed a little child will bring a greater joy than to conquer all the kingdoms of the earth. . . . . He who wrongs the child commits a crime against the State. However low a woman has fallen, she is a subject of the Crown, and if she is a mother she is the Crown's creditor. These are my principles."

"If men want women to be good they *will* be good, for women dance to the tune that men like best, and always have done so since the days of Adam."

"Upon the well-being of women, especially of working women, the whole welfare of society rests. Think of it—their dependence on man, their temptations, their rewards, their punishments. . . . . Ruin lay in wait for them, and was beckoning and enticing them in the shape of dancing houses and music halls and rich and selfish men."

The book is literary and artistic; it is dramatic and romantic; it is forceful and original; it is Hall Caine's greatest work.

MISCELLANEOUS.

All kinds of people are writing on economic and social subjects, and many of these writers are lacking in the education which would enable them to treat their subjects clearly. Perhaps this fault is covered by the good intentions of the authors. Henry B. Ashplant, of London, Ont., has issued a pamphlet entitled "Heterodox Economics vs. Orthodox Profits," in which he attempts to prove that if a manufacturer, jobber or retailer gets more than actual cost for his goods he is absorbing the capital of his customers.

Rozelle V. Myers-Funnell, M.D., of Ottawa, has issued a "Booklet of Verse" as a Jubilee offering, and the quality of the verse amply justifies the publication. The poems vary in character, but are mostly introspective musings, clothed in musical wordings.

Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago, have issued nearly all Henry J. Savage's novels in 25-cent editions. They are now bringing out some of Hall Caine's earliest books in the same form.

London is the greatest of all European cities, and Darlington's "London and Environs" is the greatest guide to the metropolis. Its convenient form, its excellent maps, its well-arranged information, and its charming descriptions and illustrations make it an invaluable guide and help to the tourist. The price is three and sixpence.

* The Christian, by Hall Caine. Toronto: George N. Morang. Cloth and paper; 539 pp.

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DANS LE MONDE LITTERAIRE FRANCAIS.

PAR HECTOR GARNEAU, LL.B.

UN LIVRE SUR FRONTENAC.

FRONTENAC! Comme ce nom résonne glorieusement à une oreille Canadienne! En vingt ans, que d'immenses projets réalisés, que de belles découvertes, que d'exploits inouis sur terre et sur mer! Que de héros à la fois: Joliet, Marquette, La Salle, Tonty, du Shut, Nicolas Perrot, La Mothe Cadillac, François de Bienville, d'Iberville, et cent autres encore!

Il y avait un livre attachant à faire sur l'homme de talent et d'énergie qui a présidé à ces choses sublimes, et c'est un Français, M. Henri Lorin qui l'a tenté dans un volume intitulé: *Le Comte de Frontenac*, étude sur le Canada français à la fin du 17e siècle. J'ai hâte d'ajouter que cet ouvrage a été dernièrement couronné par l'Académie des Sciences morales et politiques.

M. Henri Lorin, normalien et docteur-ès-lettres, est un narrateur exact et bien informé. Peindre les hommes, décrire les faits uniquement d'après des documents irrécusables, sans aucune recherche de style, sans passion, sans fiel et avec la plus scrupuleuse conscience, voilà, je pense, la manière de M. Lorin. Rien d'etonnant alors à ce qu'il possède parfaitement son sujet. Et je lui dois ce compliment, qu'en ce qui concerne le Canada, M. Lorin me paraît connaitre à ford notre histoire nationale. Il nous a donné, en conséquence, un travail considérable, d'une lecture solide et d'un extrême intérêt pour les amis de l'histoire de notre pays.

M. Lorin, certes, admire profondément son héros: "Le comte de Frontenac, dit-il, est une très haute et noble figure: nous devons le placer, en France, au même rang que Dupleix, car aussi bien que cet homme de génie, copié par les Anglais avant d'être compris de ses compatriotes, il a montré ces qualités d'audace loyale, d'entente des conditions locales et de séduction personnelle auprès des indigénes qui sont éminemment celles des colonisateurs français." Devant ce fier et ressemblant portrait, M. Lorin reste pourtant impartial. Il ne conteste nullement les défauts et les fautes—si minces en regard de ses qualités and de ses succès—de notre ancien governeur. Mais il met en lumière tout ce qui milite en sa faveur. Frontenac, assurément, était un patriote èclaire, un administrateur aux idées larges et hautes. Il avait ce don rare: l'initiative. Il voyait plus vite et plus loin que les autres. Malgré des prétentions respectables, on doit croire qu'il n'en voulait pas aux prêtres. "Il était hostile, non point aux idées religieuses dont lui-même fit toujours profession, mais à la prépondérance du clergé dans le domaine temporel." Et M. Lorin ajoute: "dans ses relations avec les indigènes, c'est avant tout l'influence française qu'il entend propager."

Et puis, ne l'oublions point, Frontenac avait à combattre des ennemis au dehors et au dedans. Et ce furent ces derniers qui lui firent le plus de tort. Presque continuellement, les intendants Duchesneau et Champigny, aidés des Jésuites and de l'évêque qu'ils ne cessèrent de flatter, se soulevaient contre ses décisions et contrecarraient sa politique. La sage et féconde politique, en effet? Coloniser et étendre le domaine de la Nouvelle France; se concilier, à cette fin, les populations souvages, s'en faire des alliés et au besoin des défenseurs de la colonie. C'est pour ces nobles motifs que Frontenac encourgeait la traite—un moyen et non un but—même contre les ordres du roi, même contre les plaintes des Laval et des Saint-Vallier. Par la traite encore, il faisait concurrence au commerce des Anglais de Boston et de New York et empêchait ainsi ces derniers de s'allier avec les Iroquois et les nations de l'ouest contre les Français. Quel malheur qu'on ne l'ait pas mieux compris! Les Jésuites, au contraire, et l'évêque, leur créature, condamnaient absolument la traite et cherchaient à isoler les sauvages des

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Français, parce que, disaient-ils, "la communication des Français corrompt les sauvages."

Il convient de remarquer qu'en tout cela le gouverneur suivait à la lettre les recommendations de Colbert. Celui-ci ne lui ordonnait il pas, précisément à propos de la traite, "d'empêcher que l'épiscopale n' entreprenne rien en dehors de l'Eglise *sur une matière qui est purement de police*"? Il n'en faut pas davantage, n'est-ce pas, pour justifier Frontenac. Et d'ailleurs, en résistant aux excès de zèle—mal entendu—de certains religieux, il obéissait docilement encore à Colbert qui avait dit à Talon "de maintenir dans une juste balance l'autorité temporelle et la spirituelle *de manière toutefois que celle-ci soit inférieure à l'autre.*"

En somme, ce qui ressort du livre si nourri et si lucide de M. Lorin, c'est que Frontenac, dans chacun des actes de sa longue administration, s'est appliqué avec toute son âme à servir les intérêts vitaux de la Nouvelle France; et que, pour cela, il a dû désobéir à cette maladroite cour de France qui a si longtemps ignoré les véritables besoins et si ingratement méconnu les droits urgents de ses sujets d'ou tremer.

A mon très vif regret, je dois m'arrêter là. M. Lorin nous dit lui-même que nos cousins de France ne savent pas encore que, durant deux siècles, nos pères ont versé le plus pur de leur sang pour leur conserver la possession du Canada. Qu'ils apprennent maintenant que, depuis, nous luttons sans cesse pour notre nationalité et que, restant fidèles à nous-mêmes, selon le conseil de notre historien national, nous gardons, à l'ombre du grand drapeau britannique, notre langue et notre foi!

UN NOUVEAU LAURÉAT CANADIEN.

L'Académie des Sciences, Morales et Politiques, a également couronné le travail d'un des nôtres, M. A. D. De Celles qui a pour titre: *Les Etats-Unis*. Cela nous fait maintenant, avec M. Louis Fréchette, notre grand poète lyrique et M. l'abbé Casgrain, l'auteur du *Pélérinage au pays d'Evangéline*, trois lauréats canadiens. M. De Celles, on le sait, est membre de la Société Royale du Canada et conservateur de la Bibliothèque Fédérale.

Son livre est le fruit de trente années d'êtudes. M. De Celles prend les Etats-Unis à leurs origines et les conduit jusqu'à nos jours. Dans un style sobre et clair, il nous donne en 400 pages un tableau rapide et précis de la grande rèpublique amèricaine. Que de considérations élevées y abondent, et comme l'auteur, quoique fervent admirateur de la constitution des Etats-Unis, saisit bien les abus et les vices de leur politique et décrit sûrement le gouffre effroyable où certains ploutocrates, chefs de *trusts* et de *combines* vout peut-être jeter leur pays. Pourtout, à mon humble avis, le beau chapitre et qui met le mieux en relief le sens pénétrant de M. De Celles est celui qui contient une comparaison entre la Nouvelle France et les Colonies Anglo-Saxonnes sous l'ancien régime.

Ancien journaliste, maître en droit constitutionnel écrivain loyal et courtois, M. De Celles reste, dans notre monde littéraire, le type parfait du gentilhomme de lettres.

MORT D'UN IMMORTEL.

L'Académie française a perdu, au mois de juillet, en M. Henri Meilhac, un auteur dramatique justement connu. M. Meilhac avait afordé tous les genres, en prose et en vers, depuis la scènette jusqu'au grand drame comme *Frou-Frou*, en passant par les comédies de moeurs et les libretti d'opérettes et d'opéras. Mais il excellait particulièrement dans le vaudeville (*Le Réveillon et Gotte*) et les à-propos en un acte (*La Petite Marquise, Toto chez Tata, l' Eté de la St. Martin*). C'est là que sa gracieuse fantaisie et sa gaieté fine se jouaient avec un charme exquis. On peut dire qu' il a été, par excellence, le peintre de la vie parisienne. Nul mieux que lui n'a mis sur la scéne les demi-mondaines spirituelles et folles, nul n'a représenté plus fidèlement les gens du cercle et des boulevards. Seul on en collaboration avec M. Ludovic Halévy, il a composé des libretti d'opérettes (*Le Petit Duc, la Périchole, la Grande Duchesse*) et d'opéras-comiques (*Carmen, Monon*) qui lui assuresont longtemps une enviable popularité en France et à l' étranger.

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NATIONAL SPORT.

ROWING.

Canada has certainly done very well in the rowing competitions of 1897, and the professional championship of the world still remains with Jake Gaudaur who won it last year. The Winnipeg four did well at Henley, even though they did not win the senior championship of two continents. At the annual races of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, held this year on the Schuylkill, at Philadelphia, the Canadians made a good showing. In the International fours the Argonauts, of Toronto, won the straight mile race in 8 : 52, beating the best fours in the United States. Wright and Thompson of this crew also won the International pair-oared shell race. At lesser regattas, at Detroit and other places, the Canadians have also done exceedingly well.

As Geo. W. Orton points out in his article in this issue, we should have more rowing at our universities. Queen's has the facilities for training a crew, as Kingston is situated at the junction of the Rideau Canal and the St. Lawrence. McGill has a splendid chance to develop a crew in the waters about Montreal. The University of Toronto has the same chance as the Argonauts of that city. And yet not one of these universities has an eight-oared crew, or, so far as I know, has ever tried to encourage aquatics. I believe that one of the Argonaut junior fours is composed of undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and there is a prospect of an eight being got together next spring. This will not occur, however, unless the alumni and the faculty of the University take the matter up, and devise some plan whereby the embryo crew shall be properly developed. It is hoped that Mr. Orton's article will awaken the graduates and faculties of each of the three universities to their duty in this matter. Our young men should not be developed mentally at the expense of their physical nature. Athletics are just as important to a nation, and to the individuals of a nation, as classics and ethics and economics. We need brawn, muscle, self-control, physical endurance, energy just as much as we require cleverness, mental culture, and learning. The Canadian race of the future will be of no account if it is not developed in the body as well as in the mind.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

The Canadian Bisley team for 1897 were not quite so successful in winning prize money as in previous years, because there was more colonial competition ; but, nevertheless, they gave a good account of themselves on their visit to England. A Canadian stood fourth, and another sixth, in the competition for the Queen's Prize. The Province of Quebec matches have been held and the competitors present were less numerous than on previous occasions. The Ontario Rifle Association matches are now being held, and the Dominion R. A. will hold its annual competition at Ottawa during the first week in September. While Canada has some excellent shots, they are to be found principally among the city battalions, little shooting being indulged in among the rural corps. This is an unsatisfactory feature of our militia systems and should be eliminated in some way. The day of the deadly bullet has not yet gone by, and shooting should be encouraged, not only as a sport but as a part of our preparations for national defence. There is a strong movement afoot to provide a naval reserve force in Canada, but it is an open question whether it would not be better to spend our extra energies and money on what we are now doing, rather than attempt something which would in all probability be only half done. If Canada is ever involved in war, a great many Canadians will wish that they knew something more about rifles which are sure death at 1,000 yards.

BICYCLING.

I doubt if there is as much interest in bicycle racing this year as last, and if it will ever again attain the prominence it once had. The bicycle is coming more and more to be regarded as a means of pleasure and as an accessory to business. The business man and the wage-earner find it a useful and convenient vehicle of locomotion to and from the scene of daily labour, and a splendid means of pleasure on special holidays, vacations, and Saturday afternoons—and even on Sundays. Bicycle racing has come to require so much skill, and to be permeated with so much professionalism, that its attractiveness as a sport is declining. It may never pass away altogether and may always rank with horse-racing, but it is not likely to retain the prominence it once possessed. Large manufacturers are not employing so many fast riders as they once did, for the profits are not so large now and sales are much more easily made. Track racing will probably dwindle to a pleasant feature of large county and city fairs, where it will be an agreeable change and where professionalism is less likely to be rampant.

Bicycling has come to be essentially a family sport. Fathers and mothers and children have their wheels, and all they aim at is the gaining of exercise and pleasure. The public is more concerned about a comfortable and easy-riding saddle than one specially suited for racing purposes.

In spite of this, Lougheed, the speedy Canadian professional, is attracting much

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attention in the United States and on many occasions has used his cleverness and ability to great advantage.

A BOOK ON ATHLETICS.

In Scribner's "Out of Door Library" has appeared a new volume entitled "Athletic Sports." It contains "The Physical Proportions of the Typical Man," by D. A. Sargent, M.D.; "Physical Characteristics of the Athlete," by the same writer; "Golf," by H. J. Whigham, amateur champion of the U. S. in 1896; "Lawn Tennis," by Robert D. Wrenn, amateur champion of the U. S. in 1896; three articles on Bicycling, by P. G. Hubert, Marguerite Merington and J. West Roosevelt, M.D.; "Surf and Surf Bathing," by Duffield Osborne; and "Country Clubs and Hunt Clubs in America," by Edward S. Martin. The name of the book is somewhat broader than the contents warrant, but nevertheless the volume is valuable and admirable. The illustrations are numerous and pointed, while the general typography is pleasing. Every person interested in athletics will find the work a valuable addition to his library, each writer having something to say and having said it in an interesting way. The articles on golf and lawn tennis are especially useful.

LAWN TENNIS.

The ex-Canadian tennis champion, Mr. R. D. Wrenn, has proved in the two great tennis tournaments in the United States that he has lost none of his superiority, and that, if he had not been compelled by the press of business to absent himself from the July championship tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake he would surely have retained his last year's title, now held by Mr. Ware. He has shown up remarkably well against the three great English players, Messrs. H. A. Nisbitt, W. V. Eaves and H. S. Mahoney, in both the Longwood and Western tournaments, and is now inferior only to Mr. Larned, the American Champion. However, Canadians are not jubilant over his success, for although he has held the Canadian championship, he is a thoroughbred Yankee. It is a crying shame that such a state of affairs exists. Canadians in nearly every sport have proved their superiority both on United States and Canadian tracks and fields, so that it is lamentable that there is not a Canadian in the higher ranks of tennis, where endurance and skill are so much required. It is to be hoped that some sort of stimulus to the interests of tennis will be received at the tournament about to be held at Niagara.

YACHTING.

Last year Canada won two international yacht races with the *Glencairn* and the *Canada*. The former won at New York and the latter at Toledo. This year an international race of some importance has just been finished at Montreal. This was a race between two challengers, one representing the Sewanhaka-Corinthian Club of New York and the other the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club of Montreal. Mr. C. H. Crane's *Momo* was the one selected to represent the United States, and Mr. G. H. Duggan's *Glencairn II.* to represent Canada. The race was sailed without time allowance, and with sails limited to mainsail, jib and spinnaker. The course was a straightaway course on the St. Lawrence; a heat of two miles to windward and return, to be sailed over three times, so as to make a twelve-mile race. The *Glencairn II.* is about three feet shorter than the *Momo*, draws five feet, and is about two hundred pounds lighter. The Momo is fitted with a shifting keel, and draws about five feet six inches of water.

The first of the five races was sailed on Saturday, August 14th, and was won by the *Momo* in very fine weather. Time: *Momo*, 2 hrs. 26 min. 25 sec.; *Glencairn II.*, 2 hrs. 30 mins. 40 sec. In the second and third races the *Glencairn* won in a heavy wind, beating the United States boat several minutes. The same result occurred in the fourth race, and the cup remains in Canada.

LACROSSE.

The senior lacrosse teams of Canada should become professionals in name as well as in reality. The men comprising these teams are for the most part professionals, and the whole series of contests is managed so as to give somebody a profit. Such deception will kill any sport, and if lacrosse is to live as Canada's National game, it must be raised above petty deceit and disguised professionalism.

Moreover, it must be kept free from the taint of blackguardism and ruffianism which at present is characterizing both players and management. If the men who engage in any particular form of athletics do not conduct themselves as gentlemen in all their actions, then that sport is doomed, and properly so. Our sport must be kept on the highest level for the same reasons that we maintain a high standard in business, education and morality.

Amateur baseball has fallen in many places to a low position in the estimation of our best citizens because it has been marked by ruffianism—or at least ungentlemanly conduct. It is sincerely to be hoped that amateur lacrosse will not share the same fate. To prevent it doing so, it would at present seem necessary that the Senior Lacrosse League be recognized as a combination of professional teams.

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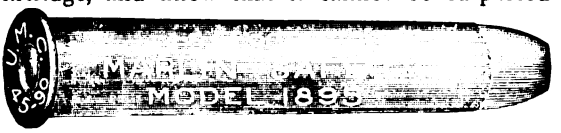

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DAYS OF REST OF PREHISTORIC MAN. R. G. Haliburton, Q.C., F.R.G.S.
AMERICAN TRADE RELATIONS. John Charlton, M.P.

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

AND MASSEY'S MAGAZINE COMBINED

OCTOBER 1897

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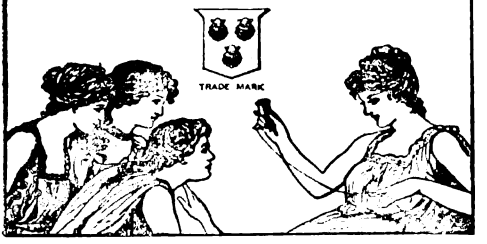

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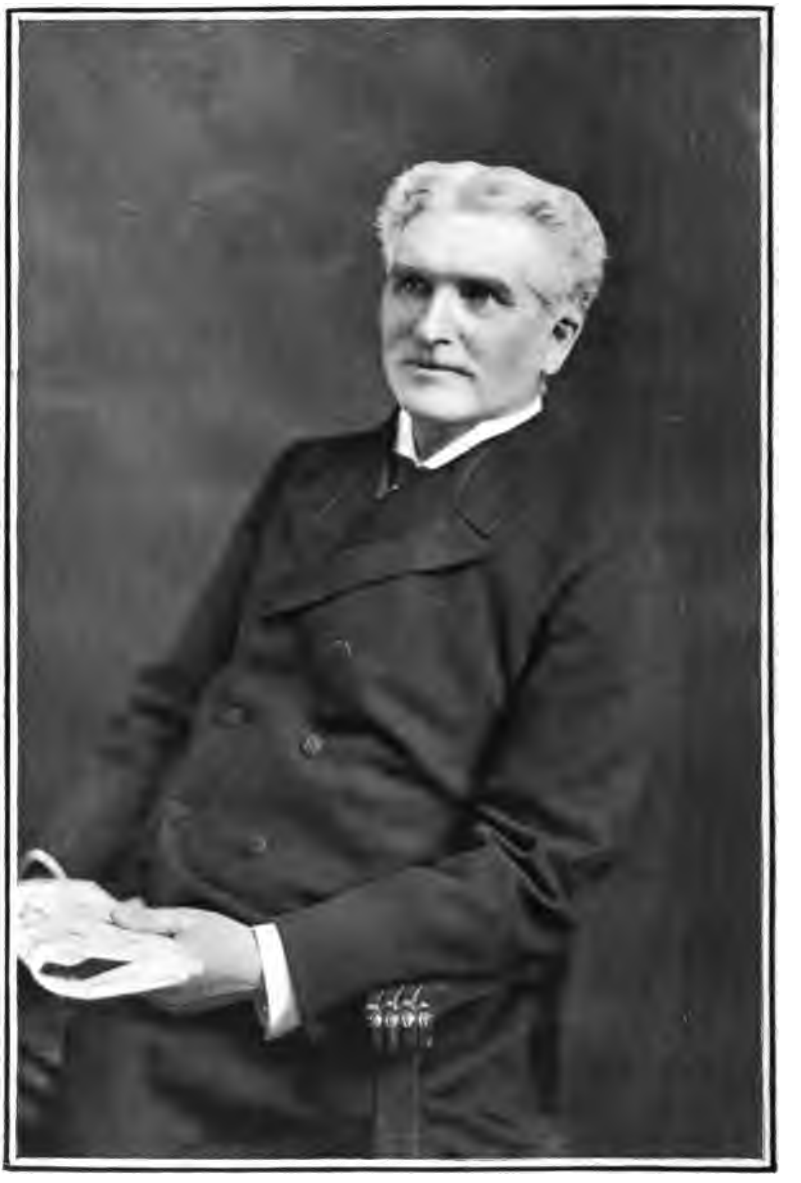

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HON. WILLIAM WILFRID SULLIVAN.

Premier of Prince Edward Island from 1879 to 1889; now Chief Justice of that Province.—*See p. 468 et seq.*

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX. OCTOBER, 1897. No. 6.

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THE DAYS OF REST OF PREHISTORIC MAN.*

ON the three ill-omened days of rest of prehistoric man, which were connected with the dead and "stained with the shadow of death," no work could be done and prosper. They were intensifications of the sailor's Friday. Why those monthly Sabbaths were connected nearly all the world over with the number *three*, it is difficult to conjecture. The Peruvians, and probably other races, believed that the moon every month died for three days and rose again; but if this suggested the number *three* we should expect the days of the dead to occur then, whereas they were generally held at the beginning, instead of at the end of "the dark half of the moon," and hence the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth days of the moon were nearly everywhere regarded as unlucky.

How singularly the number three is connected with mourning and "days of the dead" will be apparent from the following paragraphs, to the language of which I specially invite attention:

"Have they any belief in the immortality of the soul? To this I cannot reply with certainty. But what is the meaning of the tears and lamentations of the poor mother, who for *three* days and *three* nights lies stretched on the grave of her little son, calling him by his name, and repeating in broken sobs, 'Oh, come back, beloved one; come back to thy mother!' 'It is not for thee to hear her greetings until she has freed herself from her consecration to the gods below, and the *third* day arrives.'"

This reads as if it were continuous, and referred to some one person. Yet the interval in time and space indicated by the first part and the last suggests an abyss of time of perhaps scores of thousands of years, and a distance in space equal to that of half the circuit of the globe. The first part is a quotation from D'Albertis' description in his "New Guinea" (Vol. i., p. 143), of a Papuan mother mourning for her son, while the second part is a quotation from the Alcestis of Euripides (line 1138, Trans. Simpkin and Marshall, 1881).

The author of "Five Years in the West Indies" gives a curious negro superstition about the three days of the dead. "'We go dead one day; next day we shiver in de coffin, and de next day we go dead again till all

* This paper may claim to be the first attempt that has been made to discuss the subject of "Days of Rest" from a pre-historic point of view, for I only circulated a very few copies of my privately-printed monograph of 1863 on "The Festival of the Dead." My next paper on "November Meteors and November Flood Traditions" will be found to be a sequel to the present paper.

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things come quite down.' I need hardly say I endeavoured to remove this belief, but I found it to be an almost universal opinion among the negroes."

Among that primitive race, the Nagas of India, we meet with these three days of the dead. Godden, in his "Naga and other Frontier Tribes" (Journ Anthrop. Inst. No. 90, 1896, p. 190), says: "The old accounts of funeral rites evidently refer to a 'death genna,' where it is stated that after the death of a man of any standing, none of the inhabitants of a village quitted it for three days; and that for three or four days after a death the relatives do not leave the village, neither do the other villagers resort to a village in which a death has occurred during that period" (*Ibid.* 171).

In the valuable report on the Aborigines by a Committee of the Legislative Council of Victoria (Session 1858-9), we find that Mr. Hull states respecting the natives: "Their grand corroborees are held only in the spring when the Pleiades are most distinct, and are a worship of the Pleiades as a constellation which announces spring. Their monthly corroboree is in honour of the moon" (p. 9). C. J. Tyres also says: "They sing and dance to gain the favour of the Pleiades (Mormodellick), the constellation worshipped by one body as the giver of rain." I need hardly add that the southern spring is about November. In my "Festival of the Dead,"* I state:

"We are told that 'all the corroborees of the natives are connected with a worship of the dead, and *last three days*.' In confirmation of this a member of the Nova Scotian Institute of Natural Science, who has been at these annual corroborees, tells me that, as the natives for these occasions paint a white stripe on their arms, legs and ribs, they appear, as they dance by their fires at night, like so many skeletons rejoicing."

We are told by another person who was examined by the committee, that at all the corroborees the natives "make offerings to the dead, when after *three days* of continued dancing their bodies are cleared from all appearance of mourning, and there is rejoicing in its stead."

Substantially the same calendar is found among the Polynesians, who divide their year into two seasons. The one is "the Pleiades above," and the other, "the Pleiades below." But the Australian mode of watching the time when the Pleiades are to be seen all night long is a little more accurate than the division of the year by the Polynesians into the two seasons of the Pleiades, and is a perfect calendar for primitive races, which regulates time by the aid of moons, instead of months, the beginning of the year being at the full moon, which is nearest to the time when the Pleiades are overhead at midnight, *i.e.*, November Where we find clear traces of early Negrito or Nigrillo influences, there we meet with distinct vestiges of the year of the Pleiades, and of three "Days of the Dead." As there are comparatively few indications of a primitive dwarf population having existed north of the Rio Grande, we hear but little among northern tribes of the Pleiades and of Days of the Dead. One Indian tribe in British Columbia for three days commemorates the dead in November.

Among the Polynesians and the Papuans nearly all festivals are of three nights' duration, and funereal. Ellis tells us that the Society Islanders regard the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth nights of the moon as seasons "when spirits wander more than at any other time."

Nearly everywhere we find traces of these ideas, but especially as respects the seventeenth day of the moon. Bishop Chalmers says of the Dyaks of Borneo: "During the farming season, the day after the full moon, and the third day after it, are 'Pamali' and no farm work can be done."

In India these three unlucky days of the moon can be traced, and are called Dagda ("stained" or "burned" by death). Dubois speaks of a festival "called by the Hindoos 'Mahanavami,' which is devoted principally to the

*) Haliburton, "The Festival of the Dead," 1863, p. 10.

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honour of deceased ancestors. It is celebrated in the month of October during a period of three days; and is so religiously kept that it has become a proverbial saying that those who have not the means of celebrating it should sell one of their children to procure them." Sir Wm. Jones says that the Hindoos in every lunar month, on Mahacala, make "offerings to the manes of the Pitris, or certain progenitors of the human race, to whom the darker fortnight is peculiarly sacred" (Vol. iv., p. 129). He also says, referring to a Hindoo work, "Many subtle points are discussed by my author concerning the junction of two, or even three, lunar days in forming one fast or festival."

The three days of the dead, the "Dewali" (the spirits), are observed in Northern and Western India almost simultaneously with those fossil survivals in our calendar, October 31st, November 1st and 2nd—All Hallowe'en, All Saints and All Souls. The English peasant still goes "a-souling" on All Souls' Day, praying from house to house for "a soul cake for all Christian souls," while the Hindoo is offering his funeral cake to the *manes* of deceased ancestors. A Hindoo often adopts a boy as a son when he is childless, so that he may have some one surviving him who will annually offer him a funeral cake when he is no more.

Even when primitive races tried to advance a step beyond their rude star-lore into astronomy, and divided the year into 360 days, and the month into 30 days, inventing a week of five days, six of which made a month, and seventy-two a year, they still retained the three days corroboree at the end of the year, though in a fossil state. It was necessary to add five days in order to make up the 365 days, but these were not included in the days of the year, but constituted a month of five days which, however, was not counted. They were ill-omened, and the third day was specially connected with the dead, as well as the two days following it.

Don Juan Pio Perez, of Yucatan, speaking of the Yucatan calendar, says: "Five supplementary days were added at the end of each year, which made part of no month, and which, therefore, they called 'days without a name.' They called them also 'Yuab,' or 'Yuab Jaab.' The word Yuab may be derived from Yua, which means to be destroyed, wounded, corroded by the caustic juice of plants, or with ley, or other strong liquids [*i.e.*, 'stained with death'] On this account," he adds, "the Indians feared those days, believing them to be unfortunate, and to carry danger of sudden death, plague and other misfortunes. For this reason these five days were assigned for the festival of the god Main (the 'grandfather')."

The three days' feast of the dead is indicated by the first of the three last days being called Cemis (spirits of the dead).

The name, Typhon (the principle or evil), was by the Egyptians applied to this day in their calendar, and it was looked on as an evil day, "for which reason," says Plutarch, "the kings of Egypt would transact no public business on it, nor even attend to the care of their persons on that day."

Before the great festival about November in Samoa, a herald walked through the villages announcing, "Thou shalt not work; thou shalt rest, doing no work!' Everyone not taking part in the procession or sacred rites had to remain within doors, or death was the penalty.

Admiral Erskine refers to this Sabbath, which continues throughout the month of November in Fiji. "There is a month in the year, about November, in which the god comes from Bulu, the world of spirits, to make the bread fruit and other fruit trees blossom and yield fruit. He seems to be a god of peace, and cannot endure any noise or disturbance, and his feelings in this respect are most scrupulously regarded by the natives. They, therefore, live very quietly during this month, it being tapu to go to war, or to sail about, or plant, or build houses, or do most kinds of work, lest Ratumainbulu should be offended and depart again to

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Bulu, leaving his important work unfinished." ("Islands of the Western Pacific," p. 244.)

The Persians preserved traces of the monthly corroboree, for in each month there were three ill-omened days. The 17th day of the month of Murdad (November in their ancient calendar) on which the angel of agriculture and death (Murdad) came up to earth, was peculiarly unlucky, and no work could be done on it, and rulers could not refuse any favours asked of them then.

At that time, in Rome, Pluto, the god of agriculture and death, also came up to earth, and that period was "stained with the shadow of death," for no work could be done then, no war declared. The Romans regarded days of the dead as *nefasti*, and the Greeks looked on them as "stained," or "illomened."

That the God of Rain visited the earth in November we have living testimony probably ten times as old as the oldest Babylonian monuments discovered lately at Nippur. Those venerable survivals from a primordial Negrito race, the isolated pygmies of the Andaman Islands in the Bay of Bengal, have a deity like Pluto and the God from Puloto of Western Polynesia, who is called Puluga. Pul, Bul, Bel, Pulo, Pluh, are names signifying "rain," and remind us of the word "pool" in English. Up to the time of the building of the Temple the Hebrews called November the month of *Bul* (or "rain"). The Deluge is called *Mabul* ("the great rain"). Dr. Moffatt says that in Bechuanaland the dead send rain, and the only prayer over the dead is the mournful wail, *pulo! pulo!* (rain! rain!) If the rain does not come, the recently buried corpses are reinterred in a new place, in hopes that it may be acceptable. Pluh is the heaven of the Karens, and both Pluto and Puluga evidently mean "the God of Rain." The latter, who thunders, and sends rain, and judges the spirits of the dead, dwells in a great stone mansion in the sky. He eats and drinks a great deal, for in the rainy season he comes to earth to gather food, being especially fond of certain fruits, and roots and seeds. To touch any of these during the first half of the rainy season (November) would so enrage Puluga that he would again destroy the world by water.

This is no doubt the earliest history of the sanctity of "first fruits."

Those three ill-omened nights (not of the month, but of the moon), the 17th, 18th and 19th, survive in a fossil form in ancient calendars. The Attic Anthesteria, and the Roman Feralia (both funereal in character) were held on the 17th, 18th and 19th of February. On the 17th, 18th and 19th days of Athyr (November) the great feast of Isis took place, a festival of grief, which Plutarch says was held "when the Pleiades were most distinctly visible." He also says that all the great mournful celebrations of the ancients took place at that time (no doubt fossil survivals of the November corroboree of the Pleiades) and that the 17th, 18th and 19th days of every month were unlucky.

But the most striking fossil survival of this primeval feast is found in the Eleusinian mysteries. Ancient Greek authorities assert that, "It was the Pleiades who taught the sacred dances, and the nightly festival days" (Pannychida, *i.e.*, held all night long). At the Eleusinia, the most venerable of the Greek Mysteries, the three most sacred and mysterious days were the three Pannychida, which were observed all night long, and were connected with the dead.

That offerings to the dead were made on the five intercalary days, is shown by the monuments (see Bunsen's "Egypt," iii., 63, 70. Leipsius Ein. 91, 92). The Hindoos have a fable as to the gods playing at dice in November (Sir Wm. Jones' Works, iv., 113). The same myth is preserved by the Berbers of the Western Soudan. In my journal, January, 1882, I find the following entry as respects Hamed ben Mahommed, a native of Mashanas, in the Sahara, six days farther than Sus. "Hamed here insisted on telling me a story about some old women, seated

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on a carpet, playing at dice and winning five days from the moon."

The following passage from my "Festival of the Dead" will be of interest:

"It is not a little remarkable that to a curse similar to that which the Patriarch Job uttered against the day of his birth, the Egyptians attributed the very origin of these five unlucky days. Plutarch tells us (de Is. et Os. c. 12): 'The Sun, enraged at Chronos (Saturn, Time, or the Year), and Rhea (the starry heaven), for having begotten the five planets, for whom there was no space in the year or in the heavens, uttered a curse, that they should neither be born in a month nor in the year. Therefore, Hermes, as a return to Rhea for past favours, played at dice with the moon, and won back the 72nd part of each day of the year of 360 days, *i.e.*, 5 days, which, thenceforth, constituted those five epagomanæ, or 'days without name,' which neither formed a part of the months nor of the year.'

"To show how striking is the identity between the imprecation that forms the basis of this myth and that of Job against the day of his birth, let us imagine the Sun using the very words of the Patriarch to curse those ill-omened birth days of the planets: 'Let the days perish wherein they are born.' 'Let darkness and the shadow of death stain them.' 'Let them not be joined unto the days of the year. Let them not come into the number of the months.'"

THE HALLOWEVE OF THE PREHISTORIC SABBATH.

"The evening and the morning were the first day," for the primitive day began not at sunrise or sunset, but with the first signs of star light. Wherever we meet with a festival preceded by a vigil or commencing at nightfall, we can safely assume that it dates back to prehistoric times. So widely spread are the vestiges of this primitive cycle of night and day that a learned Oxford writer, Greswell (Fasti Catholicé I., 219), says:

"The matter of fact, then, which enquiry into the rule of reckoning the cycle of day and night in all quarters of the globe and at all periods of human history brings to light, being everywhere the same, the conclusion deducible from it rests on the broad basis of an almost universal induction—viz., that there must have been from the first a simple and universal rule of this kind, everywhere observed, a rule coeval with the origin of time itself, and as widely extended as the compass of the habitable globe, a rule from which every other is to be derived, . . . none having existed from the first, and none having been universal but this."

Throughout the Pacific Islands festivals begin at twilight and generally last three days; and we find traces of this system in Africa, Asia, and Europe. No night was so sacred in Egypt as that which preceded the great feast of Isis in November. Apuleius makes Isis say, "the day that begins with (is born of) *that night*, eternal religion has consecrated to me." (Metam. II., 257; also v. *Athyr* in Volmer's Wörterbuch der Mythologie.)

Though the Persians at a remote date changed the beginning of the year from November to February, the ancient new year's day still survived. It is called by some writers "the Nouruz of the Magi," because the Magi still adhered to it. It began in the evening with a halloweve which, we are told, was peculiarly sacred (Hyde, *De Religione Veterum Persarun*, pp. 237, 238, 249), and was called by the name *phristaph*.

Everywhere at this autumnal festival bonfires were lighted, as they still are in Britain. Its connection with spirits of the dead is shown by the rustic divinations and superstitions of the Scotch, while in parts of Ireland houses are clean swept, and a table with food on it is left for the spirits of the dead, who are allowed to visit their old homes on that night. The family, having opened the doors or windows, retire to rest early, and leave the house in the possession of its former owners.

The names of the next two days, All Saints' and All Souls', tell their own tale. The Italians call them "the days of the dead."

THE MOSAIC SABBATH.

When prehistoric man attempted to divide the years into days, weeks, and months, and took a first and a long step in advance by exchanging his simple star lore for the first beginnings of astronomy, he entered upon a stage of development that is beyond the scope of my paper. A few words,

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therefore, on the origin of the week must suffice.

We find that the earliest and most widely spread form of the week was that of five days,* which is still in existence in parts of Asia and Indonesia, and was found in Mexico and Central America by the Spaniards. The week of seven days, which was much later, no doubt, dates back before the days of Moses, who, in dealing with the calendar, pursued the same prudent course which was in later ages resorted to by the early Christians, who adopted the feasts of the heathen gods, substituting Christian saints for those divinities. They could not prevent these feasts being observed, so they gave them a new *raison d'être*, and divested them of their heathen character. But with the vigils or nightly feasts they would have nothing to do. These were so thoroughly saturated with superstitions connected with the spirits of the dead and ancestor worship that they were not allowed a place in the calendars of Christendom. Hence, we do not see in them All Halloweve, the Eve of Saint John, or the Eve of May Day; but they are still preserved by the people, survivals of the nightly corroborees of a prehistoric past.

Moses was met as a reformer by the same problem. On all hands, even among the highly civilized Egyptians, he found the worship of the spirits of the dead, with its attendant necromancy, magic, divination, all forms of superstitions. He, therefore, gave up the old nightly festivals, and made one day in seven a "Day of Rest," connecting it with the seven days of creation; though another explanation calls it a memorial of the passage of the children of Israel through the Red Sea.

The Hebrew Scriptures are a marvel in one, and a very important respect. While dead, and even living men were worshipped in early times, there is no vestige in the Scriptures of hero worship, or of any toleration of the idea of human perfectibility. The greatest characters depicted are true to nature, and have their shady side; from first to last there is not the slightest suggestion of adoring or consulting the dead, except in the scene at Endor, the results of which were not encouraging to any one inclined to try such an experiment.

The wisdom of Moses is in no respect more clearly indicated than by his arranging before his death that his place of burial should remain a secret. Had a different course been pursued, there would have been pilgrimages to his tomb, and he would have been worshipped as a saint, and ultimately, no doubt, as a God.

To judge of the superstitious material that he had to deal with we may perhaps find a sample among existing Barbary Jews, a race that claims that they date back long before the days of Moses. They reverence the Cabalistic *Zohar* more than the Pentateuch, and say that they know of the first Temple of Solomon which is in North Africa, but that they never heard of the second Temple. Though the Alexandrian Jews hated the Libyan Jews, Josephus admits that there was a Temple of Solomon in Libya, and that it was built before the destruction of the first Temple; but he accounts for it by a foolish story about a nephew of the High Priest, called Onias, who went to Libya and built it. As it now appears that the Palestine Exploration Fund have found no traces of the first Temple in Jerusalem, it is interesting to know that Procopius saw the Libyan Temple during the time of the Vandal invasion, and says that the Libyan Jews claimed that it was the original Temple of Solomon.

The Barbary Jews are very superstitious, and look down on other Jews as heretics. In many respects they seem to have traces of an early Cabeiric cult. With them, too, the Sabbath is a "Day of the Dead." I have spent much time in that country, and have devoted much attention to these people, and their peculiar festivals. I was surprised at finding that when an old woman, whose family had neglected

* In some few instances the month was divided into ten weeks of three days each, and sometimes, though rarely, into three divisions of ten days each.

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her, died, they almost seemed to worship her, and I felt sure that their intense mourning was rather the effect of fear than of affection. For eight days after her death no one in her family could cook or work. It is a custom in that country, in case of a death having occurred during a year past, to prepare on Friday for a visit on the Sabbath from the spirit of the deceased, which gets out of Gehenna on a ticket-of-leave which expires at the end of the Sabbath.

After sunset the sitting-room is clean swept and prepared, and in a corner they place a lamp with some flowers and other articles. It is believed that the spirit will go there and remain till the close of the Sabbath, provided that it is not driven away by noise or work, for the Sabbath must be a day of rest, and there must be no noise, or work carried on, and, above all things, there must be no fire kindled or extinguished, otherwise the poor ghost must hurry back to Gehenna. Hence I could not get my servant, a Barbary Jewess, to light my lamp, or to kindle my fire until on the Sabbath night the necessary four stars put in an appearance. On one occasion she became annoyed at something, and, forgetting that it was the eve of the Sabbath, brought in the lamp. I was sorry that I told her of her mistake, for she was very much distressed, and for days did not seem to be able to forget her sin against her poor mother.

If a Jew's house catches fire on the Sabbath, he will not put it out, but he straightway rushes into the street, shouting "My house is on fire!" and the Moors take up the cry, "A Jew's house on fire; come and put it out!" Not that the Moors care for the house being burned, but a fire is apt to spread, so the Moors are accustomed, as a matter of course, to come to the rescue.

For a year the spirit of the dead spends its Sabbaths in its former home. At the end of that time its lamp is placed in the Synagogue, and is regularly supplied with oil. Where the family of the deceased is very poor, the Synagogue supplies the oil.

These ideas are not confined to Barbary Jews. An interesting article on the superstitions of some Jews of Eastern Europe appeared some years ago in the *Spectator* (London), which gave a story that passed muster among them. A Rabbi, an eloquent man, was preaching in the Synagogue, when he found the air become very close, although the congregation was not very large. Suddenly the gift of sight came to him, and he beheld scores of the spirits of the dead, many of them well known to him, who crowded the Synagogue to such an extent that it was almost impossible to breathe. They had been allowed to come to earth on the Sabbath Day!

The subjects of Moses, the Hebrew Sabbath, and the religious obligation on Christians to observe Sunday are outside the scope of a paper on pre-historic man; but in view of the use of electric cars on Sunday having been a "burning question" at the polls in some of the principal towns in Canada, I may venture to state that, in my opinion, so important is it to have one day of rest in seven, that the State may be justified in making the observance of such a day a matter of legislation, and even, if necessary, of trenching a little on the liberty of the subject. It would, however, be wise to punish a breach of a law regulating the observance of Sunday as an offence not against God, but against the State—a violation not of the Divine, but of the civil law.

R. G. Haliburton.

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THE MAKING OF A DOLLAR BILL.

ALTHOUGH those persons who feel that they have enough money for all their requirements are probably the rarest specimens of the human family, the receiving and spending of money is an experience common to more people than any other we enjoy as members of civilized communities. In Canada we have never troubled ourselves to make gold coins. Our silver and copper pieces are quite sufficient for the small transactions of daily life, and, in place of the gold of former times and other countries, we use the more convenient system of a paper currency. To the banks is remitted the privilege of issuing the $5, $10 and $20 bills which commonly liquidate debts between traders, while the Dominion Government monopolizes the issue of the $1, $2 and $4 bills, the humbler but more constant acquaintances of the common people, and the principal means of maintaining a good understanding between traders and their customers. There is a series of bills of high denomination—$50, $100, $500 and $1,000—which also are issued by the Dominion Government. These evidences of wealth are not without interest, but as they rarely come within the ken of the ordinary man or woman, but are used mainly in banking transactions, it is not necessary to say more about them.

Though the handling of the bills of the smaller denominations is a daily experience with everybody, few know how these pieces of paper money originate, or how they get into the hands of the people, or what becomes of them after their work is done. Let not the gentle reader turn from this brief article in dread of brain-wrenching complications concerning standards, media, and parities of values. The Dollar Bill is a Thing, and an interesting one, and to that we will confine ourselves.

To those who have visited Ottawa, the Eastern Block is a familiar memory. On the ground floor of this massive and beautiful building are the offices of the Finance Department. At the end of one of the lobbies, away from the track of the casual visitor, is a small suite of offices, the headquarters of the Currency Branch, the native home and final resort of the familiar $1, $2 and $4 bills. The head of the branch is Lt.-Col. Fred. Toller, whose official title is Controller of Dominion Currency. The total circulation of Dominion notes has been as high as $22,893,259, but it usually runs from eighteen to twenty millions of dollars, increasing in the fall when the moving of the crops causes the heaviest business. Besides the care of this great circulation Lt.-Col. Toller is charged with the custody of millions of dollars of securities deposited with the Government by the insurance companies. Not only must these be kept so as to be accounted for at any moment, but, as they bear interest, the coupons must be clipped as they mature and sent to their owners. Dealing with slips of paper which are practically money, this is a business demanding absolute accuracy. It will be seen that there is hard work for the small staff engaged.

But over and beyond this, there rests

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upon the head of the Branch a weight of responsibility which only the least nervous of mortals could endure. Lt.-Col. Toller has in marked degree that first necessary qualification for a specially trying position—he loves and takes pride in his work. An Englishman by birth, he had some experience in banking in his native country, which he extended by some years of work in banks in Canada. He has been twenty-five years in the service of the Dominion Government, and has been head of the Currency Branch ever since it was established fifteen years ago. The currency system of Canada is probably as perfect as that of any other country in the world. But such systems are not wholly automatic, and the better the laws the more honourable, intelligent and painstaking must be the officers who enforce them. Though the slightest hitch in the currency system would cause an instant and angry outcry on the part of the people, the fact is that, like the healthy man who is said not to know he has a stomach, the people of Canada hardly know they have a currency system. Year after year the appropriations for carrying out the work and paying the salaries of the Branch are passed in Parliament, and even the most inquisitive or querulous of the people's representatives rarely even ask for a formal explanation. This silence is the most eloquent praise that one in Lt.-Col. Toller's position could receive. The immunity from error and confusion is due, in the first place, to a thorough knowledge on the part of the head of the Branch of the duties of his position, and, in the second place, to the rigid adherence to rules that experience has proven to be wise. The Currency Branch works hard, but it distinctly declines to get "rattled."

There are agencies in Charlottetown, Halifax, St. John, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Victoria—one in each Province. These are presided over by officers known as Assistant Receivers General, all of whom, except the one at Montreal, have duties also in connection with Government Savings Banks. These agencies deal with the ordinary banks in furnishing Dominion bills and receiving the worn-out bills which are unfit for further circulation. The Currency Branch at Ottawa performs similar functions in connection with the banks in that city. Thus there is one general source of supply, and there are eight reservoirs, so to say, which supply the banks which, in turn, supply the public. As more bills are required for the business of the country they are easily and quickly supplied, and as the changes of season or other circumstances lessen the demands, the currency system "hauls in the slack," as the steamboat men say, and thus not a dollar is forced out or kept back undesirably.

The printing of the bills is done under contract. This interesting process should be the subject of a separate article. To deal with it now would occupy too much space and would interrupt the consideration of the duties of the Currency Branch. Let us suppose that the printing is done and that the messenger has brought the bills to the Branch. They are in bundles of sheets, a thousand sheets to a bundle, and four bills in a sheet. First the sheets are counted and carefully examined. The officer receiving them must note carefully three things. First, he must see that the bills are accurately numbered. Any undetected mistake in this respect would lead to confusion, and dealing with merchandise which is soon to be turned into money at its face value, anything like the shadow of the possibility of a mistake must be avoided. Next, he must see that the sheets are all the same size; otherwise when the bundles go to the cutting machine some of the bills would be spoiled. In the third place, he must see that the printing is right, for upon uniformity and perfection in printing depends to a great extent the protection of the public against counterfeiters, and besides, the Dominion pays for first-class work and insists upon getting it. Very seldom, indeed, is anything found to be wrong, and the bundles of sheets are signed for by the officer receiving them.

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The bills, as they come from the printer, bear one signature in facsimile, that of Mr. J. M. Courtney, Deputy Minister of Finance. Another signature must be written in at the lower left-hand corner under the word "Countersigned." This work of signing the bills is relegated to a staff of nine ladies, who occupy a room by themselves. These clerks all sit at one large desk the surface of which is divided into compartments by glass partitions. Thus, while each clerk is in full view of the others, there is no danger of the precious documents they handle getting intermingled. The signer receives the bills in bundles of a thousand sheets, no second bundle being given until the previous one has been returned with signatures complete. Each delivery either way is signed for in a book kept for the purpose, the receipt for the signed bills being given by two officers. It is impossible for the most expert of the ladies to sign four thousand sheets in one regular working day, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., with an intermission for lunch, but by working overtime it has been done. The average time required for signing four thousand bills is from two and a half to three days. This is really rapid work. Let anybody who doubts it sit down and sign his name clearly and neatly four thousand times on a thousand separate sheets of paper. The ladies who sign the bills are not permanent but temporary clerks, and are paid only for the days of actual work. There are no employes of the Dominion Government who earn their money harder. The bundles that are not signed or not delivered back to the teller are put in a tin box which is made to just hold one bundle, each signer having a separate box the key of which she keeps. These boxes are placed in the vault with the other valuables.

With so many millions of dollars' worth of paper to be cared for, it can readily be understood that a secure receptacle is one of the features of the Currency Branch. There is not in Canada a more perfect safe than that whose ponderous doors open from Lt.-Col. Toller's private office. The body is of seven thicknesses of chrome steel and iron, there are double doors, to open which the working of two combinations is necessary and each combination is in possession of a separate officer, and the time lock affords a further protection. Massive as a railway bridge, yet fine as a watch, such a safe is a thoroughly characteristic specimen of modern art.

The signed bills are sent to the Assistant Receivers General or handed to the representatives of the local banks as required. They are given out in sheets, again restored to the familiar thousand sheet package. Those sent out are sent by express in boxes specially designed for the purpose. Each delivery to the Express Company is attested by the signatures of two officers, who stand ready to declare that on the date and at the hour given the bills whose number appear in the book were duly delivered.

While the stream of new bills sets outward there is an almost equally large stream of worn, greasy defaced bills inward. These latter are destroyed. This seems a simple thing to say, and yet the destruction of a battered old hulk of a bill is attended with just as much form and just as much circumspection as the issue of a new one. If any one requires it he can get clean or new bills to any amount he cares to pay for from the Assistant Receivers General. It is the duty of bank tellers to retain and return Dominion bills that are unfit for further circulation, but the public are really their own protectors against disreputable looking paper currency. The Assistant Receivers General issue new notes in place of old ones, and it is through these officers that nearly all the worn bills are returned from the banks and from the public. Worn bills are cancelled in the offices of the Asssistant Receivers General before they are sent to the Currency Branch, the cancellation being effected by cutting out two pieces from the lower side, like a hungry boy's two bites from a piece of bread and butter. These worn-

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out bills are placed in a special vault, practically as strong as the principal safe, there to await the day of their destruction.

When the work of signing bills has been carried somewhat in advance of the requirements of the country, the ladies in the big room are required to count the old bills and arrange them according to the office through which they were issued—Halifax, Montreal, Toronto, etc. On a day and at an hour appointed an officer of the Auditor General's Department attends and receives the old bills, and he and an officer of the Currency Branch together take the bills to a room in the basement in which is a furnace, a sort of annex to the general heating furnace of the building, and throw them into the fire. The furnace is then locked and the key borne away to the Auditor General's office. Bound in bundles as they are and covered with the dirt of their travels, the bills do not burn rapidly, and that is why the officers do not wait for their complete destruction. A whole day hardly suffices sometimes to reduce the last package to ashes.

There is a tradition current in Ottawa that on one occasion a number of bills were drawn up the chimney by the fierce draft of the furnace and scattered over the grounds. To hear the story one would suppose that the lawn was covered with these ragged refugees, and that the populace of the Capital had a finer opportunity for acquiring wealth than the traditional occupants of Tom Tiddler's ground. The fact is, however, that only two or three bills escaped through a crack in the furnace plate caused by the heat. The mistake is not likely to occur again. Still, the method of destruction is not quite satisfactory, and Lt.-Col. Toller looks forward to the time when the system in use in Washington will be adopted—that of boiling the bills to a pulp in the presence of responsible officers.

Alexander Colin Campbell.

CANADIAN HYMN.

PROSPER the peace of Canada,
Our nation of the North;
Sired by the brave of olden race,
Heir to their honoured worth.

Cabot leaped on the first-found strand,
Planted the blood-red cross;
It waveth till the breakers white
Upon Pacific toss.

Came Cartier and Champlain,
The pioneers advance:
They sowed the mighty River's brink
With lilies gold of France.

When God doth give His victories,
'Tis never nation's loss;
The lilies wave in Freedom's breeze
Beside the sheltering Cross.

All nations' Father, us protect
To every century:
Grant always by Thy strength to stand
And in Thy truth be free.

O. A. Howland.

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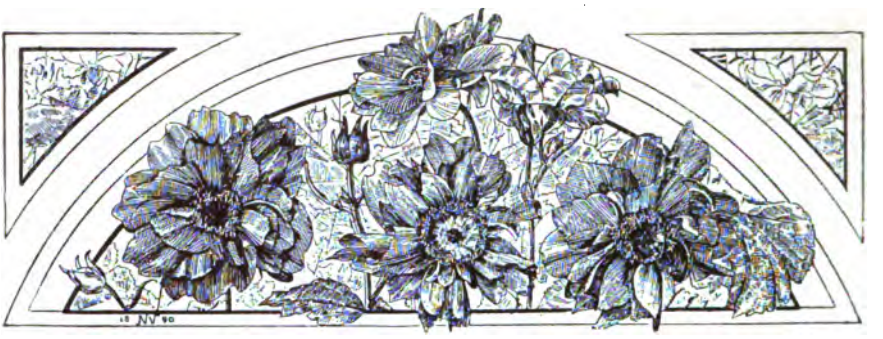

THE PILLARS OF THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

IV.—THE WIDOWED STRANGER.

IT was a warm July morning when the strange widow came to meeting and was shown into Dr. Jordan's pew, for Bro. Silas Smith knew the Doctor would n't come that morning. Poor old Hetty Brown was dying, and the Doctor was staying with her boy Zeke till it was over. Zeke is half-witted, and he could n't sense it, and did n't know what to do.

As soon as the widow came up the aisle all the congregation fastened their eyes on her, and she couldn't complain of that, for she was dressed in what we considered a "loud" way. I always maintain that when widows and others get themselves up into mourning that is obtrusive, they must expect to be stared at. If their reason for wearing mourning is to shrink away from people's gaze, they've gone the wrong way about it.

This widow, whose name was Mrs. Miller, which we all found out as quickly as we could, was dressed in the height of style, and her things were all new. Her veil was not so heavy as we were accustomed to see, and she wore those white fixings wherever they could be put. That was the reason we all stared so hard; but a reason's no excuse. She was boarding at the hotel then, and next week she brought her little girl out and rented the Bates cottage, and the Bateses went to live in the barn.

She sent her card to the minister, and when he called she explained that she wanted to get right into church work—she hadn't anything in the world left to live for, and would he give her something to do—teaching in Sunday School, or visiting the sick, or collecting for the missionaries, or anything. She had n't any money, but such as she had she would freely give, and the minister was delighted. He put her on the visiting list and gave her a missionary book, and introduced her to the Ladies' Aid, and she was right in the swim of church goings-on in no time.

And she was a clever woman—could get up and make a speech better than many a man, and write fine letters, and bills and posters for tea-meetings, and advertisements in the paper, and do secretary work lovely, and keep treasurer's books so they'd balance, and pray—oh, how she came by it I don't know, but she could pray most beautifully, with never a sob or a gasp, which spoils some women's praying, to my mind. Naturally such a woman was a treasure, and we all tried to overlook her giddy way of wearing widow's clothes, and just to profit by what she had in her that was good. Not but what there were some that were bitter against her. Mrs. Alice Graham, who had worn deep mourning for her husband for twenty years—all clear, heavy black, with just the white frill in her bonnet—she did have a lot to say about the white ties and cuffs and collars our

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new widow wore. And Mrs. Larkins, the President of the Ladies' Aid, tried to smooth her down by saying Mrs. Miller was younger, but that didn't help it a bit, and we all considered it a lack of tact on Mrs. Larkins' part.

Mrs. Miller had plenty of new ideas about how to raise money, and we needed them, for there was a heavy debt on the church even after fifteen years of begging and tea-meetings. It was natural enough that most of the heavy givers were drawing off, and we had to think of new ways of coaxing out the dollars, and doing it so carefully they would n't know it, or at least think they were getting something for it, which generally is n't so, as far as church goings-on are concerned. But then nobody is really deceived, so there is no real harm I hope.

Mrs. Miller told us how to get up pink teas, and lemon socials and green luncheons, and we had a married men's supper, and she started five o'clock Aid teas for the members. They came early to each other's houses, and brought the cake and sandwiches, and the hostess made the tea and chocolate. Each of the members paid ten cents, and then the husbands came at six and paid a quarter, and they said it was n't worth it, but we made lots of money Once Mrs. Miller suggested a widows' tea, but there were only four widows in the congregation, and they would n't work with her. Somebody did say she set it down to their jealousy, because they thought she'd look nicer than them ; but that could not have been the reason, for they all said she looked "such a fright."

We were quite gay that summer with all our teas and socials, and our apron bazaar in September was a grand success. Mrs. Miller was treasurer, and the way she counted and counted the money, and told us how it was growing in the bank book, was just wonderful. She was enthusiastic and no mistake. People came to look to her for everything, and the minister praised her before her face and behind her back, and said, "See what one energetic woman can do." It seemed as if he was reproving us, and we felt as if perhaps we had n't been pushing enough, so we worked doubly hard, and everything went on splendidly.

Along in September the barn got too cold for the Bateses, and they said they'd have to have their house. Mrs. Miller did n't seem to know what to do. She said she could n't bear to leave the church just now, for she had set her heart on getting up an autograph quilt for it. A friend of hers in Winnipeg had sent her word that one their church had made brought them over five hundred dollars, and she thought it would be so nice if we could start one.

We all said could n't she board, and she got red in the face and said she could n't afford to, unless she could rent her city house, and her daughter would have to go to school next week, and schooling cost so much. Then Mrs. Moore spoke up—she's a good-natured woman, with a large family and none too much money to come and go on ; but she was born with generosity, and she's let it get strong with being used.

"You come right home with me," she said. "I've got a big spare room and you're welcome to it ; and you can pay me for what you eat, if you feel like it ; and it won't cost much."

So the matter was settled. The little girl went to school and Mrs. Miller went to board with Mrs. Moore.

Then the autograph quilt was begun. We made it good and big, twenty blocks by twenty, and twelve names to a block. We worked them small, but, as Mrs. Miller said, if folks wanted their names to set out they ought to pay more than ten cents ; and of course some did. Each of us furnished our own silk—at least Mrs. Miller bought it from a wholesale friend of hers, and we paid three cents a block for the cashmere, and it would all help along. Mrs. Miller wrote the names on tissue paper and basted them on, and the way she worked was a caution—nothing was too much trouble for her to do.

We got names from all parts of the country, and how we did work and pester our friends, and beg of acquaint-

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ances and strangers alike. If it was n't for a good cause it would have been shameful, and sometimes when I think of it, all to myself, I am not so sure that it was n't shameful anyway. But I may be wrong.

After a while it was finished, all pieced and lined and bound and tufted down, and it was a beauty, all yellow and white. Mrs. Miller suggested that we should have a yellow social the night it was sold and have everything yellow—custard pies and pumpkin ones, and peach tarts and orange cakes and yellow icings, and yellow flowers and yellow on the lamps, and we agreed, and we all worked at yellow things till we almost had the jaundice. Then the day before the social Mrs. Miller told us that old Timothy Barton was going to buy the quilt for two hundred dollars, and she thought it would be a fine idea to get him to pay the money and then draw what we had in the bank, and get it all in gold, and put it up in yellow sateen sacks tied up with yellow ribbons, and let the president of the Ladies' Aid give it over to the chairman of the trust board with an address. The names on the quilt had made near five hundred dollars, and two made seven, and we had nearly four hundred in the bank, so we could put a hundred dollars in each sack and have ten of them. It was a fancy sort of a plan, and it took the young people mightily. Polly Marsden said she could see those little fat yellow bags every time she shut her eyes. Some of the older women thought a cheque would be better, but gold was yellow, and it was a yellow social, and Mrs. Miller had her way. Granny Kyle said it wasn't safe to have so much money about, and Mrs. Miller just smiled and said, "Poor old thing! I suppose she is not accustomed to handling money, and it seems a large amount to her."

We joined with Mrs. Miller, but it seemed a large amount to us, too—a whole thousand dollars. Why, it would be a sight to see, and ought to draw a crowd, even if the quilt and the social did n't.

Timothy Barton paid down his money. No one but Mrs. Miller could have persuaded him to buy the quilt, let alone pay for it, before he got his hands on it, but he had taken to acting real foolish about her, gone eighty as he is.

That night was a splendid night for socials, fine and clear and moonlight, and the school-room looked very pretty all fixed up with yellow. We had tied oranges on Mrs. Hastie's rubber plant and Mrs. Currie's oleander, and they set off the platform well. About six, Mrs. Miller came with all the sacks. They were in a box, and we all peeped at them and admired them. They were the crowning glory of the evening. Mrs. Miller was worried about them. "It's such a responsibility," she said, "and I feel as if I must n't let it out of my sight till it's given over to the trustees," which was quite natural.

Timothy Barton had come very early and sat in a front seat admiring his quilt, which was hung up at the back of the platform. The crowds were wonderful. The quarters just clanked down on the plate at the door, and it kept Mrs. Miller busy running around getting bills, because the silver was so heavy and so bulky.

After all the refreshments had been served, we women, who were all hot and tired with our much serving, came into the front row to see the quilt given to its owner and the little chunky bags delivered up. Mrs. Miller said she'd just run into the church for a fan, but we all got so interested in Timothy we never thought of fans.

We all thought that for an old man he acted real boyish. He must have his new quilt right down on the seat beside him, and he patted it and held it up to his face till the boys were in roars of laughter. But then, I suppose he ought to get the worth of his money out of it somehow, and he really could not get it out of the quilt itself.

Then it was time for the bags, and Mrs. Larkin read an address and the chairman replied, and we all leaned back and sighed, and the trustees beamed on us, and we were very proud.

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After it was all over Timothy Barton wanted to see the money, and Martin Thompson, the treasurer, undid one of the yellow ribbons, and then he gasped. Every one crowded around, and he lifted up the pretty sack and tumbled out a little pile of yellow and brown and white stones and never a cent of money.

"A little joke, I presume," said the minister, with a smile that had more teeth than cheerfulness in it; but no one answered. Most of us were white and had chills, and brother Thompson went on solemnly emptying those stones out on the table. The commotion was something fearful. Three or four started off to look for Mrs. Miller. Timothy was crying because his two hundred dollars was gone, and he was mussing up the quilt with his hands and declaring we would have to take it back. The minister's wife whispered that the missionary money was not handed in as it should have been at the first of the year. Mrs. Moore said Mrs. Miller had promised to pay her board the next day, and she was looking to it to help with her grocer's bill. She had never paid a cent.

"I thought something was wrong," drawled the banker's son, "when she wanted every cent out, and said she'd rather have it in bills than gold anyway, after we'd got up some gold especially for you."

"She's a fine pillar," snapped out Mrs. Graham, and the talk got sharp, so the minister raised his hand and said: "Let us pray for the poor broken pillar," and when he had finished you could have heard a pin drop, and I believe we all felt sorrier about her than about the money.

Of course they hunted for her; but she got off and we never heard a word of her from that day to this. So we had almost a year's hard work for nothing, and it wasn't long before we got a bill for the white cashmere and the yellow silk in that tiresome quilt. Mrs. Miller had never paid a cent on it and—well, we all had.

Ella S. Atkinson (Madge Merton).

BLACK ROCK LEDGES.

THE summer moon on Black Rock Ledges
Weaves them a silver spell;
You'd laugh to see the ripples dancing,
And laugh that all was well.

The summer sun on Black Rock Ledges
Sleeps through the summer day;
You'd think the waves knew naught of sadness,
So light their fall and play.

But shoreward over Black Rock Ledges
The hills loom scarred and white;
Be sure they know of storm and thunder,
Of surge, and fog, and night.

And I know you, ye bitter Ledges,
Girt by the bitter sea;
And give ye now, ye bitter Ledges,
My sailor back to me.

A. B. de Mille.

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PREMIERS OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND SINCE CONFEDERATION.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE CHARLOTTETOWN "EXAMINER."

WHEN the Legislatures of the other Provinces decided to enter the Union, the Legislature of Prince Edward Island passed a "No Terms Resolution." The island was then owned for the most part by absentee proprietors. Its people, who held their lands upon leasehold tenure, had long agitated and legislated, in vain, against the proprietary system. The proprietors had the ear of the authorities in Downing Street, and Acts of the Island Legislature, passed for the purpose of forcing them to come to terms with their tenants, were repeatedly disallowed by the Crown. In this situation, the first inducement to a favourable consideration of terms of union on the part of the people of Prince Edward Island was that of getting rid of absentee landlordism; and this inducement was first held out to them by the Honourable James Colledge Pope. Mr. Pope had been for many years a popular leader in the little island colony, and there was no man who, at this juncture, enjoyed the people's confidence in a larger measure. While in London, in the autumn of 1866, he had an interview with Sir John Macdonald and other members of the Canadian Cabinet. It was suggested at this meeting that the sum of $800,000 should be set apart by Canada, in addition to the amounts stipulated in the terms previously offered, for the purpose of purchasing the proprietary estates upon a plan similar to that by which the seigniories of Quebec had been abolished. As soon as he returned to the Province, Mr. Pope gave publicity to this offer. Then he took up the question of railway construction. After some time and much agitation he succeeded in persuading a majority of the people that they needed a railway, and obtaining authority from the Legislature to construct it. Tenders were called for, the railway contract let, and bonds issued for the purpose of raising the money required as the work proceeded. In the course of a year or two, a turn of the political wheel of fortune gave Mr. Pope's anti-Confederate and anti-railway opponents control of the Government. These gentlemen, instead of tearing up the rails already laid down and abandoning the work, as the people were led to expect, immediately began to build branch railways, and to add largely to the expenditures in which the colony was involved. The consequence was that the railway bonds did not appreciate in the money market, and the public credit drooped. In this dilemma the anti-Confederate Government was constrained to re-open negotiations with the Government of Canada. A ministerial delegation, consisting of Messrs. Haythorne and Laird, set out for Ottawa, and, after some time, the contracting parties came to terms. Mr. Pope took ground against the terms thus arrived at. He contended that they were not sufficiently favourable, and he succeeded at the ensuing election in again gaining power. Then he and two of his colleagues, the Hon. George W. Howland and the Hon. T. Heath Haviland, conferred with the Government at Ottawa and obtained some additional concessions. The "Better Terms," as they were called, were immediately submitted to the Legislature and unanimously adopted. Prince Edward Island entered the Confederation on the 1st of July, 1873; and Mr. Pope's was the master-mind which, by suggesting a plan to abolish the proprietary system, by building the railway, and obtaining the "Better Terms," brought about this consummation.

After Confederation, Mr. Pope was

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Premier only about three months. In the partial election of members of the House of Commons, which followed the union, he was chosen to represent Prince County, and he was present at the memorable session of 1873, in which Sir John Macdonald's Government fell under the Canadian Pacific Scandal. Having stood by his leader in that supreme trial of his fidelity, he was not successful at the following general election, in which Mr. McKenzie swept the country, and he was out of Parliament until 1876.

In the meantime he took an active part in local politics. Contrary to the wishes of his old colleagues in the Provincial Government, he came to the relief of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Charlottetown, who had established several large and excellent denominational schools in the principal towns of the Province, and went to the country with a cry of "Payment for Results" in secular education. The contest proved to be practically a trial of strength between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics, and as the latter had a large majority in the Province Mr. Pope met a heavy defeat—from which he at once emerged to take a seat in the House of Commons. A vacancy in the representation of Queen's County was caused by the appointment of the Hon. David Laird to the office of Lieutenant-Governor of the North-west Territories, and Mr. Pope seized the opportunity thus offered. After a spirited contest with his own brother-in-law, Mr. Wm. Welsh, he was elected a member of the Opposition under the leadership of Sir John Macdonald. In the general election of 1878 Mr. Pope was again successful, and upon the formation of the Macdonald Administration he became a member of the Cabinet, and Minister of Marine and Fisheries. His career in the Parliament and Government of Canada was, upon the whole, disappointing to his friends. His devotion to politics had necessitated neglect of his extensive business interests, and heavy losses supervened. Mr. Pope had been one of the leading ship-builders and ship-owners of the Province, as well as a farmer upon a large scale. As a man of business he was open-handed and exceedingly enterprising. He gave a distinct impetus to the growth of the town of Summerside, and he had large interests in Cascumpec, Charlottetown and other parts of the Province, as well as at sea. His public and private cares weighed heavily upon his mind; and even before he entered the Parliament of Canada he had begun to break down under the distressing and prolonged nervous disorder to which he at length, in the spring of 1885, fell a victim at the age of fifty-nine years.

Mr. Pope was of English descent—the second son of the late Hon. Joseph Pope, who was for many years a prominent politician and merchant in the island, and a younger brother of the Hon. W. H. Pope, one of the Fathers of Confederation present at the Quebec Conference, and the Charlottetown Conference out of which the Quebec Conference grew. He inherited much of that magnetic quality which is characteristic of born leaders of men. Though not a fluent speaker, his suc-

HON. JAMES C. POPE.

First Premier of Prince Edward Island Under Confederation.

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HON. L. C. OWEN.

Premier of Prince Edward Island, 1873-6.

cess in elections was phenomenal at a time when "human devices" were not reduced to a fine art. At his prime, he was certainly one of the foremost of the many able politicians of his generation in the Maritime Provinces, and though many of his private enterprises failed in the end, his public measures generally inured to the public good. He was succeeded in the Premiership of the Province by

THE HONOURABLE L. C. OWEN.

Mr. Owen was the eldest son of Thomas Owen, Esquire, who was for many years previous to Confederation Postmaster-General of the island. He was himself, after his father's death, Postmaster-General for about seven years; and he has since been a director of the Merchants Bank of Prince Edward Island, a director of the Marine Insurance Company and of the P. E. Island Steam Navigation Company. His talents are, indeed, rather those of a man of business than a politician. But he is universally respected on account of his integrity in the conduct of affairs, public as well as private. He had been chairman of the Board of Works in the Pope Administration, and it became his duty as Premier to complete and hand over the Prince Edward Island Railway and other public works and buildings which, by the terms of Confederation, became the property of Canada. It has been generally supposed that the Prince Edward Island Railway was built, as the Intercolonial Railway, at the cost of the Dominion Government. This is a mistake. Canada, it is true, redeemed the bonds, but the whole amount of the money supplied for that purpose was charged against the Province and was deducted from the amount of the allowance to which the Province was entitled under the terms of the union. Mr. Owen's ability as Premier was displayed in the promptitude with which he placed the Government of Canada in possession of the new railway, and in the smoothness and punctuality with which the public business was conducted. His administration is also to be credited with the passage of the important act under which the proprietary estates were obtained by the Government, and the tenants enabled to become freeholders. It was, for this and other reasons, respected and popular, and might have lasted for many years had not the School Question been obtruded into politics to the confusion of his party. Some of his followers supported the scheme of settlement propounded by the Hon. J. C. Pope, viz.: Payment for Results, and the rest coalesced with Mr. L. H. Davies, for the purpose of maintaining non-sectarian schools. Mr. Owen's following was absorbed by other leaders, and lost in the general election of 1876. Since then, Mr. Owen, preferring the quieter paths and dignified retirement of private life, has not given much attention to politics.

HON. L. H. DAVIES.

The ministry, of which the Honourable Louis Henry Davies became Premier in 1876, was made up of four Liberals and five Conservatives. It could not, in the nature of men and things, have been a long-lived administration. Mr. Davies was himself young, radical and aggressive. His Commissioner of

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Public Works, the Hon. W. D. Stewart, was a man of large ideas and small experience in respect to public matters, while his Provincial Secretary-Treasurer, the Hon. George W. DeBlois, was a hot-headed Conservative of the old school. So long as the purpose for which the coalition was specially formed remained unfulfilled the administration was harmonious. But as soon as the School Question was settled, the process of disintegration began. The Commissioner of Public Works commenced the erection of an expensive hospital for the insane and the macadamizing of roads in the vicinity of the towns. Evidences of Liberal favouritism were alleged, and charges of corruption were rife. To meet the increasing expenditure an obnoxious tax was imposed upon the people. In the Dominion election contest of 1878 partizanship ran high. Mr. Davies and his Liberal colleagues actively and energetically promoted the canvass on behalf of the McKenzie Administration, while Mr. DeBlois and his fellow Conservatives were keen sympathisers with the cause of Sir John Macdonald. A crisis was reached at the following session of the Legislature, in the year 1879, when the Conservative members and supporters of the Government—excepting the Hon. John Yeo and Mr. J. W. Richards—joined the Opposition in a vote of want of confidence. At the election which followed, Mr. Davies and his friends suffered an over-whelming defeat. But his interest in Canadian politics gained strength as a result of his loss of the control of Provincial affairs. He bore the Liberal banner to victory in Queen's County in the contest of 1882, and entered the House of Commons as an opponent of Sir John Macdonald at the opening of the session of 1883. His ability as a public speaker and debater was soon recognized in Parliament, and he speedily obtained the friendship and confidence of the Opposition leaders. At each succeeding election he was reelected to represent the populous constituency of Queen's County, and he continued to be a leader in opposition to the National Policy, the Canadian Pacific Railway and all other measures brought down by successive Conservative ministries. When, at last, the Government of Sir Charles Tupper was defeated in the election of 1896, Mr. Davies accepted the portfolio of Marine and Fisheries in the Cabinet of his friend Mr. Laurier. Since then he has been one of the most active of the new advisers of the Governor-General. That he stands high in the favour of the Crown is evident from the fact that he was, on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee, selected with Sir Wilfrid Laurier to be the recipient of the distinguished honour of knighthood.

Sir Louis Henry Davies, K.C.M.G., is the second son of the Honourable Benjamin Davies, who was for many years a prominent island merchant and politician. He was born in Charlottetown in the year 1845, and was educated at Prince of Wales College, taking high rank as a student. He studied law in the office of Messrs. Palmer & McLeod. After being admitted to the Bar he proceeded to London, where he spent some years in the office of the

HON. L. H. DAVIES.

Formerly Premier of Prince Edward Island and now Minister of Marine and Fisheries for Canada.

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HON. NEIL MCLEOD.

Premier of Prince Edward Island in 1890-1; now a County Judge.

Attorney-General of England. Upon his return to Charlottetown he formed a partnership with Mr. George Alley (now Judge of the County Court for Queen's County), and soon built up an extensive and lucrative practice. In the year 1872, he entered the Provincial Legislature as a member for Murray Harbour, and became a champion of the tenantry who were then in the midst of their battle with the proprietary system. It is worthy of remark that when the Land Purchase Act was put in operation by the Conservative Government of Mr. Owen, in the year 1875, Mr. Davies, though leader of the Opposition, was chosen to be one of the counsel on behalf of the tenantry before the Land Commissioners' Court, of which the late Sir Hugh E. C. Childers was President. Later, in the year 1877, when Premier of the Province, he was chosen by the Dominion Government to be one of the counsel before the International Fisheries Commission authorized by the terms of the Treaty of Washington. Not long since, he was called to Great Britain to assist Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the successful effort that has been made to secure the denunciation of the commercial treaties with Germany and Belgium. He has been, from his youth, an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Gladstone's statesmanship and oratory, and there can be no doubt that one of the proudest days of his life was that on which he sat at the right hand of "the Grand Old Man," to make one of a party comprising a photographic group.

HON. WILLIAM WILFRID SULLIVAN.

His administration in the Province was succeeded by that of the Honourable William Wilfrid Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan's tenure of the premiership extended from February, 1879, until November, 1889, when he was called to take his seat upon the Bench as Chief Justice of the Province. He came in pledged to reduce public expenditure and, if possible, to abolish taxation. The first of these pledges was promptly redeemed. There was then a considerable debt and some liabilities against the Province. As soon as these were met and a small surplus shown, the Assessment Act was repealed and the people of the Province relieved from direct taxation. Mr. Sullivan exhibited marked ability as a political leader. His administration throughout was, upon the whole, judicious. He entered upon no very brilliant achievements; but he scored few failures. He conserved the interests of the Province in a practical way, obtaining from the Dominion Government, as a result of repeated representations, the payment of several claims, the amounts of which went to swell the revenue and reduce the debt of the Province. Accompanied by the Honourable Donald Ferguson (now Senator Ferguson) he went to London in the winter of 1886 to enter a formal complaint to the Government of the Mother Country concerning the failure of the Dominion Government to afford means of continuous communication between the Province and the mainland; and he and his fellow delegate were successful in obtaining the favourable consideration of Lord Gran-

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ville, then Secretary of State for the Colonies. The latter sent a despatch to the Governor-General, in which he expressed the opinion that "it would reflect great credit on the Government of Canada if after connecting British Columbia with the eastern Provinces by the Canadian Pacific Railway it should now be able to complete its system of railway communication by an extension to Prince Edward Island." Lord Granville's appeal resulted in an order for borings of the bed of the Straits of Northumberland for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not it could be easily pierced by a tunnel. This experiment was begun but not completed, the contractors for the work having failed to accomplish their task.

Chief Justice Sullivan is one of the many successful descendants of the Emerald Isle residing in Canada. His ancestors came from the County Kerry. He was born at Hope River in Prince Edward Island and was educated at the Central Academy and at St. Dunstan's College. After a period of special study, completed in the office of the late Honourable Joseph Hensley, he was admitted to the Bar in 1867. His career as a lawyer was successful, and he entered upon the high office of Chief Justice with the good-will of his compatriots of all classes and parties.

HON. NEIL McLEOD.

He was succeeded in the office of Premier and Attorney-General by the Honourable Neil McLeod (now Judge McLeod), one of the many able representatives of the Clan McLeod born in Prince Edward Island. Mr. McLeod is a graduate of Acadia University, Nova Scotia. He studied law at Charlottetown in the office of Messrs. Palmer and McLeod. After being called to the Bar in 1872, he became a partner of the present Master of the Rolls, the Hon. E. J. Hodgson, D. C. L. He was first elected to represent Charlottetown in the year 1879, and he was returned at every subsequent election that took place previous to his elevation to the bench, in 1893, as County Judge for Prince County. Upon the formation of the Sullivan Administration he accepted the office of Provincial Secretary-Treasurer, and held it continuously till he became Premier in 1890. His premiership lasted only about a year. He was sustained by a narrow majority in the general election of 1890. But the results of two partial elections which followed were unfavourable to his Government, and he resigned in 1891. He was succeeded by the

HON. FREDERICK PETERS.

In the first two sessions of his premiership Mr. Peters had a majority of but one in a legislature of thirty. But in the general election of 1893 he was completely successful, his majority during the past four years having been sixteen. In the recent election of 1897 this large majority was reduced to ten. Mr. Peters had many difficulties to encounter at the outset of his premiership; but he overcame them all, and is now supposed to be so much the master of the situation that his administration is popularly known as the "One-Man-Government." His ability as a master of party tactics has been demonstrated; but he has not yet developed the characteristics of a

HON. FREDERICK PETERS.

Present Premier of Prince Edward Island.

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popular leader. Apparently he has no desire to become the "idol of the people." His ambition seems to be rather to shine as a lawyer and to win those honours and emoluments to which a Canadian lawyer may aspire. He is now Attorney-General, the leading Counsel before the Behring Sea Commission, and head of the firm of Peters, Peters and Ings.

Premier Peters is the second son of the late Mr. Justice Peters, for many years one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of this Province. He is a descendant of one of the most prominent Loyalist families of New Brunswick. It is recorded that his great-grandfather was the man who issued the last British warrant within the territory now occupied by the United States. There is in possession of the family a letter from George Washington to this same ancestor of Mr. Peters, offering him a command in the Revolutionary Army. But the loyal "Britisher" preferred to adhere to the cause of his Motherland, and at the close of the war he accepted grants of land bordering on the River St. John, and came to live upon British ground. On his mother's side, Premier Peters is a grandson of Sir Samuel Cunard, founder of the Cunard line of steamships, his mother having been the eldest daughter of the enterprising baronet. Mr. Peters was born at Charlottetown. He was educated by private tutors, at Prince of Wales College, and at King's College University. After studying law with his father's successor upon the bench, the present Master of the Rolls, Mr. Peters continued his studies at The Temple in London, first with the celebrated G. Braugh Allen, and afterwards with Sir Richard Webster. He is now in his forty-sixth year, holding a new lease of power as Premier and having a grand opportunity to render his native Province good service.

W. L. Cotton.

THE RAINBOW.

LIQUID feet are dancing
Across the summer lawn,
Upward light is glancing
As in the early dawn.
Every blade is gleaming
Enamelled by the shower,
Every bloom is beaming
The glory of the hour.
The parting clouds are flying
With fleecy wings on high,
The thunder-peal is dying
Adown the steeps of sky.
From out the gloom impending
A mighty arch appears
Prismatic colours blending,
Pledge of the coming years.
Arch of the ages past, of æons yet to be,
Vision of light and beauty, crowning land and sea.

Wellington Jeffers Dowler.

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REV. C. E. WILLET.
President of King's University.

REV. DR. TROTTER.
The New President of Acadia University.

THE UNIVERSITIES OF NOVA SCOTIA.

BY MINA A. READE, PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL, TRURO, N.S.

THE Province of Nova Scotia may justly be proud of the number and standing of her higher institutions of learning. From the earliest days of her history, earnest, intellectual men have been working for the extension of education, until to something over half a million people she has now four well-equipped and flourishing Universities.

KING'S UNIVERSITY.

In 1787, through the zealous efforts of the Rt. Rev. and Hon. Chas. Inglis, then Bishop of Nova Scotia, the House of Assembly was induced to grant £400 for the erection of an academy of learning, under the control of the Legislature and officers of the Established Church. One year later the Bishop opened the academy at Windsor, with Archibald P. Inglis as President. For five years the academy continued to occupy the house of Susanna Franklin, after which it removed to a part of the University buildings newly erected. In 1789, the Legislature made a grant of £444 8s. 10½d., to be paid yearly toward the maintenance of a college at Windsor. There was to be a Board of Governors, consisting of the Governor and members from the Government of the Province, who, together with the Bishop, were to control and regulate all interests pertaining to the college. The college received its University charter in 1802, thus making it the oldest University of British origin in Canada.

Among its statutes was one that seriously crippled its growth and influence for many years of its existence. Every matriculant had to sign the XXXIX. Articles of the Established Church, and during his residence attend no other form of worship. Bishop Inglis opposed this measure, but it remained in force until the year 1830.

The Rev. Dr. Cox was the first President; but he died the following year, and was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Porter. In 1876 Dr. McCawley became President, and he was followed by the Rev. J. Dart, M.A. In 1888 the Rev. C. E. Willet came into office.

During the first fifty years of its history the progress of King's College was slow, owing to the objectionable statutes and to the political state of the country. In 1849 the Provincial grant was withdrawn, and a new Board of Governors established, composed of members of the Established Church and

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friends of the institution. Although at the time the loss of this grant seemed a severe blow, yet the change effected by it was productive of excellent results. In 1850 the college sustained a heavy loss in the Rev. John Inglis, son of the founder of King's and third Bishop of Nova Scotia. He had been indefatigable in his labours for the cause of education, and an active, zealous worker for the best interests of his people. He was succeeded by the Reverend Herbert Binney, D.D.

The numbers in the University were now rapidly increasing, important additions were being made to the buildings, and funds were in an improved condition when the Collegiate School building was destroyed by fire. The new building was completed about five years later, at a cost of about $10,000.

CHARLES INGLIS, D.D.
First Colonial Bishop.

JOHN INGLIS, D.D.
Bishop of Nova Scotia from 1825 to 1850.

REV. G. McCAWLEY, D.D.
King's College President in 1876.

The Hensley Memorial Chapel was erected in 1878, the greater portion of the cost being met by Edward Binney, a relative of the Bishop. Bishop Binney died in 1887. During the thirty-six years he filled the office he saw King's College freed from its political bonds and lifted up to be an effective instrument for the good of the church in the Maritime Provinces. Its staff had more than doubled, its funds trebled, its ordained ministers swelled in numbers from seventy-nine to one hundred and ninety-eight. The Rt. Rev. Frederick Courtney now became Bishop, and under his guidance the institution has continued to grow in usefulness and prosperity. The library contains over 12,000 copies of valuable works. There are eight professors, one tutor and five lecturers.

In addition to the Arts course, there is an examining Faculty for degrees in medicine, and a law school situated in

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St. John, N.B. The President exercises power over all these branches of the University and as Rector controls the interests of the Boys' Collegiate School, which is now recognized by the Board of Governors. There is also a Church School for young ladies.

MEMORIAL CHAPEL. KING'S UNIVERSITY, WINDSOR, N.S. CONVOCATION HALL.

DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY.

Dalhousie University may be said to be a result of the war of 1812. During that war a party from Halifax captured and occupied Port Castine on the Penobscot River. At the close of the war it was returned to its rightful owners, and the dues, collected during British occupancy, handed over to the Lieutenant-Governor of the province to be used at his discretion for the good of the people. The Earl of Dalhousie, then Governor, determined to use this fund to found at Halifax a university, which should be non-sectarian and devoted to the best interests of all classes and denominations. The Board of Governors consisted of the Governor-General of British North America, the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, the Bishop, the Chief Justice and President of the Council, the Provincial Treasurer, and Speaker of the House of Assembly.

Efforts were made to unite Dalhousie with King's, but they were unsuccessful, and in 1838, under the presidency of Dr. McCullough, the College of Dalhousie began its work with a staff of three professors. The Rev. Dr. McCullough was a Presbyterian clergyman, born in Renfrewshire, Scotland, and educated at the University of Glasgow. He came to Nova Scotia in 1804, and became the founder of Pictou Academy and first president of Dalhousie. His influence as an educator was widespread, and is still felt throughout the province.

In 1841 University privileges were conferred upon the college. Two years later Dr. McCullough died, and the Gover-

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DALHOUSIE'S LIBRARY.

nors thought best to close the college and allow the funds to accumulate. From this time until 1863 the college building served various purposes; but in that year the University was reorganized. As a means of raising funds, the Legislature passed an act by which any religious denomination or private individual might endow a chair with at least $1,200 a year, and thus have the right to control that chair and have a voice in the general management of the University by nominating one Governor for every chair thus endowed. The Presbyterian Church proceeded at once to accept this act by agreeing to endow two chairs in the college, and in 1863 Dalhousie University was formally re-opened, with the Rev. James Ross, D.D., as president, and an Arts Faculty of six professors.

Dalhousie has had many generous friends, and it is largely owing to their munificence that to-day the institution is in such a flourishing condition. Mr. George Munro, of New York, a native of this province, has endowed the five Professorships which bear his name: Physics, History and Political Economy, English Language and Literature, Constitutional and International Law, and Philosophy. He has also provided bursaries and exhibitions to the value of over eighty thousand dollars as a means of stimulating the students. Alex. McLeoud, Esq., of Halifax, has endowed the McLeoud Chairs of Classics, Chemistry, and Modern Languages. Sir William Young subscribed $20,000 to the Building Fund. To many other liberal benefactors Dalhousie owes deepest gratitude.

The educational work is conducted by the four Faculties of Arts, Medicine, Science, and Law. The Arts Faculty dates from the beginning of the University. The Medical Faculty was organized in 1868, and in 1875 developed into the Halifax Medical College; but in 1885 the Faculty was reorganized, though it is more a Faculty of Examiners than of Instructors. The Faculty of Law came into existence in 1883. The Faculty of Science was added in 1891. The President,

DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY.

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Dr. Forrest, controls all four branches of the institution.

The Library consists of about 6,000 choice works, many of them gifts of friends and graduates. The Museum consists chiefly of valuable collections presented by Rev. Wm. McCullough, D.D., of Truro, and Rev. George Patterson, D.D., F.R.S.C.

ACADIA SEMINARY.

ACADIA.

On Nov. 15th, 1838, the "Nova Scotia Baptist Education Society" met at Wolfville to consult together as to the erection of a college for the higher education of the youth belonging to the Baptist denomination. Ten years before an academy had been opened by this Society at Wolfville. It was now in successful operation, with a good attendance and an annual grant of £300 from the Provincial Treasury. Yet this, in the minds of the Society, did not fill all the needs of the denomination; there was still pressing need for a degree-conferring University. But there were also many obstacles to be overcome; the support of the Academy was already a tax on the finances of the people; many were in favour of our Provincial University, and were opposed to denominational institutions; but the Society was not to be discouraged. After prayerful consideration they decided to begin a college at Wolfville, to be called "Queen's College." Two Professors were to be appointed, and the Academy buildings to be used till others could be erected. Notice was given on December 7th that Queen's College would begin its work on January 20th, with the Revs. John Pryor, A.M., and E. A. Crawley, A.M., as the two Professors. Queen's College was formally opened on January 21st, 1839. Twenty matriculated students were in attendance, at that time a larger number than that of any other college in the Province. In October of that year, Isaac Chipman, of Waterville, Maine, was added to the teaching staff. Professor Chipman was one of Acadia's best friends; he gave liberally to the institution of his time, energy and money. He was drowned while crossing from Blomidon in a boat in 1852.

ACADIA UNIVERSITY.

Queen's College was now fairly launched and already doing excellent work; but the financial problem was a very serious one to the Governors. Except for the Provincial grant of £300, it was entirely dependent upon denominational funds. In 1839 application was made to the Legislature for a charter and University privileges, and and in 1840

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the bill passed with a large majority. In 1841, the Act of Incorporation received Her Majesty's approval, with a suggestion that another name be substituted for Queen's. This was accordingly done, and *Acadia* College received full privileges as a University. In 1843 work was begun upon the college building.

The University was now steadily progressing in numbers and in the excellence of its curriculum, but the finances were in a very unsatisfactory condition. The people have, however, met every response liberally.

The Presidents of the University have been the Rev. J. Pryor, A.M., the Rev. J. Mockett Cramp, D.D., the Rev. E. A. Crawley, D.D., and the Rev. A. W. Sawyer, D.D.

The Rev. Thomas Trotter has recently entered upon the duties of President. From his earnest Christian character, and his reputation as a scholar and teacher, much is expected. Mr. Trotter was born in England, but removed to Toronto in 1870. He was educated at Woodstock, and at the Toronto and McMaster Universities, in which last institution he afterwards filled the chair of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology. For the past two years he has filled the pastorate of the Wolfville Baptist church.

J. M. CRAMP, D.D.

E. A. CRAWLEY, D.D.

A. W. SAWYER, D.D.

Presidents of Acadia University.

During the past year there were 124 students in attendance at the University, 30 of whom received the degree of A.B.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S.

St. Francis Xavier's College was founded at Antigonish in 1854 by the Most Rev. Colin F. MacKinnon, Bishop of Arichat. His purpose was to provide an institution for the education of

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young men for the priesthood and other professions.

The first President was the Rev. John Cameron, D.D., now Bishop of Antigonish; he was succeeded by the Right Rev. Colin MacKinnon in 1866, by an Act of the Nova Scotia Legislature. University privileges were conferred upon the college; these powers as yet have been exercised only in conferring the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts. It is, however, the present intention of the Governors to award separate diplomas in philosophy and science, in recognition of the work done in these departments. The conditions under which these degrees will be conferred have not as yet been published.

REV. D. A. CHISHOLM, D.D.
Present President of St. Francis Xavier's.

Upon the retirement of the Rev. Mr. MacKinnon, the Rev. Ronald MacDonald became President; he was succeeded in 1878 by the Rev. Hugh Gillis, who held the office till 1880, when the Rev. Angus Cameron became President, with Rev. Neil McNeil as Vice-President. In 1884 the Rev. Dr. McNeil became President and to his noble labours are due in a large measure the progress made by this institution during the past twenty years. His high ideals, his energy, his strong but amiable character made him an admirable leader, and gave an impetus to the life of the institution in general which it yet feels and will for years to come.

Up to the year 1881, St. Francis Xavier's in common with the colleges of all denominations received a grant for its support from the Provincial Treasury. In that year the grant was withdrawn, and His Lordship Bishop Cameron appealed to his people to form an Endowment Fund. This appeal resulted in $20,000 being collected and invested.

In 1882 a Board of Governors was organized and incorporated. Since that time various additions and enlargements have been made to the buildings, and a wonderful expansion has taken place in the curriculum and teaching staff. During the past year a handsome residence has been erected for

FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S COLLEGE.

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the Sisters in charge of the domestic affairs of the college. There are to-day excellent accommodations for about one hundred students.

In 1891 the present President, Rev. D. A. Chisholm, D.D., succeeded Dr. McNeil, and he has continued to carry out the same policy of expansion and progress.

In 1892, through the efforts of the President, an association of College Alumni was formed, and incorporated one year later. This association has done much for the college. At present a committee is engaged in devising means for extending the usefulness of the University. It is expected that, as a result of its labours, a reorganization of the work of higher education among the Roman Catholics of the Maritime Provinces may take place. An effort will be made, by a re-adjustment of the work in the various institutions, to concentrate in one the attention to the more advanced branches, leaving the elementary and intermediate in the hands of others. This union would certainly tend to raise still further the standard of education and culture among the people.

During the past year a departure of importance was made, by which degress in Arts were for the first time conferred upon women. This is the first instance of the kind in connection with any Roman Catholic institution, so far as I can learn. Four young ladies, educated at St. Bernard's convent, which is in affiliation with the University, received the degree of B.A. after a highly creditable course of study, and there is a class of undergraduates in the convent at present preparing for the college degree.

M. A. Reade.

NATURE'S LULLABY.

DID'ST ever stop and list at even
To the sweet still sounds around,
Voices coming from the twilight,
Murmurs rising from the ground?

Nature soothes her tired children,
Much as mothers wont to do;
"Work is over; rest and slumber,"
Comes in whispers from below.

Know ye not the grasses hear it,
And a thrill goes through each tree?
To those who know and can interpret,
This is nature's lullaby.

H. H. Macdonald.

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TRONDHJEM CATHEDRAL.

A GLIMPSE OF NORWAY.

The account of a Canadian Woman's Summer Trip through Norway, illustrated from special photographs and sketches.

IV.—TRONDHJEM CATHEDRAL, THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S YACHT, AND MOLDE.

OWING to a fog which detained us the evening before, we did not arrive in Trondhjem till about noon on Sunday—too late, we found, to attend the service at the cathedral, a treat to which we had been looking forward. Utterly disgusted with the rain, we stood on deck watching the people who crowded about the steamer to see us. They stood for hours in the wet gazing at us till we began to feel like animals in the Zoo. We had our revenge, however, when the rain ceased, as, armed with waterproof, umbrella and rubbers we began to explore the town.

After quite a search we came upon the cathedral, which certainly was not a beautiful object from without. We found its doors closed, and the remainder of our party (a most disappointed-looking crowd) planning some means of gaining admittance. Finally the caretaker opened the doors for us and we were ushered into what looked like an immense workshop, full of odd pinkish stone in various shapes and stages of dressing. Leaving this behind we were led into a good-sized church. The whole interior, except the Mosaic floor, was of gray soap-stone, beautifully carved, with here and there a touch of gold. At the further end from where we entered was an archway composed of three slender arches. The centre one had, about two-thirds of the way up, a lace-work of stone,

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A NORWEGIAN BRIDE.

which supported a statue of the Virgin Mary in purest white. Anything daintier in cathedral decoration it has not been my lot to see. Passing through this archway we found ourselves in a small, circular room, the pillars and roof of which were a mass of delicate, lacy carving. The floor of this room was inlaid, and it was in this place, we were told, that the Norwegian kings were crowned in the olden days. It certainly was an interesting spot, and doubtless one dear to the hearts of many Norwegians. From here we wandered on from one room to another, always finding the same gray walls and stone floors, over which so many past generations had wandered.

All too soon the old cathedral was left behind, and we sought a church where service was to be held. Soon we found one, and taking seats near the back we watched the congregation gather. In they came, in twos or threes, and sauntered leisurely up the aisle as though out for a stroll, all the time keeping an eye on us strangers. Soon the minister appeared in his black gown, and ascended the winding stairway that led to the pulpit, which was almost on a level with the gallery. It was an odd service ; no reading, singing ; in fact, every part of it seemed set in a minor key. The women, too, looked sad, but, unfortunately, we felt anything but sad ; yet, as they kept such a close eye upon us, we felt uncomfortable. So when they were singing we slipped out, and to this day we believe we must have done something wrong.

As we were vainly trying to find where our steamer was anchored we caught sight of some of our fellow-passengers just leaving the wharf. They

INTERIOR OF TROMDHJEM CATHEDRAL.

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A RURAL SCENE IN NORWAY.

shared their boat with us, and as we rowed along told us they were going to see the German Emperor's yacht. There it lay, a beautiful large white steamer, its only ornament a strong gilded rope, which ran round it just below the upper deck, and fell in loops and tassels at the bow just below the Royal Standard. Away aft was the German flag. At right angles a little way off lay a man-of-war, also pure white, guarding the Emperor. Electric launches darted to and from the wharf preparing for His Majesty's landing; so after a hurried visit to our steamer, we went to the spot where the launches were landing officers. Soon Emperor William came ashore close to us, so close that we might have touched him; indeed, if we had not been sure of him we should never have dreamed of his being so important a personage. He by no means fulfilled our ideals of an emperor. Thus came our second glimpse of royalty, and undeceived us forever of all our foolish fancies. Excitement died a natural death as we descended to dinner and steamed away from Trondhjem.

Molde, famed for its roses and honeysuckle, we found to be a white-walled, red-roofed town upon a hillside, overlooking a fiord dotted with islands. As we anchored, the harbour seemed full of vessels. English, American and German flags were all flying, while several less familiar colours added their share to the lively scene. But all were alike on pleasure bent. Here we visited the church with its famous window—"The Resurrection Morning." The tints, the expression of the women's faces, the very grasp of the hands were a study, while the angel pointing upward announces, "He is Risen." To all of us it was a revelation as to the powerful beauty of a window, where every curve and line and shade are blended in one exquisite whole. Here we lingered for some time, until some one reminded us that the town waited to be seen. On we pressed past shops and houses, with gardens full of flowers, until we found ourselves in a pretty avenue passing the cemetery. Pausing, we saw how carefully the graves were kept, each being guarded by a low hedge, while

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flowers were plentiful. Close to the lovely resting-places were seats with women at their sewing or knitting, and we found it is customary to spend part of the day, quietly, in the cemetery. It was all a pathetic sight, and though we left it soon to climb the mountain, it was not forgotten.

After a steep climb of fifteen hundred feet we rested breathless to admire the beauty of the scene. There below was the town peeping out of the green trees, while the harbour with its ships and islands lay quiet in the sunlight. Away across the water and close about us were the snowy peaks of mountains. In amongst that snow-white wilderness we saw a lake and pines which was the only bit of colour, while just below us on the grassy mountain side a boy was herding his cows. A picturesque sight that boy was, with his red coat, cocked hat all full of feathers like a wild Indian's, and his bright belt. As we scrambled down the steep road, resting every few minutes, we had time to watch the boy, who by his bugle call was gathering the cows. Resting there on the mountain side drinking in the beauty about us, we decided it was almost perfection, while as a last touch the faint music from a brass band on board one of the steamers floated up to us.

Fair Molde with its charms was added to our list of sights far too soon, we felt, as we turned southward once more. A day of quiet rest on board was a treat and no one felt it long as we floated over the green waters towards Bergen.

This time Bergen was seen in its usual rainy garb, and how it did pour, making sight-seeing out of the question. We waited impatiently for the hour of sailing.

Next morning we awoke far out on the North Sea with a cloudless blue dome above us, and fair Norway far behind. It was a lovely day, but as evening drew on the "Granite City" once more loomed up before us, and

NORWEGIAN PEASANT GIRLS.

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the tender, heaving upon the tide, came for us. As the last good-bye was said, we floated away with the Scotch songs and Norwegian phrases following us. The distance between us widened, and as "Smoka Piga" died faintly over the water we realized that another page in our travels was turned and "The Land of the Midnight Sun" was a happy dream of the past.

Winnifred Wilton.

THE END.

AWAKE—OR DREAMING?

WAS it a dream when I gaz'd on thee
And the charm of your beauty dawning;
Was it a dream, for it seem'd to be
To worship you night and morning?
The glance of your eyes with their sunlit ray
Envelop'd my soul in its gleaming,
Changing the night into perfect day—
Was I awake—or dreaming?

Was it a dream when you sat by me
On the cliffs by the rhythmic ocean;
Was it a dream, for it seem'd to be
When you gladden'd my fond devotion?
The press of your hand that I held in mine,
The love from your dear eyes beaming,
Enraptur'd my heart with a hope divine—
Was I awake—or dreaming?

Was it a dream when you stood by me
As the vows of love were plighted?
Was it a dream? O! it seemed to be,
To hear, sweet, our lives united—
As from the organ, in triumphant tone,
The wondrous chords were streaming;
To think that for aye you were all my own—
Was I awake—or dreaming?

Was it a dream when you stood by me
'Neath the clouds of our life's tribulation?
Was it a dream?—Ah! it seem'd to be,
For you, love, were my one salvation!
The strength of your love, as the trials came fast,
Reveal'd true love in its meaning;
It led me in safety—and I know at last
I am awake—not dreaming!

Hastings Weblyn.

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MARQUIS OF LORNE.
Founder of R.S.C.

SIR J. W. DAWSON.
First President R.S.C.

HON. MR. CHAUVEAU.
Second President R.S.C.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA: ITS HISTORY AND WORK.

BY THE HONORARY SECRETARY.

I PROPOSE in this paper to give a brief and succinct answer to the following question, which ought to be of considerable interest to every person engaged in promoting Literature and Science in the Dominion: What measure of success has the Royal Society of Canada so far won, and has it been of substantial value to the Canadian people in whose interests it was established, and with whose money it is mainly supported?

Fifteen years have already passed away since a few gentlemen, engaged in literary, scientific and educational pursuits, assembled at McGill College on the invitation of the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor-General of Canada, to consider the advisability of establishing a Society which would bring together both the French and English Canadian elements of our population for purposes of common study and the discussion of such subjects as might be profitable to the Dominion, and at the same time develop the literature of learning and science as far as practicable. This Society was to have a Dominion character—to be a union of leading representatives of all those engaged in literature and science in the several provinces, with the principle of federation observed in so far as it asked each Society of note in every section to send delegates to make reports on the work of the year within its particular sphere of operation.

Of the gentlemen who assembled at this notable meeting beneath the roof of the learned principal of Montreal's well known university, a minority* still continue active members of the Society which they aided Lord Lorne to establish. Within a few years several of the most distinguished promoters, notably Dr. Thomas Sterry Hunt, Hon. Mr. Chauveau, Professor Lawson and Sir Daniel Wilson, have been called from their active and successful labours in education, science and letters. Without dwelling on the qualifications of men whose names are imperishably connected with the work of their lifetime—chemistry, history and *belles-lettres*, botany, and archæology—I may simply state here that the result of the Montreal meeting was the establishment of a Society which met for the first time at Ottawa in the May of 1882, with a membership of eighty Fellows, under the presidency of the

*Sir J. W. Dawson, F.R.S., Sir J. M. LeMoine, Dr. Selwyn, C.M.G., F.R.S., Dr. J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G.

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MGR. HAMEL.
Ex-President R.S.C.

ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN.
Ex-President R.S.C.

SIR DANIEL WILSON.
Ex-President R.S.C.

eminent geologist and teacher, Dr. (afterwards Sir) J. W. Dawson. The vice-president was Mr. Chauveau, a distinguished French Canadian, who had won a meritorious place, not only in literature, but also in the political arena, where he was for years a conspicuous figure, noted for his eloquence, his culture, and his courtesy of manner. It must not be assumed that the Society was founded in a spirit of isolation from other literary and scientific men, because its membership was confined at the outset to eighty Fellows who had written—to quote the constitution—"memoirs of merit or rendered eminent services to literature or science"—a number subsequently increased to a hundred, or twenty-five each to the four sections of :

1. French Literature and History.
2. English Literature, History and Archæology.
3. Mathematical, Physical and Chemical Sciences.
4. Geological and Biological Sciences.

On the contrary, the Society asks for, and is constantly printing, contributions from all workers in the same fields of effort, with the simple and proper proviso that such essays must be presented with the endorsation of an active member, though they may be read before any section by the author himself. Every Canadian association, whether historical, literary or scientific, as I have already intimated, has been asked to assist in the work of the Society, and its representatives are given at the meetings every advantage possessed by the Fellows themselves, except voting and discussing the purely internal affairs of the Royal Society.

Some misapprehension appears to have existed at first in the public mind that, because the body was named "The Royal Society of Canada," an exclusive and even aristocratic institution was in contemplation. It seems a little perplexing now in this memorable year of the Diamond Jubilee, to understand why any possible objection could ever have been taken to such a designation when the Queen is the head of our system of government, and her name necessarily appears in the first clauses of the act of federal union, and in every document requiring the exercise of the royal prerogative in this loyal dependency of the Crown. This objection is a good deal on a par with that which has been sometimes ignorantly urged in certain democratic quarters against the conferring of Knighthoods and other Imperial distinctions, to which Canadians have a legitimate right to aspire as long as they are citizens of one Empire and subjects of one Queen, and which are intended, and ought to be always, an imperial recognition of special service and merit in the dependencies of the Crown. As a fact, in naming the National Society of Canada, the laudable desire was to follow the example of similar bodies in Australasia, and also to recall that famous Royal Society in England, whose

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fellowship is a title of nobility in the world of Science. Certain features were copied from the Institute of France, inasmuch as there is a division into sections with the idea of bringing together into each for the purposes of common study and discussion those men who have devoted themselves to special branches of the literature or learning and science. In this country, and, indeed, in America generally, a notable condition is what may be called the *levelling* tendency—a tendency to deprecate the idea that any man should be much better than another; and in order to prevent that result it is necessary to assail or sneer at him as soon as he shows any political, intellectual or other special merit, and to stop him, if possible, from attaining that mental superiority above his fellows which have been shown by such men as Laurier, Tupper, Dawson, Fréchette, or Lampman, and many other generally recognized names in politics, literature and science. The Royal Society suffered a little at first from this spirit of colonial depreciation. The claims of some of its members were disputed by literary aspirants who did not happen for the moment to be enrolled in its ranks, and the Society was charged with exclusiveness when, as a fact, it simply limited its membership, and demanded certain qualifications, like its famous English prototype, with the desire to make that membership an evidence of some intellectual effort, and consequently more prized by those who are allowed sooner or later to enter. It would have been quite possible for the Society to make itself a sort of literary or scientific picnic by allowing every man who had, or believed he had, some elementary scientific or other knowledge, to enter its ranks, and have the consequent advantages of cheap railway fares and other subsidiary advantages on certain occasions; but its promoters did not think that would best subserve the special objects they had in view. At all events, none of them could have been prompted by any desire to create a sort of literary aristocracy. Indeed, one would like to know how anyone in his senses could believe for a moment that any institution of learning could be founded with exclusive tendencies in these times. If there is an intelligent democracy anywhere it is the Republic of Letters. It may be aristocratic in the sense that there are certain persons who have won fame and stand on a pedestal above others; but it is the world, not a class, that has agreed to place them there as a tribute to their genius which has made people happier, wiser and better, has delighted and instructed the artisan as well as the noble.

From the very commencement the Royal Society has been composed of men who have devoted themselves with ability and industry to the pursuit of literature, science and education in Canada—men chiefly drawn from the colleges, universities, official and professional classes. In the four sections at the present time can be found the Canadians most distinguished as poets, historians, archæologists, ethnologists, geologists, naturalists, mathematicians, engineers, electricians, and other scientists. As vacancies occur, they are filled up from those persons who have a legitimate claim to fellowship.

For fifteen years the Royal Society has continued to persevere in its work, and, thanks to the encouragement given to it by the Canadian Government, it has been able, year by year, to publish a large and handsomely printed and illustrated volume of the proceedings and transactions of its members. No other country in the world can exhibit volumes more creditable on the whole in point of workmanship and varied interest than those of the Canadian National Society. The papers and monographs embrace a wide field of literary effort—the whole range of archæological, ethnological, historical, geographical, biological, geological, mathematical and physical sciences. The fourteen volumes already published have been very widely distributed throughout Canada among the educated and thinking classes, and are sent to every library, society, university and learned institution of note throughout

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PREMIER MARCHAND.
President R.S.C.

T. C. KEEFER, C.M.G.
Vice-President R.S.C.

J. G. BOURINOT, C.M.G.
Hon. Secretary R.S.C.

the world, with the object of making the Dominion better known. So well appreciated are these Transactions now in every country, that, when it happens, some library or institution has not received them from the beginning or been forgotten in the annual distribution, the officers of the Society very soon receive an intimation of the fact. This is gratifying, since it shows that the world of higher literature and of special research—the world of scholars and scientists engaged in important observation and investigation—is interested in the work that is being done in the same branches in this relatively new country. It is also necessary to mention here that the Society not only publishes a large volume every year, but also gives to each author a hundred or more copies of his essay in pamphlets. In this way several thousands of valuable papers are circulated in addition to the Transactions. All the reports of the associated Societies also appear in the volume, which consequently gives to the world a resumé of all the important scientific and historical labours of the year in Canada.

It would be impossible for me, within the compass of this article, to give anything like an accurate idea of the numerous papers, the subject and treatment of which, even from a largely practical and utilitarian point of view, have been of decided value to Canada, and I can only say here that the members of the Society have endeavoured to bring to the consideration of the questions they have discussed a spirit of conscientious study and research, and that, too, without any fee or reward except that stimulating pleasure which work of an intellectual character always brings to the mind.

In these days of critical comparative science, when the study of the aboriginal or native languages of this continent has engaged the attention of students, the Royal Society has endeavoured to give encouragement and currency to those studies by publishing grammars, vocabularies and other monographs relating to Indian tongues and antiquities. The venerable Abbé Cuoq, one of the most erudite scholars of this continent in this special branch of knowledge, has printed in the Transactions what is a monumental work on the Algonquin language. A grammar of the Haida language—one of the tongues of the Pacific coast—has been already published at considerable expense under the careful editorship of Professor Chamberlain, of Clark University—one of those learned Canadians who have found in the neighbouring republic that encouragement for their special accomplishments which is wanting in a limited Canadian field. A great deal of light has been thrown on Cartier's and Champlain's voyages and discoveries in the Gulf of St. Lawrence by Professor Ganong, a native of New Brunswick, but now a teacher in an educational institution of New England, and by the Abbé Verreau, one of those learned gentlemen

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G. M. DAWSON, C.M.G., F.R.S.
Ex-President R.S.C.

PRINCIPAL GRANT.
Ex-President R.S.C.

LOUIS FRECHETTE, C.M.G.
Poet.

who reflect so much honour on the Roman Catholic Church in French Canada. The excellent work of the Geological Survey has been supplemented by important contributions from its staff, and consequently there is to be found in the Transactions a large amount of information, both abstract and practical, on the economic and other minerals of the Dominion. Chiefly owing to the efforts of the Society, the Government of Canada some years ago commenced to take tidal observations on the Atlantic coasts—an enterprise of great value to the maritime and commercial interests of Canada. The Society has also co-operated in the determination of the true longitude of Montreal under the supervision of one of its Fellows, Professor McLeod, of McGill University. The contributions of Sir Daniel Wilson on "The Artistic Faculty in the Aboriginal Races," "The Pre-Aryan American Man," "The Trade and Commerce of the Stone Age," and "The Huron-Iroquois Race in Canada," that typical family of American Indians, were all intended to supplement in a measure that scholarly work, "Prehistoric Man," which had brought him fame many years before. One of the most distinguished ethnologists of America, and, indeed, of the world, Mr. Horatio Hale, was one of its Fellows until his decease a few months ago, and a contributor to its pages. The Reverend Dr. Patterson, of Nova Scotia, a most careful student of Acadian annals, has made valuable contributions to the history of Portuguese exploration in North American waters, and of that remarkable lost tribe known as Beothiks, or Red Indians of Newfoundland. The *doyen* of Canadian science, Sir William Dawson, has contributed to almost every volume from his stores of geological lore, while his equally distinguished son, the director of the Geological Survey, has followed closely in his footsteps, and has made valuable additions to our knowledge, not only of the geology of the Northwest, but also of the antiquities, languages and customs of the Indian tribes of British Columbia and the adjacent islands. The opinions of Dr. Thomas Sterry Hunt on the "Relations of the Taconic series to the later Crystalline and the Cambrian Rocks," were given at length in the earlier volumes. Dr. G. F. Matthew, of St. John, New Brunswick, who is a very industrious geologist, has elaborated a work on the "Fauna of the St. John Group." Not only have our geological conditions been more fully explained, but our flora, ferns and botany generally have been clearly set forth by Messrs. Lawson, MacKay, Macoun and Hay. Dr. Ells, Mr. Lambe, Mr. Whiteaves and Dr. Hoffman, of the Geological Survey; Professor McGregor, of Dalhousie University; Professors Bovey, Girdwood, Callendar, B. Harrington, Wesley Mills, McLeod, Penhallow, Johnson and Cox, of McGill; Professor Ramsay

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Wright, of Toronto; Professor Dupuis and Principal Grant, of Queen's; Drs. Saunders and Fletcher, of the Experimental Farms of Canada, are among the men who have made valuable contributions to the departments of science in which they are engaged, and illustrate the wide range of scientific thought and study over which the work of the Royal Society extends. Very many papers, chiefly in the scientific sections, have been illustrated by expensive plates, generally executed by Canadian artists. The majority of the names I have just given happen to be English Canadian, but the French language has been represented in science by such eminent men as Hamel, Laflamme and Deville—the two first illustrating the learning and culture of Laval University, so long associated with the best scholarship of the Province of Quebec.

It is not the practice of the Society to give much space to poetry in Transactions, which are more properly devoted to learned treatises in prose, but on several occasions the French literary section has admitted poems of Fréchette, Pamphile LeMay, and also of Premier Marchand—the President now—who is a man of fine culture, which softens and brightens the more rugged qualities which are characteristic of the practical Canadian politician. One recent feature of the Transactions is the publication of books of great rarity, with historical and bibliographical notes. In the second volume of the New Series—now printed in a convenient octavo form—is the useful History of Canada, written by Pierre Boucher, a governor of Three Rivers as far back as 1674. Mr. Benjamin Sulte, a most industrious student of French Canadian history, has edited the work with much ability and added to its value to the student. The next book of the same class, in course of preparation, is the rare book by Nicholas Denys—one of the French pioneers of Acadia and Cape Breton—on the history, geography and natural productions of North America; now only to be purchased for three hundred dollars, as there are not more than six perfect copies known to collectors. The papers of Dr. Samuel Dawson, on the Cabot Voyages, are justly considered among the ablest that have yet appeared on a subject which, of late years, has attracted much attention among students of the discovery of America. The Royal Society was the first to make a practical move to do honour to the great Italian navigator, who showed England the way to maritime and colonial enterprise. The Society has placed in the handsome Legislative Council chamber at Halifax a brass tablet in commemoration of the famous voyages and discoveries of 1497 and 1498, and the Transactions for the current year will contain the presidential address by Archbishop O'Brien, author and divine; essays by ex-Mayors Davies and Barker, of Bristol, as well as other matter bearing on historic questions of no ordinary interest to Englishmen and their descendants the world over.

Such monographs as I have mentioned above represent the practical value of the Society, and show what an important sphere of usefulness is open to its members. The object is not to publish ephemeral newspaper or magazine articles—that is to say, articles intended for merely popular information, or treating of some topic of temporary interest—but always those essays and works of moderate compass which show original and thorough research, experiment and investigation in all branches of historical, archæological, ethnological and scientific studies, and which will form a permanent and instructive library of reference for scholars and students all over the world. Indeed, at the present time, professors and teachers in our colleges and high schools are constantly making demands on the Society for sets of its Transactions or copies of special papers. The essays must necessarily, in the majority of cases, be such as cannot be well published except through aid granted by a Government, or by the liberality of private individuals. The Society, in fact, is in its way at-

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tempting just such work as is done by the Smithsonian Institution and the National Museum on a large scale at Washington, so far as the publication of important transactions is concerned. The main object, of course, is to perpetuate and give currency to the labours of students and scholars in special lines of investigation, and not the efforts of the mere literary amateur or trifler in *belles-lettres*. But while there must be necessarily such limitations to the scope of the Transactions, room will be always made for papers on any economic, social or ethical subject, which, by their acute reasoning, keen analysis, sound philosophy and originality of thought and treatment, demand the attention of students everywhere. Such literary criticism as finds place in the dignified old Quarterlies or English monthlies of the *Contemporary* type, will be printed whenever it is written by any Canadian with the same power of judicious appreciation of the thought and *motif* of an author that we find notably in that charming study of Tennyson's Princess by Dr. Samuel Dawson, who is a Canadian by birth, education and feeling.

As the Society was founded by a Governor-General who is himself a literary worker, so his successors in the same high office have equally sympathised with its objects and given it many words of earnest encouragement. Both the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen have never failed to attend its most important meetings, and His Excellency, at much inconvenience to himself during the busy Jubilee week, visited Halifax for the special purpose of unveiling the Cabot tablet.* His immediate predecessor, the present Earl of Derby, was a thoughtful observer of the development of the Society, and just before his departure from the country, where he administered its affairs with so much discretion, he gave his impartial testimony to the usefulness of the body. He said:

"There were some persons who considered that in a comparatively new country like Canada it was ambitious on her part when the foundations of the Royal Society were laid, but there must be a beginning of all things, and I can appeal to the work which has been and is being done by the different branches of the Society as evidence that its establishment was in no sense premature, but that it was fittingly determined that the progress of science and literature should take place coincidently with that of the country. In a new country like this there is a great tendency to further one's material wants, to promote trade and commerce, and to put aside, as it were, literature and the sciences; but here the Royal Society has stepped in and done good work, especially by uniting those who are scattered by distance, and who find in the meetings of the Society a convenient opportunity of coming together for the exchanging of ideas. If we look back we shall best see what good work is now being done. . . . . In literature, history and science the Society will from the first have had its influence, as we trust, on the future of the Canadian people. I appeal not the less to my French colleagues than to my English ones [each Governor-General is honorary-president *ex-officio*] in all matters which relate to the welfare of the Society. Science, art, literature, it is true, are cosmopolitan, but they are well knit together in this national association. As in every respect Canada is always likely to take a forward part, so I hope the Royal Society will ever press on to a higher and higher goal; and I wish to all my friends and brothers of this Society no greater blessing thanthat, like Canada herself, they may be happy, united and prosperous."

To these sympathetic remarks of Lord Derby the present writer need add only a few words in conclusion. The friends of the Royal Society are confident that, by showing even greater zeal and earnestness in the work for which it was founded, by continuing to co-operate with scholars and students throughout the Dominion, by giving every possible aid to all those engaged in art, culture and education, it has a most useful future before it; and all it asks from the Canadian public at large is confidence in its labours and objects, which are in no sense selfish or exclusive, but are influenced solely by a sincere desire to do what it can to promote historic truth and scientific research, and give a stimulus in this way to the intellectual development of this Dominion, still in the infancy of its literary life.

J. G. Bourinot.

Since this article was in the printer's hands, His Excellency the Earl of Aberdeen also made at the banquet given in Toronto to the British Association of Science, a graceful reference to the work and usefulness of the Royal Society, "which has in a very special sense an educational value and function." "Although young," he added, "it is aiming at and carrying on in a measure a work similar to that of the Association. It furnishes a valuable means of bringing together and concentrating the literary and scientific talent of the Dominion."

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MY CONTEMPORARIES IN FICTION.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

XII.—THE AMERICANS.*

I SUPPOSE it will not be disputed for a moment that the true glory of a nation's literature lies in the fact that it is national—that it reflects truly the spirit and the life of the people with whom it is concerned, by whom it is written, and to whom it belongs. It will hardly be denied either that this final splendour has not yet descended in its fulness on the literature of America. The happy and tonic optimism of Emerson is a gift which could hardly have been bestowed upon any man in an old country. It belongs to a land and a time of boundless aspiration and of untired youth, and in virtue of this possession Emerson is the most characteristically American of Americans. In the walks of fiction, with which alone we have to deal in these pages, the Americans have been distinctively English in spirit and in method (until within recent years) even when they have dealt with themes chosen from their own surroundings.

There is nowhere in the world, and never was until now, and possibly never again will be, such another field for the born student of human nature as is afforded by the United States at this time. The world has never seen such an intimate mixture of racial elements as may be found there. A glance at the Newspaper Directory shows the variety and extent of the foreign elements which, though in rapid process of absorption, are as yet undigested. Hundreds on hundreds on hundreds of journals minister to the daily and weekly needs of Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, Norwegians, Swedes, Russians, Hungarians. There are Polish newspapers, and Armenian, and Hebrew, and Erse and Gaelic. Sleepy old Spain is rubbing shoulders with the eager and energetic races of Maine and New York and Massachusetts. The negro element is everywhere, and the Chinese add a flavour of their own to the *olla podrida*. So far no American writers of fiction have seen America in the large. Bits of it have been presented with an admirable art; but as yet the continent awaits its Dickens, its Balzac, its Shakspere, or its Zola.

Mr. Bret Harte has made California his own, but it is not the California of to-day. "Gone is that camp, and wasted all its fire," but the old life lives in some of his pages still, and will find students for a long time to come. He has given us half-a-dozen, perhaps, of the best short stories in the world, and a man who has done so much has a right to gratitude and goodwill. Possibly there never was a writer who gave the world all the essentials personal to his art so early, and yet so long survived in the race for popularity.

[* It will be noticed that "America" is improperly used in this article by Mr. Murray to mean the United States. —EDITOR.]

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Bret Harte's first book was something like a revelation. In workmanship he reminds the reader of Dickens, but his surroundings were wholly novel, and as delightful as they were strange. He bewitched the whole reading world with "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," and ever since those days he has gone on with a tireless vivacity, telling the same stories over and over again, showing us the same scenes and the same people with an apparent unconsciousness of the fact of repetition which is truly astonishing. The roads of dusty red and the scented pine groves come back in story after story, and Colonel Starbottle and Jack Folinsbee look like immortals. The vagabond with the melodious voice who did something virtuous and went away warbling into the night is alive in new as in old pages, in defiance of fatigue. Preternaturally murderous gamblers with a Quixotic eye to the point of honour, saintly blackguards with superhuman splendours of affection and loyalty revealed in the final paragraph of their history, go on and on in his pages with changeless aspect. The oddest mixture of staleness and of freshness is to be found there. Since he first delighted us he has scarcely troubled himself once to find a new story, or a new type of character, or a new field for his descriptive powers. He took the Spanish mission into his stock in trade, and he has since made that as hackneyed as the rest. And yet there remains this peculiarity about him—his latest stories are pretty nearly as good as his first. It would seem as if his interest had not flagged, as if the early impressions which impelled him to write were still clear and urgent in his mind. He is amongst the most singular of modern literary phenomena. The zest with which he has told the same tale for so many years sets him apart. It is as if until the age, say, of thirty he had been gifted with a brilliant faculty of observation, and had then suddenly ceased to observe at all. There seems to have come a time when his musical box would hold no more tunes, and ever since then he has gone on repeating the old ones. The oddness is not so much in the repetition as in the air of enjoyment and spontaneity worn by the grinder. *He* at least is not fatigued, and to readers who live from hand to mouth, and have no memories, there is no reason why he should ever grow fatiguing.

Mr. Henry James is a gentleman who has taken a little more culture than is good for the fibre of his character. He is certainly a man of many attainments and of very considerable native faculty, but he staggers under the weight of his own excellences. The weakness is common enough in itself, but it is not common in combination with such powers as Mr. James possesses. He is really the superior of the common run of men, but he makes his own knowledge of that fact too clear. It is a little difficult to see why so worshipful a person should take the trouble to write at all, but it is open to the reader to conjecture that he would not be at so much pains unless he were pushed by a compulsory sense of his own high merits. He feels that it would be a shame if such a man should be wasted. I cannot say that I have ever received from him any supreme enlightenment as to the workings of that complex organ, the human heart, but I understand quite definitely that Mr. James knows all about it, and could show many things if he were only interested enough to make an effort. He is the apostle of a well-bred boredom. He knows all about society, and *bric-a-brac*, and pictures, and music, and natural landscape, and foreign cities, and if he could feel a spice of interest in any earthly thing he could be charming. But his listless, easy air of gentlemanly-giftedness fatigues, provokes and bores. He is like a man who suppresses a yawn to tell a story. He is a blend of genuine power and native priggery, and his faults are the more annoying because of the virtues they obscure and spoil. He is big enough to know better.

It is likely enough that to Mr. James the fact of having been bred in the

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United States has proved a disadvantage. To the robuster type of man of letters, to the Dickens or Kipling kind of man, it would be impossible to wish better luck than to be born into that bubbling pot-full of things. But Mr. James's over-accentuated refinement of mind has received the very impetus of which it stood least in need. He has grown into a humorous disdain of vulgar emotions, partly because he found them so rich about him. The figures which Bret Harte sees through a haze of romance are to him essentially coarse. The thought of Mr. James in association with Tennessee and partner over a board supplied with hog, flapjack and forty-rod awakes a bewildering pity in the mind. An hour of Colonel Starbottle would soil him for a week. He is not made for such contact. It is both curious and instructive to notice how the too-cultured sensitiveness of a man of genius has blinded him to the greatest fact in the human life about him. Born into the one country where romance is still a constant factor in the lives of men, he conceives romance to be dead. With stories worthy of a great writer's handling transacting themselves on every hand, he is the first elucidator of the principle that a story-teller's business is to have no story. The vision of the sheet which was let down from Heaven to Peter was seen in vain so far as he is concerned, but the story of that dream holds an eternal truth for the real artist. Mr. James is not the only man whose best-nursed and most valued part has proved to be destructive. With a little more strength he might have kept all his delicacies, and have been a man to thank God for. As it is, he is the victim of an intellectual foppery.

Mr. W. D. Howells has something in common with Mr. James, but he is of stronger stuff—not less essentially a gentleman, as his books reveal him, but more essentially a man. He has a sterling courage and has never been afraid of his own opinions. His declaration that "all the stories have been told" is one of the keys to his method as a novelist. A work of fiction is something which enables him to show the impingement of character on character, with modifying effects of environment and circumstance. His style is clean and sober, and his method is invariably dignified. He has deliberately allowed his critical prepossessions to exclude him from all chance of greatness, but within his self-set limits he moves with a certain serene mastery, and his detail is finely accurate.

Miss Mary Wilkins, who is a very much younger writer than any of the three here dealt with, reminds an English reader both of George Eliot and Miss Mitford. "Pembroke" is the best and completest of her books. So far as pure literary charm goes it would be difficult to amend her work, but the suggestion of character conveyed is surely too acidulated. Such a set of stubborn, self-willed and uncomfortable people as are gathered together in these pages could hardly have lived in any single village in any quarter of the world. They are drawn with an air of truth which is not easy to resist, but if they are really as accurately studied as they seem to be Pembroke must be a place to fly from. It is conceivable that the members of such a congregation might be less intolerable to each other than they seem to the foreign outsider, but the ameliorating effects of usage must needs be strong indeed to make them fit to live with. For the most part they are represented as well-meaning folk; but they are exasperatingly individual, all over sore corners, eager to be injured at their tenderest points, and implacable to the person who hurts them. In Pembroke a soreness of egotism afflicts everybody. Every creature in the book is over-sensitive to slight and misunderstanding, and every creature is clumsy and careless in the affliction of pain. It is a study in self-centred egotism. People who have an opportunity of knowing village life in the Eastern States proclaim the book a masterpiece of observation.

Bret Harte, studying a form of life now extinct, which once (with certain

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allowances made for the romantic tendency) flourished in the West; Mr. Howells, taking micrographic studies of present-day life in the great centre of American culture; Mr. James, with a clever, weary *persiflage* skimming the face of society in refined cosmopolitan circles; and Miss Wilkins, observing the bitter humours of the Eastern yokel, are none of them distinctively American either in feeling or expression. Mr. Samuel L. Clemens —otherwise Mark Twain—stands in striking contrast to them all. He is not an artist in the sense in which the others are artists, but he is beyond compare the most distinct and individual of contemporary American writers. He started as a mere professional funmaker, and he has not done with funmaking even yet, but he has developed in the course of years into a rough and ready philosopher, and he has written two books which are in their own way unique. Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn are the two best boys in the whole wide range of fiction, the most natural, genuine, and convincing. They belong to their own soil, and could have been born and bred nowhere else, but they are no truer locally than universally. Mark Twain can be eloquent when the fancy takes him, but the medium he employs is the simplest and plainest American English. He thinks like an American, feels like an American, is American blood and bones, heart and head. He is not the exponent of culture, but more than any man of his own day, excepting Walt Whitman, he expresses the sterling, fearless, manly side of a great democracy. Taking it in the main, it is admirable, and even lovable, as he displays it. It has no reverence for things which in themselves are not reverend, and since its point of view is not one from which all things are visible it seems occasionally overbold and crude; but the creed it expresses is manly, and clean, and wholesome, and the man who lives by it is a man to be admired. The point of view may be higher in course of time, and the observer's horizon widened. The limitations of the mind which adopts the present standpoint may be found in "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." Apart from its ethics, the book is a mistake, for a jest which could have been elaborated to tedium in a score of pages is stretched to spread through a bulky volume, and snaps into pieces under that tension.

The great war of North and South has been answerable for more fiction than any other campaign of any age, and it has quite recently furnished reason for the novel, "The Red Badge of Courage," by Mr. Stephen Crane, which is out of counting the truest picture of the sort the world has seen. It seemed at first impossible to believe that it had been written by any but a veteran. It turns out that the author is quite a young man, and that he gathered everything by reading and by hearsay. Here again the method is national and characteristic. After all these years of natural submission to British influence American writers are growing racy of their own soil.

XIII.—THE YOUNG ROMANCERS.

In the combined spelling and reading book which was in use in schools more than forty years ago there was printed a story to the following effect: Certain Arabs had lost a camel, and in the course of their wanderings in search of him they met a dervish, whom they questioned. The dervish answered by offering questions on his own side. "Was your camel lame in one foot?" he began. "Yes," said the owners. "Was he blind in one eye?" he continued. "Yes," said the owners again. "Had he lost a front tooth?" "Yes." "Was he laden with corn on one side and with honey on the other?" "Yes, yes, yes. This is our camel. Where have you seen him?" The dervish answered: "I have never seen him." The Arabs, not without apparent reason, suspected the dervish of playing with them, and were about to chastise him, when the holy man asked for a hearing. Having secured it, he explained. He had seen the track of the

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camel. He had known the animal to be lame of one foot because that foot left a slighter impression than the others upon the dust of the road. He had argued it blind of one eye because it had cropped the herbage on one side of the road alone. He knew it to have lost a tooth because of the gap left in the centre of its bite. Bees and flies argued honey on one side of the beast, and ants carrying wheat grains argued wheat on the other. The name of this observant and synthetic-minded dervish was not Sherlock Holmes, but he had the method of that famous detective, and in a sense anticipated the plots of all the stories which Dr. Conan Doyle has so effectively related of him. Possibly the best stories in the world which depend for their interest on this kind of induction are Edgar Allan Poe's. "The Gold Bug," "The Murder in the Rue Morgue," and "The Stolen Letter," have not been surpassed or even equalled by any later writer; but Dr. Doyle comes in an excellent second, and if he has not actually rivalled Poe in the construction and development of any single story, he has run him close even there, and has beaten him in the sustained ingenuity of continuous invention. The story of "The Yellow Band" has a flavour almost as gruesome and terrible as Poe's "Black Cat," and an unusual faculty for dramatic narrative is displayed throughout the whole clever series. The Sherlock Holmes stories are far, indeed, from being Dr. Doyle's best work; but it is to them that he mainly owes his popularity. They took the imaginative side of the general reader, and their popular properties are likely to keep them before the public mind for a long while to come. To estimate Dr. Doyle's position as a writer one has to meet him in "The Refugees," in "The White Company," and in "Rodney Stone." In each of these there is evident a sound and painstaking method of research, as well as a power of dramatic invention; and in combination with these is a style of unaffected manliness, simplicity, and strength, which is at once satisfactory to the student and attractive to the mass of people who are content to be pleased by such qualities without knowing or asking why. The labour bestowed on "The White Company" may very well be compared to that expended by Charles Reade on "The Cloister and the Hearth." It covers a far less extent of ground than that monumental romance, and it has not (and does not aim at) its universality of mood, but the same desire of accuracy, the same order of scholarship, the same industry, the same sense of scrupulous honour in matters of ascertainable fact, are to be noted, and being noted, are worthy of unstinted admiration. It is, perhaps, an open question as to whether Dr. Doyle, in his latest book, has not run a little ahead of the time at which a story on such a theme could be written with entire safety. "Rodney Stone" is a story of the prize-ring, and of the gambling, hard-drinking and somewhat brutalized days in which that institution flourished. There are many of us (I have made public confession half-a-score of times) who regret the abolition of the ring, on grounds of public policy. We argue that man is a fighting animal, and that in the days of the ring there was a recognized code of rules which regulated his conduct at times when the combative instinct was not to be restrained. We observe that our commonalty now use the knife in quarrel, and we regret the death of that rough principle of honour which once imposed itself upon the worst of rowdies. But there is little doubt that the feeling of the community at large is overwhelmingly against us, and it is for this reason that I am dubious as to the success of Dr. Doyle's last literary venture. The makings of romance are in the story, and are well used. There are episodes of excellent excitement in it; notable amongst these being the race on the Godstone roads, which is done with a swing and passion not easy to overpraise. In the narrative of the fight and of the incidents which preceded it the feeling of the time is admirably preserved and the interest of the reader is held at an un-

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yielding tension. But the prize-ring is a little too near as yet to offer unimpeachable matter for romance; and people who can read of the bloodthirsty Umslopogaas and his semi-comic holocausts with an unshaken stomach, or feel a placid historic pleasure in the chronicles of Nero's eccentricities, will find "Rodney Stone" objectionable because it chronicles a "knuckle fight," and because a "knuckle fight" is still occasionally brought off in London, and more occasionally suppressed by the police.

But a more serious criticism awaits Dr. Conan Doyle's last work. It is offered respectfully, and with every admiration for the high qualties already noticed. In the re-embodiment of a bygone age in fiction three separate and special faculties are to be exercised. The first is the faculty for research, which must expend its energy not merely on the theme in hand, but on the age at large. The second is the imaginative and sympathetic faculty, which alone can make the dry bones of social history live again. The third is the faculty of self-repression, the power to cast away all which, however laboriously acquired, is dramatically unessential. Two of these powers belong in generous measure to Dr. Conan Doyle. The third, which is as necessary to complete success, he has not yet displayed. In "Rodney Stone" an attempt has been made to cover up this shortcoming, in the form in which the story has been cast, and in the very choice of its title. But when the book comes to be read it is not the tale of Rodney Stone (who is a mere outsider privileged to narrate), but of his fashionable uncle's combat with Sir Lothian Hume, with the ring in which their separate champions appear as a battle ground. Many pages are crowded with people who are named in passing and forgotten. They have no influence on the narrative, and no place in it. Their presence assuredly displays a knowledge of the time and its chronicles, but they are just so many obstacles to the clear run of the story, and no more. This is really the only fault to be found with the book, but it is a grave fault, and the writer, if he is to take the place which his powers and his industry alike join in claiming for him, must learn to cast "as rubbish to the void" many a painfully acquired bit of knowledge. To be an antiquary is one thing, and to be an antiquarian romancer is another. Mr. Doyle has aimed at being both one and the other in the same pages. A true analogy may be taken from the stage, where the supernumeraries are not allowed to obscure the leading lady and gentleman at any moment of action.

Mr. Stanley Weyman, who is not Dr. Doyle's equal in other matters, is in this sole respect his master. He keeps his hero on the scene, and his action in full swing. He gives no indication of a profound or studious knowledge of his time, but he knows it fairly well. Dr. Doyle's method is at bottom the truer, when once the detailed labour is hidden, but when it bares its own machinery it loses most of its gain. Mr. Weyman tells a rattling story in rattling fashion. His is the good old style of easy-going romance, where courage and adventure never fail. He has chosen the realm of D'Artagnan and Aramis, of Porthos and Athos, and he has plenty of vivacity, and can invent brilliantly on the lines on which the brave Dumas invented long before him. He is a cheerful and inspiriting echo. He cannot wind the mighty horn the elders sounded, but he can imitate it fairly from a distance. It is only when that crass reviewer comes along to tell us that the old original hunter of romance is back again that his music gives us anything but pleasure. For my own part, I hope he may flourish long, and give us stories as good as "A Gentleman of France" as often as he can. My "Bravo!" shall be as ready as any man's and as hearty. Why—to change the simile used just now—when a man is resting his legs in a comfortable *auberge*, and drinking the honest light wine of the country (which doesn't pretend to be better than it is), should the asinine enthusiast come to spoil his en-

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joyment by swearing that he sits in the enchanted palace of Sir Walter, and has before him the mighty wine Sir Walter bottled? The enthusiast provokes to wrath. It's a very good *auberge*—it's a capital, comfortable house of call, and we should like to sit there often. And the wine—we found no fault with the wine. It's an honest tap, and a wholesome and a palatable, and here's the landlord's health in it. But the magic vintage? Rubbish!

Mr. Anthony Hope has been so lucky as to please the public in two styles. In the one *genre* he has displayed an undoubted capacity, marred here and there to some tastes by a not very defined seeming of superciliousness, and in the other he has taken us into the most agreeable regions of unrestrained romance in which English readers have had leave to wander this many a day. He has caught the very tone of simple-hearted sincerity in which his later stories demand to be told. As an example of the adaptation of literary method to the exigencies of narrative it would not be easy to light on anything better.

It has been seen that the art of fiction as practised in Great Britain at this hour includes almost all known forms of romance, and that no school may be said to have its own way to the exclusion of another. It has been seen, too, that though this is not a day of pre-eminent greatness, we can boast an astonishing industry and fertility. The output of literary work has never been so large, nor has the average of excellence ever been so equal or so high. It has been demonstrated—it is being demonstrated in new instances two or three times a year—that literary talent is not at all the uncommon and half-miraculous thing it was once supposed to be. Genius is as rare as ever, and is likely to continue so, but talent multiplies its appearances in full accordance with economic rules. No age ever submitted so constantly as ours to be amused or soothed by the romancer's art. The permission has opened the door to a great number of capable, industrious and workmanlike men and women, who have learnt their business of amusement well. To the vast majority of us literature is as much a trade as any of the accepted businesses of Holborn or Cheapside, and, apart from a lingering sentimentalism, there is no reason why the fact should not be owned. There is no shame in honest craftwork done for hire, and when the work is so excellent as at least a score of living English writers can make it we have a right to take some pride in it. But with this day's newspaper before me I learn that Mr. ——, who is the thin mimic of a fine imitator, has surpassed his last "masterpiece," and that a lady of name to me unknown has "rivalled" his masterpiece, and that a gentleman to me unknown has produced a book which must necessarily be "a classic." A masterpiece is a rare thing, and words have a definite meaning. We call "Vanity Fair" and "Esmond" masterpieces when we desire to be enthusiastic. We call "David Copperfield" a masterpiece, and we find plenty of people to dispute the judgment. A masterpiece is the master work of a master hand. It must needs be a rare thing. It is not for the dignity of our work that it should be greeted by that sort of hysteric hiccoughing against which these pages have protested. It is a shameless insult to letters at large when the hysteria is bought and paid for, as does sometimes happen, and not less insulting when the gentleman who grinds the axe is fee'd in kind by the other gentleman who rolls the log.

And now, what is done is done, and I leave my task with some misgivings. If here and there I have given pain, I have not written a word in malice. The pleasantest part of my work has lain in the fact that with every desire to be honest I have so often been compelled to praise.

David Christie Murray.

THE END.

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AMERICAN TRADE RELATIONS.

BY JOHN CHARLTON, M.P.

THE character of the trade relations existing between Canada and the United States must ever, of necessity, be a matter of interest to the people of our own country. A large market near at hand confers great advantages under ordinary circumstances, if free access to that market can be obtained. Naturally, the Canadian people have always been desirous of the removal of commercial restrictions upon our trade with the United States to as great an extent as would be conducive to our own welfare. The desire to settle the commercial relations of the two countries upon a free and liberal basis, while generally entertained in Canada, cannot be said to have met with a response from the United States conceived in the same spirit. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the various attempts made to secure trade relations with the United States more consistent with the principles of good neighbourliness and an enlightened fiscal policy, than those existing hitherto. It suffices to say that the failure to live upon more reasonable and liberal terms with our neighbours can scarcely be said to be the fault of Canada.

The last Presidential election resulted in the triumph of the protectionist party in the United States, and whatever gratification might have been felt at the defeat of the free silver heresy, we were confronted with the undeniable fact that the party least favourable to reasonable commercial relations with Canada had attained power. Immediately upon the inauguration of Mr. McKinley, March 4th, 1897, an extra session of Congress was called to meet on the 15th of the same month, for the express purpose of dealing with the tariff question. The labours of the two Houses were concluded July 24th last, and the outcome was the tariff bill, known as the Dingley Bill, which is most pronouncedly protectionist in its character, and not friendly, either in spirit or enactment, to Canada, or, for that matter, to any foreign country.

In considering the character of this Bill, which now fixes the condition of trade relations between the two countries, so far as the United States is concerned, it is proper to consider, first, the provisions of that Bill as it affects Canadian interests, and, second, to consider the fruits of Canadian fiscal policy with reference to trade between Canada and the United States.

Since 1867 the agricultural schedules of the United States tariff laws have subjected our agricultural and animal products to duties more or less onerous, and the same has been true with reference to our forest products, except for the period from 1894 to 1897 under the Wilson Bill. The present law again imposes duties upon Canadian lumber, upon hides, and upon wool, all of which were free under the Wilson Bill. It also imposes duties ranging from 27½ per cent. upwards upon cattle; upon swine, $1.50 per head; horses and mules, $30 per head; sheep, $1.50 per head; lambs, 75c. per head; barley, 30c. per bushel, equivalent to an ad valorem duty of over 100 per cent.;

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barley malt, 45c. per bushel; oats, 15c. per bushel; wheat, 25c. per bushel; beans, 45c. per bushel; butter and cheese, 6c. per pound; eggs, 5c. per dozen; hay, $4 per ton; onions, 40c. per bushel, etc. These duties, estimated upon an ad valorem basis, are excessive, and the Canadian producer has good reason to say that not only is such the case, but that they are unjust. United States calculation in fixing these rates seems to be that it is necessary to take vigorous measures to keep Canadian farmers from flooding the United States with cheap products, to the injury of the United States farmer. Most fortunately, the truth is that the Canadian farmer is becoming more and more independent of the United States market, owing to hostile and oppressive United States legislation. The trade in natural products between the two countries is far from being confined to sale by Canada to the United States. In 1896, under the operation of the Wilson Bill, our export of agricultural products, the produce of Canada, to the United States was $3,232,000; the same year our import of agricultural products from the United States, entered for consumption, was $3,262,000 on the dutiable list, and $5,263,000 on the free list—a total of $8,526,000, which included raw cotton and tobacco leaf. The same year our export of animals and their products to the United States, the produce of Canada, amounted to $3,341,000, while our imports of animals and their products from the United States, for consumption, amounted to $851,000 on the dutiable list, and $2,373,000 on the free list—or an amount of imports in this line in excess of our exports to the United States of $383,000.

For some of the products of the soil of Canada, free access to the United States market would confer great benefits. In other lines it is actually likely to prove of great advantage that we have been forced to seek a market in Great Britain. With that country our export trade is expanding rapidly, and has already reached enormous proportions. While we exported of all commodities $44,438,000 to the United States in 1896, our exports to Great Britain reached the sum of $66,690,000, and that enormous sum will be very greatly increased by the returns for the year 1897.

Some illustrations of the progress of this movement in the direction of emancipation from dependence upon the markets of the United States are worthy of consideration. In seeking a better market for hog products the Canadian farmer and packer set themselves to work to consult English tastes as to the quality of bacon and hams calculated to suit the British market—the result is one which we may look upon with unmingled gratification. Our hog products lead the market in England, and sell at much higher prices than United States meats of the same class, and the practical result we find is that at the present moment (September 1st) at way railway stations throughout Ontario hogs rule at $5.50 per cwt. live weight; while the price of the same article on the stock market at Buffalo ranges from $4.15 to $4.50. Clearly we do not need the United States market for hogs, and if our packers were so short-sighted as run the risk of losing their reputation for superiority of product, by importing United States hogs, the present condition of the Canadian market would cover price in the United States, duty and freight. We have placed ourselves in an enviable position also as regards the cheese trade, of which article our export for the year 1897 will reach the sum of $15,262,000, $15,232,000 of which goes to Great Britain. We do not need the United States market for cheese, but, on the contrary, have supplanted the United States cheese maker in the British market. What has been done in the case of cheese and pork can be done in the case of beef cattle, butter, eggs and many other products, and gradually we shall be able to narrow down the list of articles for which free admission to the United States would be of material importance to us. This result has been reached largely as a conse-

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quence of the repressive action of the United States legislator, and we may begin to look with some degree of indifference upon the action taken by the Government of that country in relation to the admission of agricultural and animal products into their market.

The process of emancipation from dependence upon the United States market for the sale of forest and mineral prpducts must be a slower one than in the case of agricultural products. Only from twenty to forty per cent. of our pine timber is suitable for the English market, and our lumbermen west of the Ottawa are almost entirely dependent upon the United States for a market for sawn lumber. Fortunately the United States lumber duties placed upon an ad valorem basis are considerably less than one-half the United States rate of duties on agricultural and animal products, and the prospect for a reduction of the lumber duties in the near future is not a hopeless one. Our export of forest products the produce of Canada, to the United States, for 1896 was $13,528,000; to the British Empire, $12,530,000, and to all other countries, $1,117,000. In the produce of the mine our exports to the United States for 1896 were $7,437,000; to the British Empire, $397,000; and to all other countries, $225,000. These returns naturally suggest that special care should be given to securing the best attainable terms for the admission of our forest and mineral products into the markets of the United States; and the best field for the exercise of self-restraint in words and acts likely to produce friction and bad feeling, and for diplomatic and friendly presentation of claims for reduced duties and more liberal trade regulations, will be found to be in connection with these two great branches of the Canadian export trade with the United States.

That the unfriendly provisions of the United States tariff as regards Canadian trade are gratuitous and undeserved a mere glance at trade returns will conclusively show. Our imports from the United States for the year 1896 were $53,574,000, which amounted to 53 per cent. of our total imports from the entire world. Of this amount $29,472,000 was upon the free list, and of this $5,380,000 in round numbers consisted of manufactures, exclusive of settlers' effects and the portion of unenumerated free goods, amounting to $2,197,000, of which $500,000 may safely be estimated as having consisted of manufactures. During the fiscal year under consideration the free list enjoyed by Canada for admission into the United States market may be roughly estimated to have been considerably under $20,000,000. From this list the Dingley Bill strikes forest products, hides, wool, and other articles, and will reduce our free list for entry into the United States markets to somewhere from $3,000,000 to $5,000,000, or not more than one-fifth, and possibly not more than one-tenth of the amount that we accord to United States imports. This, of course, is a condition of things that can hardly be allowed to continue, and it is but natural and proper that the disparity should be adjusted either by the increase of our exports to the United States, or by diminution of our imports from that country through positive and heroic discrimination.

In 1896 we exported to the United States $4,699,000 of coin and bullion, and the balance of trade against us was $14,125,000. The Dingley Bill will, no doubt, place our trade relations with the United States on a still more unsatisfactory basis, and it becomes the duty of the Canadian Government to carefully consider the situation, and with courage tempered with discretion to take measures to emancipate ourselves from absolute dependence upon any market as rapidly as possible, at the same time carefully conserving such markets as we now have in the United States, and holding ourselves in readiness to respond to any disposition manifested by that country to modify and liberalize the trade relations existing between us on lines consonant with our own interests.

The percentage of duty upon the entire amount of United States imports

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was 13.26, against 22.31 in the case of England, and the percentage of duty upon the dutiable portion of imports from the United States entered for consumption was 26.35 against 30 in the case of England, and against 36.97 in the case of all the rest of the world. From these figures it would almost seem that we have actually discriminated in favour of the United States, although such, of course, is not the case, the result being due to the operation of other causes, such as the importation from the United States of great quantities of cotton wool, tobacco leaf, and other raw materials from our manufacturers, and the importation of a class of manufactures differing almost entirely in character, and scheduled at different rates of duty from those imported from Great Britain.

In the year 1896 we imported from the United States in round numbers $27,000,000 worth of manufactures dutiable and free, an amount almost equal to our importation of manufactures from Great Britain; and an examination of the list of imports shows that in bicycles, books and periodicals, carriages, drugs, dyes and chemicals, iron, steel and manufactures of, leather, paper and manufactures of, jewellery and watches, our imports for 1896 were, in round numbers, from Great Britain, $3,291,000, and from the United States $9,877,000. We are, in fact, the best customer for manufactures that country has in the world. In return for this extensive and highly satisfactory market for manufactures, when we ask to be permitted to enter the markets of the United States with the products of our own labour to exchange for these millions of manufactures purchased, we are permitted to import our lumber at $2 per M., although we grant free export of sawlogs and pulp wood, and free import to United States lumber; we are permitted to sell barley upon a payment of 100 per cent. duty; hay, upon a payment of 50 per cent. duty; malt, upon a payment of 100 per cent. duty, or more; cheese, upon a payment of 70 per cent. duty; beans, at 40 to 60 per cent. duty; onions, at 80 per cent. duty; and, with a generosity the advisability of which is very questionable, while our corn is taxed 15 cents per bushel, we admit United States corn free. Truly, this condition of trade relations between the two countries is a suggestive one, and is most obviously teaching our producers that they are not treated in the matter of entry into the United States market with fairness, and that the policy of the United States Government is illiberal, and one calculated to widen indefinitely the borderland of prejudice, distrust and unfriendliness that now intervenes between us.

It is possible that United States sentiment in its bearing upon Canadian matters may be influenced to an extent more or less potent by the belief that Canada is dependent upon the United States for a market for its agricultural, its mineral, its forest, and its animal products, and that pressure in the shape of partial exclusion from the United States market will exert influence upon the future political and autonomous relations of the two countries. The facts presented in this article should dissipate such an ill-founded conclusion. It is true that we cannot just at once dispense with the United States market for our lumber, and that we can never do so entirely, but we can make efforts that will ultimately lead to the building up of a considerable export trade, aside from the one that we now enjoy with Great Britain, which will be of value to the Ottawa Valley and the Maritime Provinces. It is true that the United States market is a very desirable one for our minerals, and it is equally true that our own market is a desirable one for United States coal at least, but as regards agricultural products, and animals and their products, the condition of our import and export trade with the United States shows conclusively that the period of emancipation from dependence upon the markets of that country for the sale of these products is not far distant.

The friends of Anglo-Saxon harmony in both Canada and the United States must look with sorrow upon the course

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pursued by the legislatures of that country, and to some extent upon the ebullition of bitter feeling and passion that responds to that course in this country. It is desirable in the interests of the entire race, and desirable in the interests of humanity at large, that cordial relations should exist between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon people. This condition of international relations would accord most thoroughly with the desire of the Liberals of Canada, who hope to make the policy of the Dominion instrumental in promoting Anglo-Saxon peace and good will; but while they desire friendship and relations with the United States, commercial, social, and business, of the most intimate character, they are not contemplating with favour the idea of absorption. We have on this northern half of the Continent vast resources, the extent of which grow upon us every year as developments and investigations proceed. We have institutions formed upon the British model, and a form of responsible government which responds instantly to the expression of popular will. We believe this form of government to be superior to that of the United States; we desire to give it a fair trial and see what results can be attained under its operation.

John Charlton.

GLOAMING.

THICK as the stars of the wide Afric night,
The buttercups are scattered o'er the field;
And when the day is fading on my sight,
I hear the pure-toned, peaceful church-bells pealed;
The world grows still, and Ev'ning's orison
Swells from the boscage and a thousand throats;
Upon the glittering peaks the sun's last beams
Signal that day is done,
And in the hallowed West one bright cloud floats,
Lit with the glory of immortal dreams.

John Stuart Thomson.

FOOLED.

"WHY yes, I love you," she said, and the lips ceased
Their laughing; and I believed her, more fool I!
Yet I am glad it fell thus—for at least
She thought me worth the trouble of a lie.

Bernard K. Sandwell.

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HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP.*

BY FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Monsieur Judas," "The Clock Struck One," etc.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Jacob Dix was a pawnbroker in the west end of London, whose gypsy wife had died leaving him a son, Jimmy. As the pawnbroker drew near the end of his life he was absolutely alone in the world, this lad having run away. A runaway gypsy niece of his dead wife came to him one day and asked to be allowed to live with him. The pawnbroker took a fancy to her, trained her in the business, and, when he died, left this Hagar Stanley all his wealth. Hagar advertised for the absent heir, administered the estate and carried on the business of the pawnshop. Her adventures are to be related, each chapter being a complete story in itself.

III.—THE SECOND CUSTOMER AND THE AMBER BEADS.

AFTER the episode of the Florentine Dante, Hagar lost her high spirits. She had sent Eustace away to make his fortune, and to discover, if possible, the lost heir of Jacob Dix. By this act of self-denial, as it really was, she had deprived herself of all pleasure; she had robbed herself of what might have been a bright future; consequently she was less cheerful than of yore. Nevertheless, she felt convinced that Lorn loved her, and that he would earn her gratitude—possibly her hand—by returning with Goliath at his heels. When that event took place she would recover at once her spirits and her lover; but at present the business of the pawnshop took up her undivided attention, and forced her to put away sad thoughts and melancholy considerations. Also, Providence provided distraction for her dismal humours by sending her a negress to pawn a necklace of amber beads. Although Hagar did not know it at the time, this was the beginning of a second and rather more serious adventure.

It was drawing to night one August evening when the woman made her appearance, and the atmosphere of the shop was darker than usual. Still, it was sufficiently light for Hagar to see that her customer was a tall and bulky negress, arrayed in a gaudy yellow dress neutralized by trimmings of black jet beading. As the evening was hot and close, she wore neither cloak nor jacket, but displayed her somewhat shapeless figure to the full in this decidedly startling costume. Her hat was a garden of roses, red, white and yellow, and she wore a large silver brooch like a shield, an extensive necklace of silver coins, and many bangles of the same metal on her black wrists. As a contrast to these splendours she wore no gloves, nor did she hide her coal-black face with a veil. Altogether, this odd customer was the blackest and most fantastically-dressed negress that Hagar had ever seen, and in the dim light she looked a striking but rather alarming figure.

On Hagar coming to the counter, this black woman produced out of a silver-clasped sealskin satchel a necklace, which she handed silently to Hagar for inspection. As the light was too imperfect to admit of a close examination, Hagar lighted the gas, but when it flamed up, the negress, as though unwilling to be seen too clearly in the searching glare, stepped back hastily into the darkness. Hagar put this retrograde movement down to the natural timidity of a person unaccustomed to pawning, and took but little notice of it at the time. Afterwards she had cause to remember it.

The necklace was a string of mag-

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nificent amber beads threaded on a slender chain of gold. Each bead was as large as the egg of a sparrow, and round the middle of every single one there was a narrow belt of tiny diamonds. The clasp at the back was of fine gold, square in shape, and curiously wrought to the representation of a hideous Ethiopian face, with diamonds for eyes. This queer piece of jewellery was unique of its kind, and, as Hagar rapidly calculated, of considerable value. Nevertheless, she offered, according to custom, as low a sum as she well could.

"I'll give five pounds on it," said she, returning to the counter.

Rather to her surprise, the negress accepted, with a sharp nod, and then took out of her bag a scrap of paper. On this was written laboriously: "Rosa, Marlebone Road." The name and address were so imperfect that Hagar hesitated before making out the pawn-ticket.

"Have you no other name but Rosa?" she asked sharply.

The negress shook her head, and kept well in the shadow.

"And no more particular address than Marylebone Road?"

Again the black woman made a negative sign, whereat, annoyed by these gestures, Hagar grew angered.

"Can't you speak?" she demanded tartly. "Are you dumb?"

At once the negress nodded, and laid a finger on her lips. Hagar drew back. This woman was black, she was dumb, she gave half a name, half an address, and she wished to pawn a valuable and unique piece of jewellery The whole affair was queer, and, as Hagar considered, might be rather dangerous. Perhaps this silent negress was disposing of stolen goods, as the necklace seemed too fine for her to possess. For a moment Hagar inclined to a refusal; but a glance at the amber beads decided her to make the bargain. She could get them cheap; she was acting well within the legal limits of business, and if the police did appear in the matter no blame could be attached to her for the transaction. Biassed by these considerations, Hagar made out the ticket in the name of Rosa, and took a clean new five-pound note out of the cash-box. As she was about to give ticket and money across the counter she paused. "I'll take the number of this note," she thought, going to the desk; "if this negress can't be traced by name or address, the bank-note number will find her if it is necessary."

Deeming this precaution judicious, Hagar hastily scribbled down the number of the five-pound note, and, returning to the counter, gave it and the ticket to her queer customer. The negress stretched out her right hand for them; and then Hagar made a discovery which she noted mentally, as a mark of identification if necessary. However, she said nothing, but tried to get a good look at the woman's face. The customer, however, kept well in the shadow, and swept note and ticket into her bag hurriedly. Then she bowed and left the shop.

Six days later Hagar received a printed notice from New Scotland Yard, notifying to all pawnbrokers that the police were in search of a necklace of amber beads set with diamonds, and clasped with a negro's face wrought in gold. Notice of its whereabouts was to be sent to the Detective Department without delay. Remembering her suspicions, and recalling the persistent way in which the negress had averted her face, Hagar was not much surprised by this communication. Curious to know the truth, and to learn what crime might be attached to the necklace, she wrote in detail about the circumstance. Within four hours a stranger presented himself to see the amber beads, and to question her concerning the woman who had pawned the same. He was a fat little man, with a healthy red face and shrewd twinkling eyes. Introducing himself as Luke Horval, of the detective service, he asked Hagar to relate the circumstances of the pawning. This the girl did frankly enough, but without communicating her own suspicions. At the conclusion of her narrative she displayed the amber beads, which were

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carefully examined by Mr. Horval. Then he slapped his knee, and whistled in a thoughtful sort of way.

"I guessed as much," said he, staring hard at Hagar. "The negress did it."

"Did what?" asked the girl, curiously.

"Why," said Horval, "murdered the old woman."

Murder! The word had a gruesome and cruel sound, which caused Hagar's cheek to pale when it rang in her ears. She had connected the amber beads with robbery, but scarcely with the taking of a life. The idea that she had been in the company of a murderess gave Hagar a qualm; but suppressing this as a weakness, she asked Horval to furnish details of the crime, and to explain how it bore upon the pawning of the amber beads.

"It's just this way, miss," explained the detective easily. "This Rosa is the nigger girl of Mrs. Arryford——"

"Is Rosa her real name?"

"Oh, yes; I s'pose she thought she might lose the beads if she gave a wrong one; but the address ain't right. It's the other end of London as Mrs. Arryford lives—or, rather, lived," added Horval, correcting himself, "seeing she now occupies a Kensal Green grave—Campden Hill, miss; a sweet little house in Bedford Gardens, which she occupied, with Rosa and Miss Lyle."

"And who is Miss Lyle?"

"The companion of Mrs. Arryford. A dry stick of a spinster, miss; not to be compared with a fine girl like you."

Hagar did not deign to notice the compliment, but sharply requested Mr. Horval to continue his story, which he did, in no wise abashed by her cold demeanour.

"It's just this way, miss," he said again; "the old lady, the old maid and the nigger wench lived together in Bedford Gardens, a kind of happy family, as one might say. Mrs. Arryford was the widder of a West Indian gent, and as rich as Solomon. She brought those amber beads from Jamaica, and Rosa was always wanting them."

"Why? The necklace was very unsuitable to one of her condition."

"'Twasn't exactly the cost of it as she thought about," said Horval, nursing his chin, "but it seems that the necklace is a fetish, or charm, or lucky-penny, as you might say, to bring good fortune to the wearer. Mrs. Arryford was past wanting good luck, so hadn't no need for the beads. Rosa asked her for them, just for the good luck of them, as you might put it. The old girl wouldn't part, as she was as superstitious as Rosa herself over that necklace; so in the end Rosa murdered her to get it."

"How do you know she did?" asked Hagar doubtfully.

"How do I know?" echoed the detective in surprise. "'Cause I ain't a fool, miss. Last week Mrs. Arryford was found in her bed with a carving-knife in her heart, as dead as a door-nail, and the beads were missing. Miss Lyle, she didn't know anything about it, and Rosa swore she hadn't left her room, so, you see, we couldn't quite hit on the person as finished off the late deceased. But now as I know Rosa pawned these beads, I'm sure she did the job."

"What made you think that the beads might have been pawned?"

"Oh, that was Miss Lyle's idea; a sharp old girl she is, miss. She was very fond of Mrs. Arryford, as she well might be, seeing as the old lady was rich and kept her like a princess. Often she heard Rosa ask for those beads, so when Mrs. Arryford was killed and the beads missing she told me as she was sure Rosa had done the trick."

"But the pawning?"

"Well, miss," said Horval, scratching his chin, "it was just this way. Miss Lyle said as how Rosa, to get rid of the necklace until the affair of the murder was blown over, might pawn it. I thought so too, so I sent a printed slip to all the popshops in London. You wrote, that the beads were here, so it seems as Miss Lyle was right."

"Evidently. By the way, who gets the money of Mrs. Arryford?"

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"A Mr. Frederick Jevons; he's a nephew of Miss Lyle's."

"A nephew of Miss Lyle's!" echoed Hagar in surprise. "And why did Mrs. Arryford leave her money to him, instead of to her relatives?"

"Well, it's just this way, miss," said Horval, rising, "she hadn't got no relatives; and as Mr. Jevons was a good-looking young chap, always at the house to see his aunt, she took a fancy to him and left the money his way."

"You are sure that Miss Lyle is no relation of Mrs. Arryford's?"

"Quite sure. She was only the old girl's companion."

"Was Mrs. Arryford weak in the head?"

"Not as I ever heard of," said Mr. Horval with a stare, "but you can find out, if you like, from Miss Lyle."

"Miss Lyle? How am I to see her?"

"Why," said the detective, clapping on his hat, "when you come to see if Rosa is the same nigger as pawned the amber beads. Just leave someone to look after the shop, miss, and come with me right away."

With true feminine curiosity Hagar agreed at once to accompany the detective to Campden Hill. The shop was delivered into the charge of Bolker, a misshapen imp of sixteen, who for some months had been the plague of Hagar's life. He had a long body and long arms, short legs and a short temper, and also a most malignant eye, which indicated only too truly his spiteful nature. Having given a few instructions to this charming lad, Hagar departed with Horval in the omnibus, and arrived at Bedford Gardens early in the afternoon.

The house was a quaint, pretty cottage, which stood in a delightful garden—once the pleasure of poor dead Mrs. Arryford's life—and was divided from the road by a tall fence of iron railings closed in with wooden planks painted a dark green. The room into which the detective and gipsy were shown was a prim and cosy apartment, which bore the impress of Miss Lyle's old-maidism in the disposition of the furniture. While they were seated here, and were waiting for Miss Lyle, who had been advised of their arrival, Hagar suddenly asked Horval a leading question.

"Is Rosa dumb?" she demanded.

"Bless you, no!" answered Horval. "It's true as she don't talk much, but she can use her tongue in nigger fashion. Why do you ask?"

"She said she was dumb when she pawned the beads."

"Oh, that was 'cause she was too 'cute to let her voice betray her," replied Horval, smiling. He had humour enough to note Hagar's unconscious bull; but as she was likely to be useful to him in the conduct of the case, he did not wish to anger her by remarking on it.

When Miss Lyle made her appearance, Hagar, after the manner of women, took immediate note of her looks and demeanour. The old maid was tall and lean and yellow, with cold grey eyes and a thin-lipped mouth, turned down at the corners. Her iron-grey hair was drawn tightly off her narrow forehead and screwed into a hard-looking knob behind. She wore a black stuff gown, sombre and lustreless; collar and cuffs of white linen, and cloth slippers, in which she glided noiselessly. Altogether an unpromising, grim woman, acidulated and narrow-minded, who looked disapprovingly on the rich beauty of Hagar, and remarked her graces with a jaundiced eye and a vinegary look. The cough with which she ended her inspection showed that she condemned the girl at first sight.

"Is this young person necessary to your conduct of the case?" said Miss Lyle, addressing herself to Horval, and ignoring Hagar altogether.

"Why, yes, miss," replied Horval, on whom the antagonistic attitude of the two women was not lost. "She keeps the shop at which Rosa pawned the beads!"

Miss Lyle gave a start of virtuous horror, and her thin lips wreathed in a viperous smile. "The wretch did kill

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my poor friend, then," she said in a soft and fluty voice. "I knew it!"

"She pawned the amber beads, Miss Lyle, but——"

"Now, don't say the wretch didn't kill my martyred friend," snapped Miss Lyle, going to the bell-rope; "but we'll have her in, and perhaps this young person will recognize her as the murderess who pawned the beads."

"It is to be hoped so," said Hagar very drily, not approving of being spoken to in the third person; "but the negress kept her face turned away, and I might not——"

"It is your duty to recognize her," exclaimed Miss Lyle, addressing herself to the girl for once. "I am convinced that Rosa is a dangerous criminal. Here she is—the black Jezebel!"

As the last word fell from her mouth the door opened, and Rosa entered the room, whereat Hagar uttered an exclamation of surprise. This negress was rather short, and more than a trifle stout. It is true that she wore a yellow dress trimmed with black jet beading; that silver ornaments were on her neck and wrists; also that she was without the wonderful hat. Still, Hagar was surprised, and explained her ejaculation forthwith.

"That is not the woman who pawned the beads!" she declared, rising.

"Not the woman?" echoed Miss Lyle virulently. "She must be! This is Rosa!"

"Yis, yis! I Rosa," said the negress, beginning to weep, "but I no kill my poo' dear missy. Dat one big lie."

"Are you sure, miss, that this is not the woman?" asked Horval, rather dismayed.

Hagar stepped forward, and looked sharply at the sobbing negress up and down. Then she glanced at the woman's hands and shook her head.

"I am prepared to swear in a court of law that this is not the woman," she said quietly.

"Rubbish, rubbish!" cried Miss Lyle, flushing. "Rosa coveted the necklace, as it was connected with some debased African superstition, and——"

"It one ole fetish!" interrupted Rosa, her eyes sparking fire at the old maid, "and ole missy she did wish to gib it me, but you no let her."

"Certainly not!" said Miss Lyle with dignity. "The necklace was not fit for you to wear. And because I persuaded Mrs. Arryford not to give it to you, you murdered her, you wretch! Down on your knees, woman, and confess!"

"I no 'fess!" exclaimed the terrified negress. "I no kill my missy! I no gib dose amber beads for money. If dose beads mine, I keep dem; dey a mighty big fetish, for sure!"

"One moment," said Horval, as Miss Lyle was about to speak again; "let us conduct this inquiry calmly, and give the accused every chance. Miss," he said, turning to Hagar, "on what day, at what time, was it that the beads were pawned?"

Hagar calculated rapidly and answered promptly: "On the evening of the 23rd of August, between six and seven o'clock."

"Ah!" exclaimed Miss Lyle joyfully—"and on that very evening Rosa was out, and did not return till nine!"

"Me went to see Massa Jevons for you!" said Rosa vehemently; you send me."

"I send you! Just listen to the creature's lies! Besides, Mr. Jevons's rooms are in Duke Street, St. James's, whereas it was at Lambeth you were."

"I no go to dat gem'man's house. You send me to de train Waterloo!"

"Waterloo!" said Horval, looking sharply at Rosa. "You were there?"

"Yis, massa; me dere at seven and eight."

"In the neighbourhood of Lambeth," murmured Horval. "She might have gone to the pawnshop after all."

"Of course she did!" cried Miss Lyle vindictively—"and pawned the amber beads of my poor dear friend!"

"She did nothing of the sort!" interposed Hagar with spirit. "Whosoever pawned the beads, it was not

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this woman. Besides, how do you know that Rosa killed Mrs. Arryford?"

"She wanted the beads, young woman, and she killed my friend to obtain them."

"No, no! dat one big lie!"

"I am sure it is!" said Hagar, her face aflame. "I believe in your innocence, Rosa. Mr. Harval," she added, turning to the detective, "you can't arrest this woman, as you have no grounds to do so."

"Well, if she didn't pawn those beads—"

"She did not, I tell you."

"She did!" cried Miss Lyle angrily. "I believe you are an accomplice of the creature's!"

What reply Hagar would have made to this accusation it is impossible to say, for at this moment a young man walked into the room. He was good-looking in appearance, and smart in dress, but there was a haggard look about his face which betokened dissipation.

"This," said Miss Lyle, introducing him, "is my nephew, the heir of the property of my late dear friend. He is resolved, as such heir, to find out and punish the assassin of his benefactress. For my part, I believe Rosa to be guilty."

"And I," cried Hagar with energy, "believe her to be innocent!"

"Let us hope she is," said Jevons, in a weary voice, as he removed his gloves. "I am tired of the whole affair."

"You are bound to punish the guilty!" said Miss Lyle in hard tones.

"But not the innocent," retorted Hagar, rising.

"Young woman, you are insolent!"

Hagar looked Miss Lyle up and down in the coolest manner; then her eyes wandered to the well-dressed figure of Jevons, the heir. What she saw in him to startle her it is difficult to say; but after a moment's inspection she turned pale with suppressed emotion. Stepping forward, she was about to speak, when, checking herself suddenly, she beckoned to Horval, and advanced towards the door.

"My errand here is fulfilled," she said quietly. "Mr. Horval, perhaps you will come with me."

"Yes, and you can go also, Rosa," cried Miss Lyle, angered by the insulting gaze of the girl. "I am mistress here in my nephew's house, and I refuse to let a murderess remain under its roof!"

"Be content," said Hagar, pausing at the door. "Rosa shall come with me; and when you see us again with Mr. Horval, you will then learn who killed Mrs. Arryford, and why."

"Insolent hussy!" muttered Miss Lyle, and closed the door on Hagar, Horval, and the black woman.

The trio walked away, and shortly afterwards got into an omnibus, in which they returned to the Lambeth pawnshop. Hagar talked earnestly to Horval the whole way; and from the close attention which the detective paid to her it would seem that the conversation was of the deepest interest. Rosa, a dejected heap of misery, sat with her eyes on the ground, and at intervals wiped away the tears which ran down her black cheeks. The poor negress, under suspicion as a thief and murderess, turned out of house and home, desolate and forsaken, was crushed to the earth under the burden of her woes. On her the fetish necklace of amber beads had brought a curse.

On arriving at the shop Hagar conducted Rosa into the back parlour; and after a further conference she dismissed the detective.

"You can stay with me for a week," she said to Rosa.

"And den what you do?"

"Oh," said Hagar with an agreeable smile, "I shall take you with me to denounce the assassin of your late mistress."

All that week Rosa stayed in the domestic portion of the pawnshop, and made herself useful in cooking and cleaning. Hagar questioned her closely concerning the events which had taken place on the night of the murder in the house at Bedford Gardens, and elicited certain information which gave her great satisfaction. This she com-

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municated to Horval when one day he made a hurried visit. When in possession of the facts, Horval looked at her with admiration, and on taking his leave he paid her a compliment.

"You ought to be a man, with that head of yours," he said; "you're too good to be a woman!"

"And not bad enough to be a man," retorted Hagar, laughing. "Be off with you, Mr. Horval, and let me know when you want me up West."

In four more days Horval again made his appearance, this time in a state of the greatest excitement. He was closeted with Hagar for over an hour, and at its conclusion he departed in a great hurry. Shortly after noon Hagar resigned the shop into Bolker's charge, put on hat and cloak, and ordered Rosa to come with her. What the reason of this unexpected departure might be she did not inform the negress immediately; but before they reached their destination Rosa knew all, and was much rejoiced thereat.

Hagar took Rosa west as far as Duke street, and here, at the door of a certain house, they found the detective waiting impatiently for them.

"Well, Mr. Horval," said Hagar, coming to a stop, "is he indoors?"

"Safe and sound!" replied Horval, tapping his breast-coat pocket—"and I have got you know what here. Shall we come up?"

"Not immediately. I wish to see him by myself first. You remain outside his door, and enter with Rosa when I call you."

Mr. Horval nodded, with a full comprehension of what was required of him, and the trio ascended the dark staircase. They paused at a door on the second landing. Then Hagar, motioning to her companions that they should withdraw themselves into the gloom, rapped lightly on the portal. Shortly afterwards it was opened by Mr. Frederick Jevons, who looked inquiringly at Hagar. She turned her face towards the light which fell through the murky staircase window, whereat, recognizing her, he stepped back in dismay.

"The pawnshop girl!" said he in astonishment. "What do you want?"

"I wish to see you," replied Hagar composedly, "but it is just as well that our conversation should be in private."

"Why, you can have nothing to say to me but what the whole world might hear!"

"After I have mentioned the object of my visit you may think differently," said Hagar with some dryness. "However, we'll talk here if you wish."

"No, no; come in," said Jevons, standing on one side. "Since you insist upon privacy, you shall have it. This way."

He showed her into a large and rather badly furnished room. Evidently Mr. Fred Jevons had not been rich until he inherited the fortune of Mrs. Arryford.

"I suppose you will be moving to the Bedford Gardens house?" said Hagar, sitting composedly in a large armchair.

"Is that what you came to speak to me about?" retorted Jevons rudely.

"Not exactly. Perhaps as you are impatient, we had better get to business."

"Business! What business can I have to do with you?"

"Why," said Hagar quietly, and looking directly at him, "the business of those amber beads which you—pawned!"

"I!" stammered Jevons, drawing back with a pale face.

"Also," added Hagar solemnly, "the business which concerns the commission of a crime."

"A—a crime!" gasped the wretched creature.

"Yes—the most terrible of all crimes—murder!"

"What—what—what do you—you mean?"

Hagar rose from her chair, and, drawn to her full height, stretched out an accusing arm toward the young man. "What I mean you know well enough!" she said sternly. "I mean that you murdered Mrs. Arryford!"

"It's a lie!" cried Jevons, sinking

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into a chair, for his legs refused to support him longer.

"It's not a lie—it is the truth! I have evidence!"

"Evidence!" He started up with dry and trembling lips.

"Yes. Through her influence over Mrs. Arryford, your aunt induced her to make you the heir. You are fond of money; you are in debt, and you could not wait until the old lady died in the course of nature. On the night of the murder you were in the house."

"No, no! I swear——"

"You need not; you were seen leaving the house. To throw suspicion on Rosa you disguised yourself as a negress, and came to pawn the amber bead necklace at my shop. I recognized that the supposed black woman was minus the little finger of the right hand. You, Mr. Jevons, are mutilated in the same way. Again, I paid you with a five-pound note. Of that note I took the number. It has been traced by the number, and you are the man who paid it away. I saw——"

Jevons jumped up, still white and shaking.

"It's a lie! a lie! he said hoarsely. "I did not kill Mrs. Arryford; I did not pawn the beads. I did——"

"You did both those things!" said Hagar, brushing past him. "I have two witnesses who can prove what I say is true. Rosa! Mr. Horval!"

She flung the outside door wide open, while Jevons sank again into the arm-chair, with an expression of horror on his white face. "Rosa! Horval!" he muttered. "I am lost!"

Rosa and the detective entered quickly in response to Hagar's call, and with her looked down at the shrinking figure of the accused man.

"These are my witnesses," said Hagar slowly. "Rosa!"

"I saw dat man in de house when my missy died," said the negress. "I hear noise in de night; I come down, and I see Massa Jevons run away from de room of my missy, and Missus Lyle let him out by de side door. He kill my poo' missy—yes, I tink dat."

"You hear," said Hagar to the terrified man. "Now, Mr. Horval."

"I traced the five-pound note you gave him by its number," said the detective. "He paid it away at his club; I can bring a waiter to prove it."

"You hear," said Hagar again; "and I know by the evidence of your lost finger that you are the man, disguised as a negress, who pawned the necklace which was stolen from the person of Mrs. Arryford, after you murdered her. The dead woman, as Rosa tells us, wore that necklace night and day. Only with her death could it have been removed. You murdered her; you stole the necklace of amber beads."

Jevons leaped up. "No, no, no!" he cried, loudly, striking his hands together in despair. "I am innocent!"

"That," said Horval, slipping the handcuffs on his wrists, "you shall prove before a judge and jury. Here is my warrant, and I have a cab at the door."

When Jevons, still protesting his innocence, was removed to prison, Hagar and the negress returned to Carby's Crescent. It can easily be guessed how she had traced the crime home to Jevons. She had noticed that the negress who pawned the beads had no little finger. On being brought face to face with Rosa, she had seen that the woman had not lost the finger; and when Jevons had removed his gloves she was satisfied by the evidence of his mutilated right hand that he was one with the mysterious black woman of the pawnshop. Still, she was not certain; and it was only when Rosa had deposed to the presence of the man at midnight in the Bedford Gardens house, and when Horval had traced the five-pound note of which she had taken the number, that she was sure Jevons was the murderer. Hence the accusation; hence the arrest. Now the fact of his guilt was clearly established. To obtain the wealth of Mrs. Arryford the wretched man had committed a crime, to hide that crime and throw the blame on Rosa he had pawned the amber beads; and now the amber beads were

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about to hang him. In the moment of his triumph, when preparing to enjoy the fruits of his crime, Nemesis had struck him down.

The news of the arrest, the story of the amber beads, was in all the papers next day; and next day, also, Miss Lyle came to see Hagar. Pale and stern, she swept into the shop, and looked at Hagar with a bitter smile.

"Girl," she said harshly, "you have been our evil genius!"

"I have been the means of denouncing your accomplice, you mean," returned Hagar composedly.

"My accomplice—no, my son!"

"Your son!" Hagar recoiled, with a startled expression. "Your son, Miss Lyle?"

"Mrs. Lyle," corrected the gaunt, pale woman; "Frederick Jevons is my son by my first husband. You think he is guilty; you are wrong, for he is innocent. You believe that you will hang him; but I tell you, girl, he shall go free. Read this paper," she said, thrusting an envelope into the hand of Hagar, "and you will see how you have been mistaken. I shall never see you again in this life; but I leave my curse on you!"

Before Hagar could collect her wits Miss—or rather Mrs. Lyle, as she called herself, went hurriedly out of the shop. Her manner was so wild, her words so ominous of evil, that Hagar had it on her mind to follow her, and, if possible, prevent the consequences of her despair. She hurried to the door, but Mrs. Lyle had disappeared, and as there was no one to mind the shop, Hagar could not go after her. Luckily, at this moment Horval turned the corner, and at once the girl beckoned to him.

"Miss Lyle—did you see her?"

"Yes," said Horval with a nod; "she's on her way across Westminster Bridge."

"Oh, follow her—follow her quickly!" cried Hagar wildly; "she is not herself; she is bent on some rash deed!"

Horval paused a moment in bewilderment; then, without a word, grasping the situation, he turned and raced down the street in the trail of Miss Lyle. Hagar watched his flying figure until it turned the corner; then she retreated to the back parlour and hurriedly opened the envelope. On the sheet of paper she found within the following confession was written:

"I am not a spinster, but a widow," began the document abruptly, "a twice married woman. By my first husband I had Frederick Jevons, who passes as my nephew, and whom I love better than my own soul. When my second husband, Mr. Lyle, died, I cast about for some means of employment, as I was poor. Mrs. Arryford advertised for an unmarried woman as a companion; she absolutely refused to have any companion but a spinster. To get the situation, which was a good one, as Mrs. Arryford was rich, I called myself Miss Lyle, and obtained the place. Mrs. Arryford had no relatives and much money, so I schemed to obtain her wealth for my son, whom I introduced as my nephew. Rosa, the black maid, had a great deal of influence over her weak-minded mistress, and in some way—I don't know how—she fathomed my purpose. It was a battle between us, as Rosa was determined that I should not get the money of Mrs. Arryford for my son. Finally I triumphed, and Frederick was left sole heir to all the old lady's wealth. Then Rosa learnt, by eavesdropping, the true relationship between myself and Frederick. She told her mistress, and with Mrs. Arryford I had a stormy scene, in which she declared her intention of revoking her will and turning me and my son out on the world as paupers. I begged, I implored, I threatened, but Mrs. Arryford, backed up by that wicked Rosa, was firm. I sent for my son to try and soften the old lady, but he was not in town, and did not come to see me till late at night. When he arrived I told him that I had killed Mrs. Arryford. I did so to prevent her altering her will, and out of love for my dear son, lest he should lose the money. Frederick was horrified, and

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rushed from the house. I believe Rosa saw me letting him out by the side door. I was determined to throw the blame on Rosa, as I hated her so. Knowing that she coveted the necklace of amber beads, I stole it from the neck of the dead woman and gave it to my son the next day. I suggested that he should dress up as Rosa, and pawn the necklace, so that she might be suspected. To save me, he did so. I obtained a dress that Rosa was fond of wearing—yellow silk trimmed with black beads; also the jewellery of the creature. Frederick blackened his face and pawned the beads in a pawnshop at Lambeth. I sent Rosa on a pretended errand to Waterloo Station, at the time Frederick was pawning the beads, so as to get evidence against her that she was in the neighborhood. Then I suggested to Horval, the detective, that the beads might have been pawned. He found the shop, and I thought that my plot had succeeded: that Rosa would be condemned and hanged. Unfortunately, the woman who kept the pawnshop was clever, and traced Frederick by means of his mutilated right hand. I hate her! Frederick is now in prison on a charge of murder, which he did not commit. I am guilty. I killed Mrs. Arryford. Frederick knows nothing. He helped me to save myself by trying to throw the blame on Rosa. All useless. I am guilty, and I am determined that he shall not suffer for my sin. Officers of the law, I command you to release my son and arrest me. I am the murderess of Mrs. Arryford. I swear it.

"Witnesses: "*Julia Lyle.*

"Amelia Tyke (housemaid).

"Mark Drew (butler)."

Hagar let this document fall from her hands with a sensation of pity for the wretched woman.

"How she must love her son," thought the girl, "to have murdered a kind and good woman for his sake! It is terrible! Well, I suppose he will now be released and will enter into possession of the wealth his mother schemed to obtain for him. But he must do justice to Rosa for all the trouble he has caused her. He must give her an annuity, and also the necklace of amber beads, which has been the cause of tracing the crime home to its doer. As for Mrs. Lyle—"

At this moment, white and breathless, Horval rushed into the parlour. Hagar sprang to her feet, and looked anxiously at him, expectant of bad news. She was right.

"My girl," cried Horval hoarsely, "Miss Lyle is dead!"

"Dead? Ah!" said Hagar to herself. "I thought as much."

"She threw herself over Westminster Bridge, and has just been picked out of the water—dead!"

"Dead!" said Hagar again. "Dead!"

"As a door-nail!" replied the detective in a perplexed tone. "But why—why did she commit suicide?"

Hagar sighed, and in silence handed to the detective the confession of the dead woman.

(*To be continued.*)

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BETWEEN THE OLD AND THE NEW.

A Tale of Ontario.

I.

"HE'S a conceited, overbearing, affected humbug, and I can't understand how any girl with a particle of common sense can be half civil to him."

"I consider he's a nice, gentlemanly, refined young fellow, clever and handsome, and most agreeable in his manners, and I can't understand how any man, woman or child could be uncivil to him."

They were one of those ideally matched couples whom to look at with the dullest eyes irresistibly induces matrimonial visions. I don't know where in the whole Township of Bulhampton, or, for the matter of that, in the entire county of which the said Township forms a twelfth part, you could have found a pair of young people who, as they strolled along the Seventh Concession that dewy July evening, would have just so perfectly satisfied, to judge at least by appearance, the mutual requirements of a well and happily mated pair. He tall, stalwart and square shouldered, with well poised head, and strong, rugged features—she of slight, lithe, willowy figure, with dark, saucy eyes and small, rather irregular, but well defined features; he forceful, well-balanced, self-contained, and grave for his years—she bright, impulsive, winsomely wayward, deliciously inconsistent in small things, and sprightly as a song bird.

"You don't seem to attach much importance to my opinion, Nellie?" he presently said.

"Not on a subject like this."

"I suppose you mean that a raw country school teacher is no judge of such matters?"

"No, I mean nothing of the kind. What I mean is that you are too prejudiced to be fair to Mr. Meredith. You've made up your mind to dislike him and so you can't see anything good in him."

"That's not my way, Nellie, although I don't deny I never cared for him the first time I laid my eyes on him. But I've something more solid to go on than mere fancy."

"What have you got against him, anyway?" asked Nellie, with a sudden, half-defiant, upward glance.

"It's not necessary for me to go into particulars, Nellie," replied the tall school teacher, with a provoking mixture of mystery and authority in his tone. "And I think it should be quite sufficient for me to say that I don't think he's a fit companion for you."

"I don't see what right you have to dictate to me in this lordly way who my companions should be," retorted Nellie, drawing herself up.

"Nellie," said the young man suddenly, stooping and taking her hand, "why won't you be guided by me in this matter? Surely I'm the best judge of such things. It isn't very pleasant for me to hear people talking about you and Meredith in the way they do. And I do think I've some claim upon you."

"If you're foolish enough to listen to all the silly gossip of the neighbourhood I can't help it," said Nellie rather doggedly, but without withdrawing her hand. "And how can I help being civil to a young fellow who lives in the same house, and whom I see almost every hour of the day?"

"Yes, but you needn't go driving and walking all over the country with him. It's hardly decent with a perfect stranger."

"Decent!" exclaimed Nellie, with quivering lips and flashing eyes, and jerking her hand away as if stung by a serpent. "How dare you use such a word to me?"

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The young man did not reply at once, and Nellie started off at a pace which gave ample employment to his long legs to keep up with her.

For about a hundred yards there was nothing said. There had been between them, since the very earliest interested consciousness of each other's existence, that "something" known in Canadian rural parlance as "keeping company." Born and reared within half a mile of each other, and on the same concession, playmates, schoolmates, and churchmates, and never but once in the whole course of their lives subjected to an entire week's disseverance, they had from imperceptible beginnings and by imperceptible stages, grown into their present relationship, which, although a strictly informal one, was by virtue of its very informality something incomparably, if indefinably, closer and stronger than that artificial thing, the conventional engagement. To say of two young people that they are "keeping company," in the Canadian sense of the term, generally implies a relationship of natural selection and irresistible mutual affinity, as inartificial and unstrained as the spring mating of a pair of blue birds. If there is one thing in Canada that has a free, unguided course, it is the love making of young people. Shrewd, hard headed and eternally vigilant as to the main chance as our Canadian rural elders are, in this respect they are guileless and unworthy to a degree almost unimaginable.

However, Nellie and her "young man," whom I may now just as well formally introduce as Sydney Trevail, teacher of School Section No. 18, Bulhampton Township, had enjoyed to the very fullest and widest the privileges of their class. Trevail, as you have no doubt already gathered, was a thoroughly fine fellow, of a type very commonly met with in our Ontario townships, and especially those in the Western Peninsula, where there has been during the past couple of generations perhaps the most perfect and well-balanced fusion of the four British strains that has taken place in any British Colony the world over. Of the good old Cornish stock by his father's side, as his name indicated, he had an Irish mother and a Scotch and Welsh great grandfather and great grandmother, and like thousands upon thousands of other Ontario boys with Scotch and Irish and Welsh surnames, and English, Welsh, and Irish and Scotch assistant progenitors, he was as creditable a piece of young manhood as could in these degenerate days be reasonably expected.

"Nellie," at last said the young man, "you take me up too quickly. I don't see why you should fly off the handle like this when I give you advice for your own good. Who's got a better right than I?"

"I don't understand you, Mr. Trevail," said Nellie, suddenly bristling like—what shall I say—a hen on eggs.

"Mr. Trevail," slowly and blankly repeated the owner of the name. "Mr. Trevail; why, Nellie, what do you mean?"

This was actually the first time she had so addressed him in their life-long associations. And it came like a kick in the stomach in a friendly sparring match.

Nellie felt she had gone a step too far. But just as she was opening her mouth to begin some roundabout attempt at conciliation, came the crisis of her life and the turning point of this story.

"Good evening, Miss Dillon," came from behind in irreproachable English accent. And the next moment they were joined by Meredith, the well-abused and sturdily defended.

He was a good-looking fellow of strong English build, apparently between twenty-five and thirty. Although collarless and vestless, with a short coat that hung open in the front and showed a flannel shirt, a pair of duck trousers stuffed with a pair of cheap boots, and a straw hat through whose ruptured crown his hair peeped, although his clothes wouldn't probably have brought twenty-five cents at auction, the very moment he opened his mouth you felt that he was every inch

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"Good evening," he said, raising his hat and moving on; "I have an appointment at the church."

the gentleman. He had a rake over his shoulder and a short, well-browned briar-root pipe in his mouth.

Both the young people stopped and turned round. Trevail and the Englishman exchanged a curt nod as the latter joined them. Then they moved on slowly together, with Nellie between them.

"Magnificent evening, isn't it?" said Meredith, with an easy offhandedness that strongly contrasted with the stiff embarrassment of the schoolteacher. "Reminds one of the climate of the West Indies and a little of Australia. And, by Jove, I don't know that I ever felt the heat more in Ceylon than I did to-day in the harvest-field."

Meredith spoke with all the calmly expressed assurance of a far-travelled man of the world, so galling to a young home-bred, home-staying fellow like Trevail; and there was a sort of good-natured assumption of superiority in his very walk that made the big schoolteacher's long fingers tingle to their very ends. Youth does attach such importance to those superficial advantages. And then the sweet youth was in love, and a man in love looks through green spectacles that distort and exaggerate, and confuse and confound the proportions of things. Of the two, I declare, as my firm opinion, that a man in typhoid fever is in an incomparably more satisfactory and companionable condition than the otherwise best fellow in love.

Nellie, glancing up sideways at Trevail, and divining in a moment his state of mind, and so fearful of some explosion, made haste to answer, and chatted away with Meredith till they reached the side road down which she lived, and whither Meredith was bound. Trevail hadn't opened his lips.

"Going home, Miss Dillon?" asked Meredith as they came up to the road and slackened their pace.

Nellie hesitated for a moment. The fact was that she and Trevail were on their way to the little church to a choir practice. At the first outburst, Nellie had more than half made up her mind to punish Trevail by leaving him at the corner, and had, in fact, started off for that purpose. But conscious that she had allowed her temper to run away with her, she had all but cancelled her hastily formed determination. Womanlike, however, she needed time to change her mind, and so instinctively paused before making her reply. But to Trevail, profoundly ignorant of all this, her hesitation came as "confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ." Then there was something between her and this English adventurer and upstart. She actually hesitated between

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continuing her walk to the church and barefacedly deserting him. But he would die before he would betray himself in the presence of his insolent patronizing rival.

"Good evening," he said, raising his hat and moving on; "I have an appointment at the church."

And he strode away in the gathering twilight, feeling like a man who has suddenly turned out of the sunlight into a dark, narrow, winding lane.

Nellie, almost stunned by this declaration of independence, gazed for a moment or two after the figure of the young man; then quickly remembering herself, turned down the road with Meredith.

"What's up between you and your admirer to-night, Miss Dillon?" asked Meredith after they had walked several minutes in silence. "You were at it hammer and tongs when I overtook you, and now he runs away and leaves you as if you had drawn a revolver on him."

"My admirer," Mr. Meredith, said Nellie, trying, but rather feebly, to be dignified.

"Yes, your admirer, Miss Nellie," replied the Englishman. "You can't deny that young Trevail admires you, and, for the matter of that, half a score of other likely young fellows. And why should you deny it? There's nothing to be ashamed of, and we've all got the use of our eyes. A cat may look at a king."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Meredith," said Nellie, with a wretched attempt at great stiffness, but, it cannot be denied, somewhat flattered.

"Well," said Meredith, as they reached the bend of the lane and were entering the garden which fronted the fine brick house, "if you have had a ruction there'll be a chance for some of us. Eh, Nellie?" he added, dropping his voice. This was the first time he had addressed her by name, and, in her repentant, softened mood towards Trevail it painfully jarred upon her sense of propriety. And yet she was just enough to feel that she had partly brought it upon herself. And, anyway, it was no use getting angry with Meredith.

Nellie, therefore, preserved a golden silence, and they reached the verandah, on which in a rocking chair and his shirt sleeves her good-natured old Irish father sat smoking his pipe.

II.

"I suppose you'd rent the place if you got a fair offer, Mr. Dillon?" said Meredith, who had settled himself on the edge of the verandah and refilled his pipe.

"Yes, I don't know but I would," replied the old gentleman. "There's only me and Nellie, and I don't see the good of us two slaving away when we could live independent. Yes, now you've mentioned it, I have often thought of it, but it's so blamed hard to get a decent tenant these days, and if you get a bad tenant, why you're worse off than if you let the farm run wild."

"What would you think of me for a tenant, Mr. Dillon?" Meredith presently asked.

"You?" exclaimed the old Irishman, taking his pipe out of his mouth. "Why?"

"Yes, me," said Meredith, "and why not?"

"Well, I don't know; but then you've never been raised to farming, and—"

"Well, I could learn," interrupted Meredith. "Isn't that what I came here for, and haven't I made excellent progress? Why, you told me to-day that I could rake and bind and shock with the best man in Bulhampton."

"Did I?" asked the old man, dimly conscious of having administered a dose of "taffy" to the young fellow, who was merely working for his board. "But then a man requires to know something more than raking and binding to make a living at farming. And then he needs capital."

"How much would it require to start a man upon a hundred acre farm?"

"To do things up to the handle you'd require every copper of a thousand dollars."

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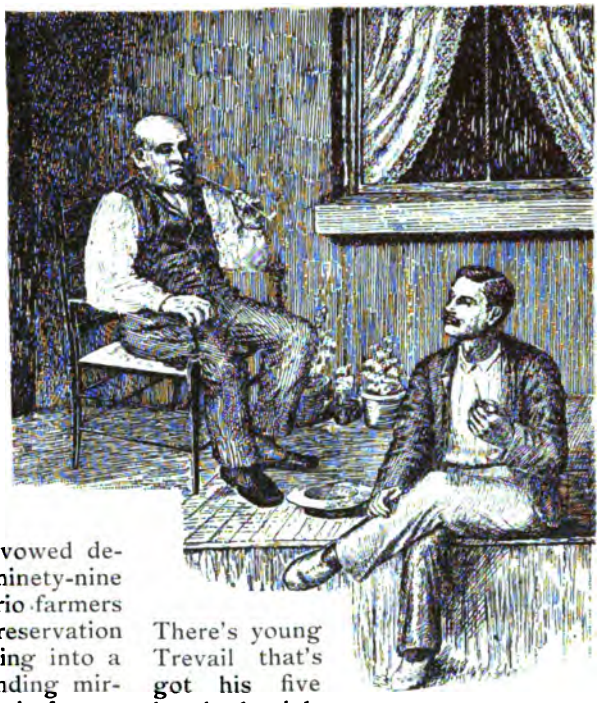
"That's two hundred pounds," said Meredith musingly.

"But then I tell you you ain't built for a farmer. I don't know what gets into you young fellows from England. You're all the same. Every man jack of you is crazy to go farming."

"It's a fine, healthy, independent life."

"It's the hardest, slavishest life under the sun, and there's no more than a bare living in it. I've slaved at it for going on sixty years and I should know."



"I suppose you'd rent the place if you got a fair price, Mr. Dillon?"

Considering this loudly avowed detestation with which about ninety-nine and a half per cent. of Ontario farmers regard their calling, the preservation of the Province from relapsing into a primeval wilderness is a standing miracle. Whoever met an Ontario farmer who, to take him at his word, wouldn't sooner be anything under the sun than just exactly what he is? Somehow or other, however, they do manage to hang on. Mr. Dillon, like so many of his self-enslaved brethren, had hung on to some purpose. He held township debentures, half-a-dozen first mortgages on neighbouring farms, and was reckoning his splendid two hundred acre farm worth every shilling of thirty thousand dollars. And yet I suppose scarcely a day went by without his expressing the solemn conviction that his choice of a calling had been the grand mistake of his life.

"Well, you've done pretty well at it, Mr. Dillon, you can't deny," said Meredith.

"Yes, and I've had to sweat and bleed for every York shilling I have," said the old man, "and now that I've got it what good am I? Just like an old broken-winded horse in a pasture field that hasn't got the teeth to chew his feed. No, take my advice and do anything but go farming. Why don't you try your hand at school teaching? There's young Trevail that's got his five hundred dollars clear money wet and dry and lives a gentleman's life."

"Fine, smart young fellow that Trevail," said Meredith, striking a match on the sole of his boot.

"He's well enough as young men go these days," said the old gentleman indifferently. "But I doubt if he knows his right hand from his left. I don't suppose he ever chopped ten cords of wood or ploughed five acres of land in his life. He's a poor useless fellow with all his book learning. It's a poor way to raise a boy."

In view of the old gentleman's energetically expressed contempt for his own calling this was a little inconsistent. But a man's calling and his country are the two objects which he reserves for his own exclusive depreciation.

"You're likely to have him for a son-in-law, by all accounts," said Meredith.

"Am I?" replied Mr. Dillon, with stony indifference; "I guess that's Nellie's business. She can please herself,

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and she's old enough to know her mind."

"You take it pretty coolly, Mr. Dillon," said Meredith, to whom this blank indifference on the part of the old gentleman, so keen and wary on other points, was a revelation.

"Why not? I pleased myself when I got married and why shouldn't she do the same. Nobody chose a woman for me and I don't see why I should choose a man for her. And what's more, she's not likely to ask me.

But the sudden appearance of the subject of their conversation put an abrupt end to it.

Meredith went to bed that hot July night in what for him was a profoundly thoughtful mood. During his three months' residence with the Dillons, whence he had come under the auspices of some Farm Pupil Association, he had contracted by the mere force of continual intimate relation a decidedly warm feeling for Nellie. There are few girls who do not immensely improve upon the close personal intimacy that is involved in living for months with them on terms of perfect equality. Under such circumstances a girl is seen at her best, and in the most engaging character. She becomes the minister of our comfort, and the sweetener of our existence. She insensibly moulds us into her ways in all domestic matters. We become her subjects and dependants. She becomes part of our everyday life and so gradually grows upon us. And before we know where we are and what we are doing, she has appropriated a place in what we call our affections, whose voiding oppresses us with a painful sense of irreparable loss.

In another brick farmhouse about half a mile up the same Concession, on that same hot July night, another young man went to his appointed place of repose in a frame of mind anything but restful. For the first time in their life-long association and unchequered company keeping, Trevail found himself face to face with a possibility hitherto in his turn undreamed of. Could it be possible now that the first up-swelling rush of his indignation had begun to subside, that Nellie seriously contemplated throwing him over for this contemptible if superficially fascinating fellow? Twenty-four hours ago he would have spurned the whispered suggestion of such a possibility, as something which it was sacrilegious even to momentarily harbour. Nellie's fidelity was in some sense a sacred thing about which even to think lightly, however vaguely and remotely, savored of a kind of blasphemy. For like all men of his kind, strong fervent and serious, Trevail's love was a sort of religion in itself.

Was it possible, then, that Nellie's constancy was being undermined? Women, after all, were strange creatures. And this contemptible fellow did possess in such profusion just those graces and arts that captivate young girls, and in which he felt, with a sort of contempt at himself for feeling as he did, he was was so greviously deficient. Meredith had that easy-going, half dashing, halt swaggering, devil-me-care way with him which, although despicable, and as he couldn't but own to himself, is so exasperatingly taking with the girls. Had Nellie, then, fallen into line and followed in the crowd?

That this, however, was more than a passing freak on the part of Nellie he could not on second and calmer thoughts bring himself to think. Possibly, it began to dawn upon him, he had been a little hasty. Girls were "kittle cattle," whom to attempt however faintly to drive was certain to result disastrously. Perhaps, therefore, he had brought this in some measure upon himself. After all, he had hardly given her time to speak. And so, comforting himself with the prospect of a radical understanding before they were a week older, he fell asleep.

III.

"Nellie," said Trevail, as they were strolling home from church the following Sunday evening, "don't you think we were both a little too hasty last Wednesday evening?"

"O, I don't know," replied Nellie

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flippantly; "I can't say that I feel very guilty."

A certain defiant hardness of tone on Nellie's part somewhat mystified and distressed Trevail. She had so undisguisedly manœuvred to let him join her after church, and had so readily accommodated her pace to his, that his misgivings had banished like a bad dream at the day's dawning. It was after all, as he had just barely ventured to hope, a little passing misunderstanding. In view of this, therefore, Nellie's tone decidedly jarred upon him.

But Nellie's hardness of tone was due to nothing more serious than a little pardonable impatience with Trevail's blundering persistence. Why, now that she had given him such an unmistakable intimation of her unshaken loyalty, couldn't he take the hint and let the matter rest and go on as before?

"I think, Nellie, when I'm ready to admit my fault you should be willing to do the same," said Trevail gravely. "Now, don't you think you took me up a little too hastily? Perhaps I did use a little strong language, but then, you know, if it wasn't that I care a great deal for you I wouldn't have felt and spoken as I did."

"I think you've a very strange way of showing it," she said, saucily.

"How do you mean?"

"By suspecting and dictating to me."

"I neither suspected nor dictated to you, Nellie," said Trevail, a little annoyed at what seemed the unreasonable inconsistency of Nellie's words and actions. If she had forgiven him, as her actions seemed to indicate, why couldn't she acknowledge it by word of mouth? As if a woman's, and of all beings a young woman's, words and actions ever fitted in. But Trevail as yet knew nothing of this, and so blindly rushed upon the rocks.

"What did you do, then?" asked Nellie, quickening her pace.

"I only advised you for your own good."

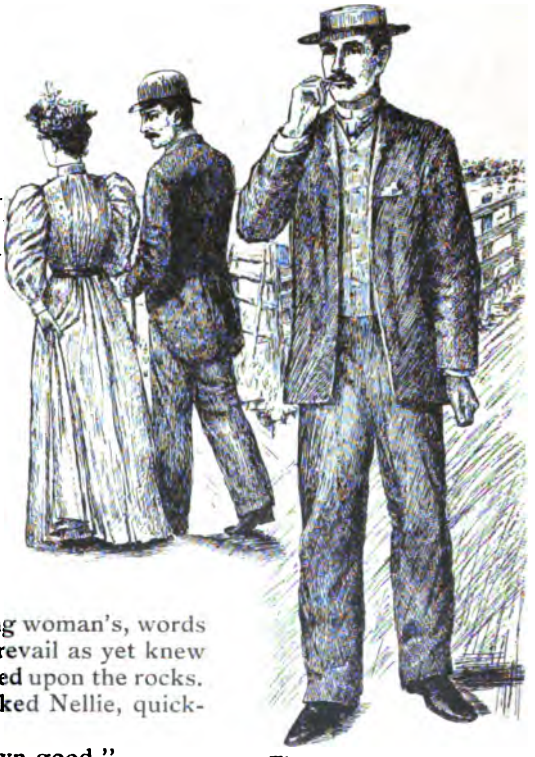
"Very friendly advice to tell me that I don't know how to conduct myself with young men," retorted Nellie, with a toss of the head.

"Yes, it was quite friendly. If you only knew half what people said."

A perverse fate seemed to have taken charge of Nellie's and Trevail's love affairs, and to have doomed the long-legged school teacher to be perpetually saying the wrong thing at the wrong time and in the wrong way. And as they reached the corner, as if to further complicate and confound matters, Meredith, briar-root in mouth, suddenly rose from where he had been sitting in the fence corner, and advanced towards them in a matter-of-fact way, as if keeping an appointment.

"How dare you throw up the tittle tattle of the neighbourhood to me!" Nellie flashed out under her breath. "And I want you to remember that the next time I need your advice I'll ask you for it."

The next moment she was walking down the Concession with Meredith.



"The next moment she was walking down the Concession with Meredith."

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The whole thing had been done so suddenly that Nellie was thirty or forty yards down the Concession before Trevail's rather slow moving mind had fully grasped the situation. He stood looking at them a minute or two longer, and then turned slowly round, feeling like a man who has had a door slammed in his face.

Meredith, however, noticed Nellie's excited condition, and so with praiseworthy prudence on his own account, and equally praiseworthy consideration for her feelings, confined himself to commonplaces. That there had been another and more serious falling out between this apparently hopelessly ill-assorted couple, was unmistakably evident. She had literally turned her back upon him this time.

But Meredith felt no inclination to rally her on the subject. Apart from motives of prudence or compassion, the affair was getting too serious on his own side to be joked about. He was genuinely in love with Nellie himself, and had fully determined to put into execution the scheme broached by him to the old gentleman the previous Wednesday evening. He would rent and stock the farm with a few hundreds that he had recently inherited from some distant relative in England, marry (Nellie) and settle down.

But although not unreasonably confident of success, Meredith did not care to run any unnecessary risks. And then common decency demanded a well defined interval between the two affairs; some sort of an engagement had subsisted between the two. It was only proper that the old one should at least be cold in its grave before the hatching out of the new one.

Nellie, however, retired that evening in a state of mind of which Meredith, fortunately for his own peace of mind, hadn't the faintest inkling. She felt inexpressibly mean and guilty. An impulsive temperament is a two-edged sword, that wounds the possessor as well as the victim. The very sensitiveness to provocation makes you proportionately sensitive to self-reproach. Your guns are continually recoiling upon yourself. You blame others in haste and yourself at leisure. And what is the sting of the whole business, you are always finding yourself out too late.

Until the following Wednesday evening when the choir practice gave them a certain opportunity of meeting, Nellie and Trevail saw nothing of each other. And as the time approached Nellie's spirits began to recover their balance. Perhaps after all she had overrated the effect of her last outbreak. Surely long before this Trevail's good sense must have asserted itself, and he must have come to see that he had in a measure brought this upon himself by his ill-advised persistency.

And so Nellie, by that Wednesday evening, had reasoned Trevail into a frame of mind positively angelic. And on her own part she had solemnly promised her better, or at least more reflective self, to henceforward walk warily and circumspectly. There was no denying it, she was too touchy. She did take people up too hastily. Trevail was right when he said so. As for Meredith, he had scarcely been five minutes in her thoughts for nearly as many days.

The attendance that sweltering evening at the choir practice was not large and the "exercises" were consequently not prolonged. In the absence of the regular organist Nellie "presided" at the organ, and in this capacity exchanged several observations with Trevail, who came late. There was nothing particularly noticeable about his manner except perhaps that he was a trifle stiff and formal.

Nellie closed up the organ and sauntered out on to the road with an undeniably fluttering heart. Trevail, who, young man as he was, held the position of clergyman's warden, remained behind to put out the lamps and straighten things generally. The remaining half-dozen members of the choir, who by a supremely fortunate chance happened to live in the opposite direction, were already almost out of hearing.

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So Nellie slowly sauntered along the dusty road in a not unpleasantly tremulous expectation of the impending little scene, and its consequent happy understanding. For she had fully made up her mind to meet Trevail in the frankest spirit, and at least half way. Some sacrifices were due on her part, and she was determined to make them.

She heard the closing of the church door, the scrunch of the key, and a minute afterwards the closing of the churchyard wicket gate, then along the gravel the long, quick steps of the stalwart teacher approaching from behind.

She slackened her pace, and, as he came up in the twilight, turned and stopped.

With a ceremonious hat-lifting, and a manifestly quickened pace, and without a word, he passed her where she stood.

IV.

Nellie got home somehow or other that evening, and in a frame of mind that had no counterbalancings or compensations. She hadn't even the poor consolation of being angry with herself. Much less could she in any degree console herself with abusing Trevail. He had done no more than what he was perfectly justified in doing. She had turned her back upon him, he had simply done the same, and in an infinitely politer way, by her. But the real sting of the whole affair consisted in the fact that Trevail's action had been altogether unmerited. He had unconsciously done her a grievous injustice. He had deliberately rejected her advances. That he had done so unknowingly only aggravated matters.

Still, she did not blame him. No tinge of resentment came to the rescue of her wounded feelings. He had only done what he had a perfect right to do. And now she found out, as the next couple of weeks dragged out their dreary course, how their lives had become entwined, and how much she really cared for the long-legged teacher, who had so suddenly wrenched himself out of her little life.

Meredith, it must be said to his credit, acted meanwhile with the most admirable delicacy and discretion. Nellie felt that if he had presumed to make one single definite advance she would have positively hated him. But she couldn't help owning to herself that his conduct was exquisitely considerate and generous. She had long known (or persuaded herself) that he admired her and cherished certain well defined hopes. And so she was fully able to appreciate his attitude, when a fair field had apparently suddenly opened before him.

His old, free and easy, half brotherly manner changed to one of studied deference. Not the remotest hint that he had divined the estrangement between herself and Trevail ever escaped him. He almost avoided her company; and by a thousand ways he showed how deeply he sympathized with her, and respected her feelings and scorned to utilize another man's loss to his own advancement.

And yet he made it unmistakably plain that he was only waiting a decent opportunity to declare himself, and was only restrained by a chivalrous sense of honour and delicacy from making a definite advance.

Meanwhile Meredith and the old gentleman had held several conferences on the subject of the former's proposed renting of the farm. And at last it began to remotely dawn upon Mr. Dillon that Meredith's proposal might possibly have some definite outcome. Having been assured by ocular proof of the Englishman's possession of some two thousand dollars, he had begun a very leisurely valuation of the stock and implements. He had also seriously taken into consideration the question of rent, and had promised a definite answer within the next few weeks, sometime in that vaguely defined period of the year known in Scotland and the North of England as the "back end," and among Ontario farmers as "after the fall shows."

Matters then were at this pitch, and the harvest was visibly drawing to a close, and the August days were be-

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ginning to noticeably creep in, when, sitting one evening on the front verandah, Nellie was surprised to see Meredith enter the outer gate which opened from the road upon the approaching lane, come at a run up to the wicket that opened into the garden, and, apparently seeing her, run round by the end of the house. The next minute she heard him enter the empty house and rapidly ascend the back stairs to his room.

Nellie was considerably startled by Meredith's conduct. He was after all only a stranger. They knew absolutely nothing about him. He might be an escaped convict or a runaway forger for all they knew to the contrary. And she was quite alone. Her father had driven off to the Town Hall, about five miles distant, to attend a council meeting in his capacity of Township Reeve, and the girl had gone down to the village three concessions away to get some needed articles at the store. What did it mean? Could it be that he was an escaped lunatic with lucid intervals?

Nellie sat in gathering disquietude for some ten or fifteen minutes. The crickets chirruped, the tree toads gave their whistling croaks, the cool August wind sighed through the shrubs, an occasional meditative low came from the adjoining pasture, but deathlike stillness reigned supreme in the house. The evening was fast closing in, and she was alone with a man who might even now be arming himself to creep out of his room to beat the life out of her.

She rose to her feet, and choking down a sudden piercing scream prepared for a sudden flight out on the road.

At that moment she heard Meredith noisily open his bedroom door, and come down the passage towards the front stairs. Flight was now out of the question. She sat down again on her chair. The next moment Meredith had rapidly descended the front stairs which came down close to the open front door, and had stepped out upon the verandah.

"I hope I didn't alarm you, Miss Dillon," he said, "but I was running to relieve my feelings. In fact, I hardly knew what I was doing. I've had the most extraordinary news from England. I feel like a man in a dream. Read that letter; it'll explain everything."

He put an open letter into Nellie's hand, who, hardly knowing what she did, unfolded it and in the waning daylight read with some difficulty as follows:

15 TOWER ST., DUNCASTLE,
July 25th, 188-.

DEAR SIR,—We have the honour to inform you that, by the recent death of Sir Henry Meredith, who was the first cousin of your deceased father, Captain Meredith, R.R., you have fallen heir to his title and estates. Without entering into any details we may merely state that the annual rental of the estate stands at present at £8,000, and that it is wholly unincumbered. Your early presence is, of course, very desirable. If you are short of the necessary funds to start immediately for England, please write or cable us to that effect and we will at once forward them. Some little uncertainty about your present address alone prevented us from remitting by this letter, whose receipt please at once acknowledge by letter or cable.

Hoping ere long to see you,
We remain respectfully yours,
HANSON & HODGE.

Sir Charles Meredith.

Nellie read the letter and handed it, when she had read it, half mechanically back to Meredith. She was conscious while reading it that Meredith was closely watching her. And as she glanced up after giving him back the letter she encountered his gaze still focussed upon her. She dropped her eyes and there was a silence of several minutes between them. Incomprehensibly, and in spite of herself, she felt embarrassed.

"Well, what do you think of that?" asked Meredith in a low, tremulous tone, like one who is holding himself in by main force.

Meredith's question recalled Nellie to a sense of common propriety. The least she could do was to congratulate him, which she accordingly did.

Meredith did not reply. For another two or three minutes Nellie was disagreeably conscious of his continued

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gaze, as he stood leaning against the verandah pillar and looking down upon her in the now half-enshrouding dusk. Then in grave, measured tone he said :

"Nellie, you can be Lady Meredith to-morrow for saying the word."

And he stooped down and took her hand.

Nellie had vaguely expected something of this sort from Meredith. But it was not till he spoke that she realized the magnificence of the offer. It was like a fairy tale. She was impressed, dazzled, as what country lassie wouldn't have been? To be the lady of a real live English baronet, to roll in her carriage, to be waited on by troops of servants, to hold up her head among the proudest in the land, to be presented at Court, etc., etc., etc.—it was like a romancer's dream. And all this and more might be hers for one little word.

She sat for a few minutes with her hand still in Meredith's without replying. But it was not the silence of indecision. Her mind never wavered for an instant, although for a moment enthralled and dazed. And surely she was entitled to a few minutes admiration of the glittering possibility that had flashed before her, before she resolutely and forever turned her back upon it!

Then she withdrew her hand and said :

"I have always liked and respected you, Mr. Meredith, but I can never marry you."

"That means you like somebody better than me?" said Meredith, after quite a lengthy pause.

"Yes," said Nellie boldly in the now impenetrable dusk. "And I wouldn't give him up to marry the Governor-General."

"By Jove! you're a noble-hearted girl," exclaimed Meredith with unwonted enthusiasm. "You're not offended with me, I hope?"

"No, indeed," replied Nellie with frank simplicity. "I thank you for the honour."

"And you and he haven't made it up yet?" presently asked Meredith. "Don't think I'm asking you this out of vulgar curiosity."

"No, I'm afraid I used him rather meanly. I lost my temper and forgot myself," answered Nellie with a certain sense of satisfaction in this humbling confession, and yet not without some wonder at herself.

"Miss Dillon," said Meredith with a certain hesitation in his voice, "excuse me for asking this question. I leave for England to-morrow and we may never meet again. Had I anything to do with this little misunderstanding between you and Trevail?"

Nellie felt her cheeks burning as she gave a silent assent to this question.

"Then, by Jove, I'll right things between you before I'm half-an-hour older," exclaimed Meredith with startling impulsiveness. "If I parted you I'll bring you together again."

And disregarding an inarticulate half-horrified protest from Nellie, he started off down the garden path.

Among the "numerous and costly" presents (to quote from the paragraph in the local paper) at Nellie's and Trevail's wedding, some two years later, was one that attracted universal admiration. It consisted of a set of magnificent diamonds, and attached to it was a slip of paper on which was inscribed, in a handwriting not unknown to the bride, "From Sir Charles and Lady Meredith to Mrs. Trevail."

R. F. Dixon.

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A DOMINION SCHOOL SYSTEM.

THE Province of Quebec is now on the eve of another educational reform. The chief promise of the members of the new Provincial Government prior to the election was the reconstruction of the system of public instruction in the province. This pledge, although a pre-election promise, the Government shows every desire to keep. Since the year 1846 several such changes have been made in the educational system. At one time the head of the Department of Public Instruction has been a superintendent, at another a Minister of Education; again a superintendent presides, and now there is foreshadowed the appointment of a Minister of Education.

And so throughout the history of each of the older provinces the educational reforms necessary from time to time have been made, here on one line, there on another. The end aimed at in each case has been the same, but the means employed to reach it have been widely different.

It is an inevitable consequence of this variety in the school systems that it should tend to division rather than to unity, and to the estrangement instead of the union of the educational forces of the different provinces. Moreover, it is not promotive of a thorough national homogeneity.

The natural and apparently the only rational remedy is to bring these diverse provincial systems under Dominion control, in short, to establish a Dominion education system under the control of the Federal Government.

It is an inevitable corollary to the already long justified proposition of confederation that the functions of the Federal Government should be extended even to the assumption of the duties of the provincial legislatures, and this could not be more advantageously begun than by the establishment of a Dominion school system.

The economy and efficiency of such a system call for no substantiation. It is the principle that union is strength and which is seen in all departments of human activity, from the modern departmental stores of our cities to the proposal to confederate the Empire.

Again, the difference in the educational conditions of the provinces is now much less than it was in 1867, and, with the continued improvement of the facilities for communication, they must still further diminish. Even at the present time the widest extremes are to be found in the same province, for no more widely varying conditions exist in the whole Dominion than are to be met with in different parts of either of the older provinces of Ontario or Quebec. There are in these provinces, as there must always be in a country whose habitable limits are not well defined, districts which must receive special legislative administration, but this could be accorded by one department of education, quite as justly, wisely and well as by the seven or eight provincial departments. The same is true of the difficulties arising from distinction of race and creed.

On the other hand, the important phase of education from a nation-building point of view, that of fostering in school children a broad and strong national spirit, would be greatly advanced. The child's ideas of loyalty would be expanded, and true patriotism would be developed as he learned to regard himself as acting his part in concert with the youth of the whole Dominion.

The uniformity of school studies, of teachers' qualifications and of State appropriation, all would strongly tend to unite the rising generation of the nation into one organized whole.

These are forces not to be lightly cast aside. The consciousness in the mind of the school-boy or girl of being an integral part of the whole vast system, the competitive spirit to which it would give rise and the wide sympathies that it would evoke, would do more to weld together the component parts of the nation of the next century than could be accomplished by acts of legislature or be overturned by the localism of the petty politician or of the over zealous prelate.

Richmond, Que.

John A. Dresser.

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BY THE EDITOR.

OUR ROMANTIC HISTORY.

Romantic in many ways is the history of Canada from its earliest days; and yet after our citizens complete their school or college periods, they have little chance to revel in historical pleasures. Recognizing this, the publishers of this magazine have decided to give its readers an opportunity to enjoy, with little effort, the most romantic parts of our history. Beginning with the November number, there will be published in this periodical a series of twelve illustrated articles which will describe all the chief historical events and personages that have any connection with our history from the Norse voyagers onward. These articles will thus give a fairly complete history of this country, which may be read in two hours per month during one year. They will be published under the heading, "The Makers of the Dominion of Canada," and will be by Canada's leading historian, Dr. J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., F.R.S.C., whose "Story of Canada" has been most favourably commented upon by the leading critics of Europe and America.

Each article will deal with a separate period or a related set of personages, but there will be no collection of minor events and dates such as mar the ordinary school histories. Moreover, each event will be treated in the light of its influence or effect on our present national life—another point where our general histories fail.

The illustrations will be the most valuable series ever published in any Canadian periodical or book, and will include reproductions of ancient maps, drawings, portraits and pictures, collected by the author through many years of patient research.

MILITARY TRAINING.

There is a strong feeling among a large part of the population of Canada that this country does not require any military system, and that the expenditure of the few thousands of dollars now devoted annually to the maintenance of the militia and the few fortifications that we possess is quite unnecessary. This feeling shows itself occasionally in the parliamentary debates on the estimates, in the public press and in the remarks of the rural population. Moreover, it is quite patent to the ordinary observer that Canada is really a non-military power, and her young men have few opportunities of learning the rudiments of soldiering.

The number of men to be trained and drilled annually is limited to forty-five thousand. The number of permanent militia men enrolled in 1895 was 1,227; and the number of active militia was 24,814, showing that the number actually trained is below the statutory limit.

It is an open question whether the elimination of the soldier-citizen from our modern civilization is not being carried on too rapidly. Soldiers have been more or less of an absolute necessity in all past ages, and the day when

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soldiers will not be required will sometime arrive. But to-day the world is situated between these two extremes. It is not necessary that every man should be a soldier; but it may safely be asserted that the time has not yet arrived when no man need be a soldier. The feeling that militarism is out-of-date and has no place in the civilization of the closing years of the nineteenth century is an improper one, and is due to a lack of appreciation of the dangers that still confront nation-building.

If all the signs be thoroughly studied, it will not be hard to find justification for the belief that Canada will have other wars than those that have already been described by her historians. Her citizens are certainly not anxious for war, but nevertheless they cannot prevent such an unfortunate occurrence if some other power decides that war with Canada is necessary. For this reason, it seems safe to assert that Canada has gone too far in her opposition, or her indifference, to the military training of her citizens.

There is, however, another side to this question. Military training is valuable, not only as a safeguard against violence, but for its physical and mental development. The man who has served a term in the militia will, if that term was sufficiently thorough and extensive, be a better man whether considered as an individual or as a citizen. He will have learned the value of executive direction, of organization, of respect for authority, and of discipline. He will have been trained to use his feet, his hands, his eyes, his ears and his brains in new ways, and he will be a better man in after days because of this training.

For these two reasons then: (1) because of the necessity for a safeguard against invasion or spoliation by a hostile power; and (2) because of the value of military training to every citizen, it would appear advisable for Canada to extend her militia system so as to embrace a large number of citizens in the annual volunteer training. The 45,000 limit should be abolished, and every able-bodied male citizen between 21 and 26 years of age should be compelled to drill in a militia corps for at least twelve days in every year. After this term of service has been fulfilled, further service would be voluntary as at present. This would not mean the adoption of the militarism or standing army principles of European nations; nor would it mean that, as a nation, Canadians are not desirous of seeing universal peace established. It would be a simple compromise between the past and the future.

As to the question of financial cost, this plan might be carried out with very little addition to the present expenditure. No militiaman should be paid for his services during this compulsory period, although, of course, his clothing, food, arms and instruction would need to be provided. Volunteers would have to be paid as at present, but it is not too much to ask every citizen to give to the common good sixty days of his three score years and ten. The central organization and the permanent force would need but slight extension to meet the requirements of the new conditions.

So soon as a citizen has secured a treasure of any kind, his first thought, even in these peaceful days, is to devise means to prevent it being taken away from him by some covetous person. Canada is amassing wealth day by day, and she, too, must guard against possible loss. The only way to do this is to avoid giving offence and to train her citizens to be active, alert and self-reliant; to teach them a little of the science of self-defence. Let me recall the words of the lamented patriot, T. D'Arcy McGee, and give them a new application: "The events daily transpiring around us teach us not to rely too much upon our present position of secure independence, but rather to apprehend and be prepared for attempts against our liberties."

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

For some time Canada has been living in a fool's paradise in so far as the

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national estimate of our educational system is concerned. We have been parading before the world as a nation possessed of the greatest educational system ever conceived, and having told this story so often we finally came to believe it, with the result that we folded our hands and looked wise. In consequence our system has not been improved very much in recent years, and has not been adapted to the age or to the greatest needs of the nation.

The following remarks from the *Metropolitan*, of Montreal, exhibit this feeling with regard to the Quebec system :

"The Hon. Mr. Marchand, in a recent interview, expresses his intention to introduce radical reforms in our educational system. Just what the nature of these are, he hesitates to say. The first thing to do is to grapple with our elementary schools. It is from these we obtain our statistics of literacy, and it is these for which we blush. Our elementary schools have never been taken seriously either by the Government or our educationists, who have devoted themselves to the evolution of the academy and the university. We need a new order of things by which every teacher must be thoroughly trained and certificated; salaries must be increased fifty per cent.; the schools and their equipment need radical reconstruction. Chiefly it is urgent that all should feel a fresh enthusiasm for the elementary schools, seeing that it is upon these we depend for the character of the masses of our people. The schools themselves have eked out an apologetic existence, removed from beauty and hope, set down in the most desolate spot in the whole landscape; the children have been spiritless and neglected; the teachers half rendered a perfunctory service, unpaid, uncheered, divorced from social life, left to mental damp and mildew. In a word, the whole elementary system in Quebec needs a fresh incarnation. Money will do much; sympathy, purpose, fervour will do more. We need material aid; patriotism and pride are still more urgent."

Other provinces may not need such radical reforms as Quebec, but improvements could certainly be made; for attention has been directed too much to higher collegiate and university education, and too little to the public schools. Canada is essentially an agricultural country, and yet there is no attempt made to teach the elements of scientific farming, dairying, cheese-making, and stock-raising. This might be done in the higher forms in all country and village schools, and in the lower forms of high schools and collegiate institutes.

CANADIAN BOOK BUYERS.

Some remarks of mine made last month concerning Canadians and book buyers have brought me in for some very strong private criticism. The statements made were to the effect that books of the highest literary value and artistic were neglected, and that our people did not appreciate rough-edged volumes.

A gentleman writing from a city in the Province of Quebec says :

"Your editorial remarks anent the Canadian public and book buyers and book dealers are to the point. There is scarcely to be found in Quebec such a thing as a Public Library, and seldom even a well-filled bookcase. Book-selling, other than an occasional twenty-five cent shocker, is not known here. I enjoyed your outspoken utterance of the subject."

A lady who disagrees with me very strongly writes as follows :

"I am a member of a Public Library on whose shelves are Bertha M. Clay's works, and the Librarian tells me that the readers are not fond of that author, consequently I cannot believe that the facts are absolutely as you have stated them in your magazine.

"And why the classification of the Pansy, and Elsie and Swan books together? The Swan books depict real life with no groundwork of Elysian fields. To read a book like 'Maitland of Laureston' will make one a better man or woman.

"With regard to the Library that sent back the books with uncut edges, I would like to say that that Library has many sympathizers. Unevenly edged books are like a coat with its seams not properly finished, or like the ladies' rustic hats which answer for a picnic, but are not ladylike for general wear. To my mind ragged, coarse edges are a nuisance and unartistically ugly. I do not ask for one size or one shape or one style in book-making, for I am fickle as regards sameness; but I do want to be saved from the coarse, uneven, uncut books which are an extra of the wrong kind. I am not 'English, you know,' but just a Scotch-Canadian."

But all the letters and criticisms have not caused me to change my mind. It took me several years to arrive at the conclusion which I expressed, and I

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have found that my convictions are not easily shaken. There are certainly many Canadians who appreciate books with nice bindings, and admire authors whose works require study. This portion of the public I do not ignore; but there is just as certainly a very large number of our people who do not appreciate artistic books and magazines. When they buy a book it is simply a question of price, not a question of appearance or intrinsic literary merit. Canada has made great progress towards an appreciation of science, literature and the fine arts; but we have a great deal yet to learn and to practice before we shall have entirely shaken off all the barbarisms which usually mark those living in a country which is comparatively new.

CANADIAN LITERARY CULTURE.

Dr. Bourinot takes a rather optimistic view of our intellectual development in his very able article, "Literary Culture in Canada," in the July *Scottish Review*. He says that "the five millions of people of two nationalities who own Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific are displaying a mental activity commensurate with their expansion of territory and accumulation of wealth." He points out that the national or thoroughly Canadian spirit now animating Canadians is clearly evidenced by the study and writing of history, and by their scientific and poetical productions. The influence of Parkman, the work of Garneau, the Abbe Casgrain and Dr. Kingsford are estimated, and the poetry of Carman, Lampman, Roberts, Campbell and Scott appraised. Canadian novelists and general writers are fully considered. Then the writer says:

"I think, on the whole, there have been enough good poems, histories and essays written and published in Canada for the last four or five decades to prove that there has been a steady intellectual growth on the part of our people, and that it has kept pace at all events with the mental growth in the pulpit, or in the legislative halls, where, of late years, a keen, practical debating style has taken the place of the more rhetorical and studied oratory of old times. I believe the intellectual faculties of Canadians only require larger opportunities for their exercise to bring forth a rich fruition. I believe the progress in the years to come will be far greater than that we have yet shown, and that necessarily so, with the wider distribution of wealth, the dissemination of a higher culture, and a greater confidence in our own mental strength, and in the resources that this country offers to pen and pencil."

Dr. Bourinot, like some of our other virile thinkers, is not wholly satisfied with the manner in which our educational system works out.

"The animating principle with the majority of people is to make a young man a doctor, a lawyer, an engineer, or teach him some other vocation as soon as possible, and the tendency is to consider any education that does not immediately effect this result as superfluous."

The child is given too many subjects to study, so that he is not taught much of anything. We have plenty of education, but few learned men. Even manners are omitted from this educational preparation for money getting. Superficiality expresses the sum and substance of our educational weakness, and Dr. Bourinot has done well to point this out.

FINANCIALLY.

Financially, Canada is progressing very rapidly at present. The opening of the mining regions of British Columbia and northern Ontario last year has been followed by the discovery of the Klondyke gold-fields this year. But of much greater importance than either of these events is the recent rise in the price of grain and other produce, which will give Canada many extra millions of profit this year. This one year's additional profit to agricultural producers will be five times the profit from working our gold mines during 1896 and 1897, and yet it has attracted about one-fifth of the attention. Our mineral wealth is enormous, but exhaustible, with an ever-increasing cost of production; our agricultural wealth is more enormous, is inexhaustible, with a cost of production which is being steadily decreased by scientific progress.

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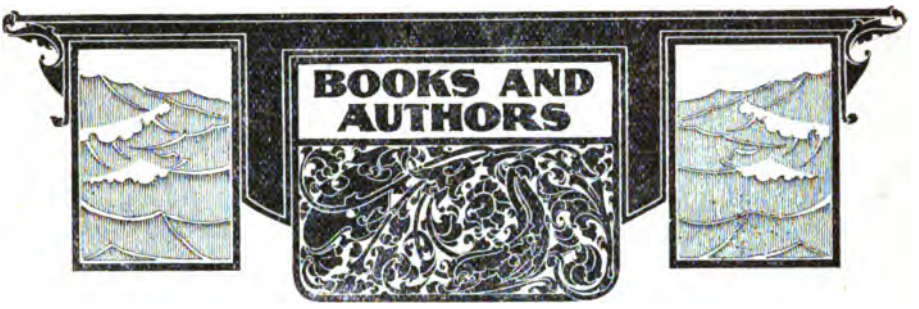

THE PHILOSOPHER OF DRIFTWOOD.

HOW few there are who live a broad, evenly-balanced life. Some go through the world with the idea of their own material and mental advancement always predominant. Others are always worrying about the condition of those more unfortunate than themselves, their sympathies for struggling humanity leading them into reckless extravagance of conduct and speech. There are few who recognize that "opportunity to expand and deepen one's own powers by selective association with the best cultured people is as important in the moral advancement of the world as ministering to the needs of the poor and the ignorant."

This is the first subject to which Mrs. Jenness Miller addresses herself in "The Philosopher of Driftwood." * She describes two men, Kingsley Manton, the pleasure seeker and man of the world, and Silas Bragdon, a one-time dweller in the heart of the world, but now living among gentle fisherfolk on the New England coast. She shows how each life fails, and exhibits considerable talent in the delineation of character and the analysis of motives. She accepts her world —the United States—as it is, and offers little if any criticism. In fact, she is somewhat of an apologist for the present Western civilization, making a plea for divorce in the case of all loveless unions, and for the present unequal distribution of wealth.

As a social novel Mrs. Miller's book leaves little to be desired. It is bright, interesting and powerful. As a piece of literature, however, it is decidedly weak. The sentence construction and the punctuation are abominable, and such as no important publishing house would allow to go forth. Mrs. Miller should have her next book edited before publication by some person who has studied rhetoric.

THE STORY OF THE UNION JACK.

Barlow Cumberland, Past President of the National Club, Toronto, and Supreme President of the "Sons of England," has given us a most attractive book entitled "The Story of the Union Jack," † in which he very properly intimates that this flag means even more to Canadians than it does to the residents of the British Isles, because under it Canadians have fought in the defence of their homes. He points out that the love of emblems has been a universal characteristic among all races of men, and that this instinct is still exceedingly strong.

* The Philosopher of Driftwood, a social novel, by Mrs. Jenness Miller. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.
† Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.00.

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Even the North American Redman had his "Totem" painted or embroidered on his trappings and his weapons. National emblems are an evidence of patriotic fervour, and a national flag is the incarnation of intense sentiment. He explains the origin of national flags, and shows how the British Jack is the basis of the design of the Stars and Stripes. The word "Jack" is derived from the surcoat or Jacque which was worn by ancient knights over their armour, and which wore the blazon or sign either of their lord or of their nationality. The Red Cross of St. George was adopted and worn upon the Jacque by the English Crusaders as the English sign, and this passed later into the Red Cross of England. Still later, the three crosses of England, Scotland and Ireland were combined to form the Union Jack, which, with the addition of the Canadian coat of arms, forms the Canadian ensign.

Mr. Cumberland gives a great deal of interesting history concerning this flag, its victories, its conquests, and the liberties it has secured—all explained by numerous illustrations and coloured plates. The story is told sympathetically, loyally and patriotically, in a simple yet powerful style. The author is to be congratulated upon the excellence of the work which he has so opportunely given to the Canadian public.

THE CHEVALIER D'AURIAC.*

S. Levett-Yeats' latest story "The Chevalier D'Auriac" has been running serially in some Canadian newspapers and now appears in Longman's Colonial Library. It is a French tale of the times of Henry IV. and the Holy League, and describes the adventures of a young nobleman who wins the love of a beautiful lady and the friendship of his king by courage and faithfulness. In character it resembles very much Weyman's "Gentleman of France" and "Under the Red Robe," and some of Gunter's historical novels. It is remarkably full of action, and always inculcates a very high ideal of individual conduct and behaviour. The author has mastered the art of story telling and is fully worthy to be classed with Weyman, Crockett, Parker and Anthony Hope—is perhaps more powerful than some of these.

IN KEDAR'S TENTS.

One of the best novels of the month is Henry Seton Merriman's "In Kedar's Tents." † Not only is it a delightful romance and full of vigorous adventure, but it is artistic and quaintly humorous. Fred. Conyngham, a careless, easy-going, English bachelor, voluntarily shoulders the guilt of a married friend who has unintentionally killed the son of Sir John Pleydall during a Chartist riot. To escape arrest Conyngham goes to Spain and enlists under the Queen Regent. Here he meets with many adventures, finally winning fame and a wife. Spain, torn by the strife between two factions, is a very unsafe place to live in, and consequently the young Englishman is placed in many dangers which try his daring and his courage. The Spanish character, male and female, is quaintly described and dissected, and the book is studded with peculiar remarks of the following taste, where the author describes two soldiers passing the afternoon playing cards: "For the Spaniard will be found playing cards amid the wreck of the world, and in the intervals between the stupendous events of the last day." And again where he makes the wily old priest say: "Ah, my friend, when a woman believes in a man she makes him or mars him. There is no medium." The

* The Chevalier D'Auriac, by S. Levett-Yeats, author of "A Galahad of the Greeks." London: Longmans, Green & Co.; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.
† Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

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whole book is decidedly refreshing and shows that Merriman deserves the fame which he is rapidly winning.

CANADA'S MINERAL WEALTH.

Canada's natural resources are made up of timber, fish, minerals and fertile soil. These are what a bountiful nature has given us, and from which Canadians must derive their wealth. It is important that each of these four should be thoroughly understood, not only by those desiring to accumulate a competence, but by our rulers. Professor Arthur B. Willmott, of McMaster University, Toronto, has just published* an instructive book entitled "The Mineral Wealth of Canada." In his introduction he compares our mineral resources with those of other countries and explains where our minerals are found. He then takes up each kind of ore, notes how it occurs, the different varieties, and where each is found, ending his book with a chapter on soils and mineral fertilizers and some tables. The publication of such reliable information is opportune, and although intended primarily for university students will be found very valuable to the general reader and to the student of Canadian economics. The author has performed his work very thoroughly.

RURAL SCIENCE.

Macmillan's Rural Science Series† is worthy of hearty commendation to Canadian farmers, who read and study too little. The day when farming could be carried on by unskilled labour has gone by, and the successful farmer is now the man who reads, studies and travels. This series of books includes: "The Soil; Its Nature, Relations and Fundamental Principles of Management," "The Fertility of the Land," "The Spraying of Plants," "Milk and Its Products," "The Principles of Fruit Growing," "Seeds and Seed Growing," "Feeding of Animals," etc. "The Fertility of the Land" is by Isaac Phillips Roberts, Professor of Agriculture in Cornell University, and a practical farmer. As the editor of the series says: "It sets forth the author's philosophy of the means of maintaining the productivity of the land; and since the productive power of the land is the first and fundamental consideration in farming, it must follow that this book comes as near to being a treatise on agriculture as any single volume can be. It combines the best teachings of science with the philosophy of farm practice. It is the ripened judgment of the wisest farmer whom I have known."

A NEW SCHOOL HISTORY.

"Of all mankind," says Carlyle, "there is no tribe so rude that it has not attempted history, though several have not arithmetic enough to spell five. History has been written with quipo-threads, with feather-pictures, with wampum-belts; still oftener with earth-mounds and monumental stone-heaps, whether as pyramid or cairn; for the Celt and the Copt, the Red-man as well as the white lives between two eternities, and warring against oblivion, he would fain unite himself in clear conscious relation with the whole future and the whole past." And with Carlyle we must still agree that history writing ranks among the highest arts.

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* Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 201 pp.
† The Macmillan Co., New York. Toronto: Tyrrell's Book Shop.

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Canada has had many histories, some fragmentary, some complete at one time but now incomplete, some dealing with but one event, others dealing with all the events comprised in what may justly be called Canadian history. Some of these histories have been written in English, some in French; some have been written for adults, some for the younger generations. Some writers have recorded fact after fact, seeing no other relation between them than the chronological; others have considered the epoch-making events in their relation to Canada's present position as a nation. Yet in spite of the hundreds of volumes that have been written, it is safe to assert that the ideal history of Canada is yet to be written.

General readers are, as a rule, little interested in school books, but the new school history of Canada is extraordinary in many ways, and is exciting general attention. Owing to the action of various teachers' associations, the Dominion Educational Association, in July, 1892, formulated a scheme for the preparation of a text-book on history which would be suitable for the schools in all the Provinces, and which would properly present the position of the Dominion. A competition was arranged for, and on July 1st, 1895, when it closed, fifteen manuscripts were handed to the judges. After ten months, the first prize of $1,000 was awarded to W. H. P. Clement, barrister, Toronto, and his work is now published. It has been adopted by New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, the North-West Territories and British Columbia. Nova Scotia and Prince Edward will no doubt fall in line and adopt this the best school history ever prepared in Canada. The publishers, the committee and the author are to be congratulated upon the success of their efforts, and it is to be hoped that the expectations of all will be realized, and that a proper idea of Canada's romantic past and brilliant possibilities will be inculcated in the minds of our Canadian youth.

Although the book is specially intended for the use of school children, it is worthy of a place as a work of reference in every Canadian library. The maps and illustrations are quite commendable.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Canadian admirers of Charles G. D. Roberts will be pleased to know that there will be a Canadian edition of his "History of Canada," and those of our citizens who prefer Canadian editions in their libraries will be able to add this volume to their "Canadiana." This addition will be issued by George N. Morang, Toronto. This house will also publish "Heart Songs," by Jean Blewett, a dainty volume of verse, which will contain all the poems which that talented lady has written. This is another volume which Canadian collectors will prize highly, not only on account of its intrinsic merit, but because of its being Mrs. Blewett's first edition.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin intends publishing in November John Oliver Hobbes' (Mrs. Craigie) new story, "The School for Saints." The volume will appear in his Colonial Library in paper and cloth bindings. Although an edition of the work will be on sale in the United States by a New York firm, Mr. Unwin has specially reserved the sole Canadian right, and only his edition can enter Canada. He is specially copyrighting the volume in Canada for this purpose.

The best map of the Klondyke is the one published by the Province Publishing Co., of Victoria, B.C. There is another very good one published by Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago, who also publish "Golden Alaska," an illustrated guide to that country and the Klondyke district. This pamphlet contains maps, illustrations, and does not colour its facts too highly.

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A book of stories of adventure by Edward William Thomson, "Between Earth and Sky," is announced for October by William Briggs. The volume will include "Petherick's Peril," the story which won for the author the large cash prize offered some years ago by the *Youth's Companion*.

A story, declared by the publisher a worthy associate with "The Seats of the Mighty" and "The Forge in the Forest," is shortly to issue from the press of William Briggs. This time it is a young lady who delves into the rich mine of historical romance afforded by the picturesque life of French colonial times. Miss Blanche Macdonnell, of Montreal, is the writer, and the scene of her story, "The Thorn in the Flesh," is laid in Ville Marie, in the time of fiery Governor Frontenac.

William Briggs has in the press a volume of "Pioneer Sketches of Long Point Settlement," with the sub-title of "Norfolk's Foundation Builders and their Genealogies." The volume will be of the size and style of the Misses Lizars' "In the Days of the Canada Company." The writer, Mr. E. A. Owen, of Vittoria, a journalist of considerable experience, spent a year and a half in collecting material for the volume, and has got together an amazing amount of interesting personal data.

Among the books published by George N. Morang, Toronto, there are several that are having rapid sales. The second edition of "The Christian," by Hall Caine, is exhausted, and the third edition will be ready by the first of October The second edition of Bellamy's "Equality" is now being issued, and indicates that Canada is much interested in social-economic problems.

The narration of the adventurous expedition of the Tyrrell Brothers across the Barren Lands, as told by Mr. J. W. Tyrrell, C.E., is in the press, and will be issued in October by William Briggs, under the title of "Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada." The appearance and value of the volume will be greatly enhanced by a number of drawing by Mr. Arthur Heming, and by engravings from photographs taken en route.

Miss Marshall Saunders has two books in the press to appear this autumn, and is at work now on a story of Acadian French life.

Mr. Alexander Begg, editor of the British Columbia *Mining Record*, died at Victoria, B.C., on Monday, in his sixty-fifth year. He was born in Quebec, was at one time private auditor and Queen's Printer of Manitoba, and was the author of a "History of the first Riel Rebellion" and "The History of the North-West Territories."

G. M. Fairchild, of Quebec, will shortly publish a volume of short stories. This gentleman has long been known to the world of Canadian letters, having edited several books and written a volume on sport in Quebec. One of his stories appeared in the August number of this publication.

Gilbert Parker has been in Austria for the summer collecting material for a new novel. He is wise not to confine himself to Canadian scenes and characters.

Those who enjoyed the racy pages of "In the Days of the Canada Company" will look forward to a new work by the same authors, Robina and Kathleen Lizars, "Humours of '37: Grave, Gay and Grim," which is now in course of issue by William Briggs, Toronto. Some idea of the scope of the work may be gathered from the chapter-heads, "Baneful Domination," "The Canadas at Westminster," "A Call to Umbrellas," "Le Grand Brule," "Gallows Hill," "Autocrats All," "Huron's Age Heroic," etc. The writers are rather happy in character sketches, and their pens find ready play on the personalities of Sir Francis Bond Head, William Lyon Mackenzie, Papineau, Nelson and others who acted their parts in the tragic drama of the rebellion.

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NATIONAL SPORT.

CANOEING SONG.

We paddle from morn till eve ;
  And the rapids come and go,
Till the red sun sinks o'er the pinnacled pines
  In crimson and gold and snow.
Then we sing in the breath of the evening's calm,
  And laugh with the falls below.

We paddle from morn till eve ;
  We portage from lake to stream ;
Thinking of comfort, love and home—
  Nature's eternal dream.
A dreamland of hope like a winter's fire
  Are the depths where our paddles gleam.

We paddle from morn till eve ;
  We travel from day to day ;
And the stream goes on forever—
  To the ocean takes its way ;
But we fear the Portage that ends at the Sea,
  And we watch for the Light of Day.

A. Hill Rolph.

A NEW HARNESS RECORD.

Trotting races are exceedingly popular in many parts of Canada, and when properly conducted afford excellent sport besides having a great influence on the breeding and training of horses. On August 28th, at Readville, Mass., the colours of Joe Patchen, John R. Gentry and other great stallions were lowered when another pacing stallion, Star Pointer, lowered the mile in harness record to 1.59¼. The trial was made with a running pacemaker before ten thousand delighted spectators.

Star Pointer is owned by J. W. Murphy of Chicago. He was foaled in 1889, at Spring Hill, Tenn., and was bred by H. P. Pointer. His sire was Brown Hal, pacing record 2.12½, by Tom Hal, Jr., the sire of the famous old campaigner, Hal Pointer, 2.04½. The latter is a half-brother to Star Pointer, seeing that both are out of Sweepstakes, and she by Knight's Snow Heels. Star Pointer's second dam was Kit, by McMeehan's Traveller.

The new champion is one of the biggest pacers in training, stands fully sixteen hands, and is very lengthy.

CANADIAN MILE-RUNNERS ABROAD.

There were three Canadians in the one mile run at the championship games held on August 28th, at Manhattan Field, New York, under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Union. Alexander Brodie of the Montreal A.A., and R. Grant of the Toronto A.A., finished second and third respectively. George W. Orton was defeated, much to the regret of his many Canadian friends. The race was won by J. F. Creegan of the New York A.C., in 4m. 27 3-5s.

Orton has a sort of malaria this summer which has prevented him from keeping up his record. He is improving somewhat and will likely be a competitor for the Canadian championship on the 25th inst.

The most remarkable performance at the meeting was that of Wefers, who won the hundred in 9 4-5s., the 220 in 21 2-5s., and ran a quarter in the relay race in 49 1-5s. He is to-day, beyond a doubt, the greatest amateur sprinter on the continent—and he is not a Canadian.

George Stephens of the Montreal A.A. ran in the quarter, but did not secure a place.

It is to be hoped that more Canadians will attend this meet next year, and that more honours will fall to Canada. We cannot have too many of these international amateur championships.

BASEBALL SEASON ENDED.

The amateur baseball season has drawn to a close, and has revealed an inclination on the part of the people to take more interest in this United States' game. However, it must be acknowledged that the class of citizens who patronize it above all others is not the best class. It does not attract the bench, the bar and the professions to the extent that golf, tennis, lacrosse, cricket and other summer sports do ; but it has, certainly, during the year 1897 found much favour in the towns and villages and among the mechanics of the cities. The game does not require an expensive outfit, a costly field, nor a great deal of time for each match, hence its popularity in these quarters.

Professional baseball has also shown increased popularity this year, though the failure, a few weeks ago, of the Canadian Baseball League (Guelph, Hamilton and London) would not indicate it. The representatives of Toronto and Montreal in the Eastern League have done fairly well, and have, everything considered, been well supported.

If the Toronto team had represented a United States city it would, undoubtedly, have won the pennant.

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THE DOWNFALL OF LACROSSE.

It was pointed out last month that Canada's national game had fallen rather low to be represented by such amateur-professionals as form the leading teams from Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal in the Senior League, and it was suggested that these men should announce themselves as professionals, and leave the amateur field clear for those who are really amateurs. The matches that have been played since then, and the revelations at the trial of certain members of the Ottawa team, have but deepened the conviction in the public mind that the game in the large cities is being carried on in a decidedly unsportsmanlike manner, and that a change is absolutely necessary. The public will not long patronize an amateur game played by men who receive pay directly or indirectly, and it is safe to assert that at least ninety per cent. of the men on the Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto teams are paid, in some way, for their lacrosse playing. This kind of thing prevents the true amateur player from winning the fame to which his sacrifices and talents entitle him.

After an uphill season, the Shamrocks of Montreal secured only second place in the League, the Capitals of Ottawa winning first. The champions are under too great a shadow of suspicion just now to allow any one to say hat their victory was a popular one.

CANADIAN VS. UNITED STATES RUGBY.

In the November number of this publication there will be an article which will contrast the Canadian and United States games of Rugby. The author is Geo. W. Orton, the Canadian track champion, whose four years' residence at Philadelphia University enables him to do this subject complete justice. The article will be profusely illustrated.

THE BOOM IN GOLF.

Harold G. Hutchinson writes of the boom in Golf in *Harper's Weekly* as follows:

"When the Queen began to reign—that is, in 1837—there was practically no interest taken in athletic pursuits, whether at home or abroad. I find a very little interest attaching to rowing, and a little local interest in cricket; but in any other branch of athletic pursuits virtually none at all. Football was unheard of; we had not your baseball; athletic sports were not. The only events that bore any analogy to athletic sports were occasional pedestrian matches, generally against time. A certain Captain Barclay had walked a thousand miles in a thousand hours—a great feat in those days. Thereon a certain old soldier, finding some excellent sausages at table, backed himself to eat a thousand of them in a thousand hours—one every hour for six weeks. Captain Barclay accomplished his pedestrian feat, but the gastronomic athletic gave up at the third sausage. The first athletic sports worthy of the name was a meeting got up by some undergraduates of Exeter College, Oxford, in 1847, only fifty years ago. Football was a later invention again, and did not reach its present elaboration for a long while. Golf, so far as England was concerned, virtually did not exist. In England, however, was the course of the golf club that has older records than any other in the world, namely, the Royal Blackheath Club, which James I. of England (Sixth of Scotland) instituted when he came down south to govern England and get into cousiderable trouble over the business. Considering his addiction to golf he ought to have been a better king, for he founded also the King James VI. Golf Club at Perth. It was soon after the beginning of the second half of the present century that a St. Andrews man happened to come down to Westward Ho, in North Devon, and walking on some links' turf by the shore of the Atlantic, told his English host that they were walking over first-class potential golfing ground. This was between 1850 and 1860, just at the time when, as we have seen, England, and the Anglo-Saxon world in general, was waking up to a newborn interest in all athletic matters. Golf, besides being an excellent athletic game, calling out the best qualities of eye, muscle, head and nerve, is also a game eminently adapted for men who have arrived at that middle age at which running is a disagreeable necessity, rather than a delight, at such games as cricket, rackets, tennis, or even lawn-tennis. Therefore the game met a double want; and the manner in which it spread all round the English coast, and has now penetrated to every available inland heath and common—some of them not in the least degree suited for the play of the game in its perfection—it does not need to chronicle in detail. It happened that while the athletic spirit of the Anglo-Saxon was in process of awakening, the invention of gutta-percha golf-balls was born into the world. It was an invention that made golf cheap. Previously it was an expensive game, for the old feather-stuffed balls cost about four shillings apiece, while the new ball could be bought for one shilling, and when you hit one of the gutta-percha balls a crack on the crown with an iron you only scored a dent in it, whereas when you similarly maltreated one of the old-fashioned balls you cut a hole in it, through which the stuffing came out, and the ball was ruined. Added to these factors of the game's popularity there was the accident that Mr. A. J. Balfour was known to be an enthusiastic golfer. . . . . And it was an influence that combined with the other factors to popularize the game not only in England, but also in Scotland, the land of its nativity. For though it is true that golf has been played in Scotland for an immemorial time, it is yet not to be thought that it was always as common or as popular in Scotland as it is now. Probably it would not be inexact to say that whereas golfers in Scotland were numbered by units when the Queen began to reign, they may be numbered by fifties to-day; bnt in England for every unit that played golf in that early Victorian period the golfer of to-day is in his tens of thousands."

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CONSUMPTION NOT CONTAGIOUS.

THE alarm caused by the New York Health Board's wild, false, and untenable assertions to the effect that "Consumption is an infectious disease which can be communicated from the sick to the well," led the Chairman of the State Section of the American Medical Association (the highest Medical Authority of the Profession) to apply to Dr. Robert Hunter, as the oldest and most experienced lung specialist of that country, for a paper giving scientific and incontrovertible proof of the utter falsity of the Board's contention, to be read at the 28th annual meeting of the Association, held at Philadelphia, June 2nd, 1897.

The points indubitably established by Dr. Hunter are as follows:

"1st. That the history and all reliable statistics of the disease show that consumption is never communicated from the sick to the well.

"2nd. That it never becomes epidemic, as all infectious diseases do.

"3rd. That instead of increasing through infection, it is steadily decreasing from generation to generation—which would be impossible were it infectious in any degree whatever.

"4th. That consumption is one of the oldest diseases known to mankind, and was accurately described by Hippocrates 343 years before the birth of Christ. It is a lingering sickness which lasts for months, and often for years, during all of which time, if infectious, it would be throwing off the germs of the disease and infecting those in health.

"5th. Nothing was ever done by the Profession to prevent its spread by infection, if it had power to do so, and yet at the end of twenty-five centuries of uninterrupted growth it is found to be less prevalent and less fatal than it was at the beginning.

"In England, where the death tables are compiled with the greatest care, the Annual Reports of the Registrar-General show that the deaths by consumption in each million of the population were in

1860—2,679	1880—2,116
1870—2,475	1890—1,385

a decrease in 30 years of over 40 per cent.

"Had each of these cases been a centre of contagion, producing new cases by infecting those in health, there could have been no decrease, but, on the contrary, the deaths must have been increased by the numbers so infected.

"No stronger proof that consumption is incapable of reproducing itself could be given than the fact that it is more prevalent in men than women. Women nurse and attend upon consumptives through their entire illness, and are constantly exposed to infection if it had the power to infect, and yet only 2,944 of these exposed females die of it to 4,482 males.

"The great Hospital for Consumption at Brompton, London, in existence for over sixty years, is much the largest hospital for lung diseases in the world. It has a large staff of physicians, with scores of nurses and other hospital attendants. If consumption was infectious it certainly would show itself among those in such close and constant contact with it, in all its worst and most advanced stages; and yet Dr. Williams, the senior physician, says: '*Infection in the wards of the hospital between consumptives and non-consumptives is unknown.*'

"Dr. Cotton, another eminent physician of long experience in the same hospital, tells us the nurses are all in good health, while of the physicians, nineteen in number, only one has ever shown any sign of phthisis, and he was delicate and consumptive when he came there.

"Dr. Clapp reviews the above facts and declares that 'a residence in a consumption hospital and long continued working in its wards among consumptive patients is a very good way indeed *not to catch the disease!*'

"Other leading specialists and writers on lung diseases bear similar testimony.

"Dr. Ancell says: '*against the few facts that might seem to support the doctrine of contagion there are tens of thousands that refute it.*'

"Dr. Forbes says, "among the thousands he has attended he never witnessed a case of infection by it.'

"Dr. Reginald Thompson could find but fifteen *suspected* cases out of 15,000 examined.

"Dr. Flint but two *possible* cases out of 690—and Dr Richardson no cases out of 3,000 investigated.

"Dr. Douglas Powell, speaking from his own personal knowledge, experience and observation, says, 'Consumption is not infectious.'

"Dr. Young says, 'all the evidence adduced to show the infectiousness of consumption is absurd.'

"My own personal experience for more than 50 years of active professional life, the chief part of which has been given to the study and treatment of lung diseases as a specialty—each day being spent in the examination of their chests, analyzing their sputa, exposed at all times to their breath and to emanations from their bodies, with their expectorations always in my cuspidors—shows conclusively that it is not infectious and cannot be communicated by association. I have never in my fifty years of practice met with an instance of infection, or seen anything to make me believe it could be communicated from the sick to the well. With the records of over 50,000 cases so examined and treated by me, I am able to speak with all confidence of assured judgment in saying that there is no warrant or foundation for any belief that consumption is infectious or communicable in any degree or under any circumstances whatever. The assumption that it can be so communicated is disproved by the statistics of consumption in all civilized lands, by the reports of consumption hospitals and all institutions for the treatment of lung diseases, and by the united clinical experience of scientific specialists throughout the civilized world who have made lung diseases a life study.

"No physician can believe consumption infectious without discrediting the annals of his own profession, the teachings of its leading authorities, and the overwhelming judgment of the great body of medical practitioners."

In the face of these facts, the setting up of this bogy and fake of infection was an outrage and crime against truth, science and humanity.

I can only say in conclusion to the New York Health Board regarding its ideas of consumption, as Cuvier said to the lexicographer who applied to him to know if his definition of a lobster was correct, "Lobster—a fish of a red color which chiefly travels backwards."

"Yes," he replied, "perfectly correct, with *three exceptions*—a lobster is not a fish, it is not of a red color, and it does not chiefly travel backwards.

Consumption is not infectious—It is not communicated from the sick to the well.—And it can neither be prevented nor cured by segregation in pest hospitals as recommended by the Board."

117 W. 45th St., New York. *Robert Hunter, M.D.*

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